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## MULDOON ABROAD.

By TOM TEASER.



Down Rotten Row, London's fashionable drive, Muldoon and the Hon. Mike, mounted on their donkeys, rode with great gravity, the object of universal attention.



# MULDOON ABROAD.

By TOM TEASER.

Author of "Muldoon, the Solid Man," "Mulligan's Boy," "Nip and Flip," "Jim Jams," "Corkey," "Senator Muldoon," "Jimmy Grimes," "A Bad Egg," "Two in A Box," "The Deacon's Son," "Skinny the Tin Pedler," "Mulcahy Twins," "Hildebrandt Fitzgum," "Muldoon's Boarding-House," Etc.

## PART I.

UPON a certain night in a certain year, not long ago, a man sat in a luxurious apartment.

We say the apartment was luxurious, because all of its furniture and adornments denoted luxury, and the possession of wealth, if not culture, on the part of its inmate.

Costly pictures decked the walls, valuable articles of bric-a-brac graced the mantel and brackets, and a carpet, into whose soft surface your foot would sink for an inch, covered the floor.

In a magnificent chair, whose carved arms supported his elbows, sat the man of whom we spoke.

The man was dressed in the height of fashion—aye, a careful observer might say that he was too much dressed, in fact, that he did not feel well in his clothes.

His coat was a velvet one, faced with yellow silk and decked with a big tube-rose, his vest was white as snow, and crossed by a big watch-chain, and his pants were of a light checked pattern. In his ruffled shirt-bosom sparkled a huge solitaire, and upon the little finger of his left hand glittered a second stone, whose rays fairly rivaled the first.

He was smoking a cigar bound around by a paper and tin-foil wrapper, and in his hand was a yellow-covered book.

The cigar did not seem to draw well—it appeared to need a porous plaster to go with it—and the man's face was expressive of deep disgust as he sucked away at it.

"Bedad!" he finally exclaimed, "who wud iver have conjectured it! Me, Terence Muldoon, a-puffin' away at a Hinry Clay—Hinry Mud wud be better—cigar in me own boudwoir, wid a Terpsichorean manual in me hand loike a lah-de-dah. To the divil wid the Hinry Clay, anyhow; it is me own black-muzzled pipe I wud rather be dhrawin' at. Stoile is all very well, but I wud rather be pilot ay a wan-horse bobtail car than posture for a society gintleman."

With which remark Muldoon—for it was no other but our old friend Muldoon—pitched away his cigar.

"Whin I get into Lotus Club cigars I nade a slave to do me smoking for me," remarked he. "Burn up the carpet if ye wish to, ye ignited stump—for it wud be more at home I wud fale if I had sand on the flure, and a stove to salivate on."

Slowly he turned over the pages of the book which he held in his hand.

"Faix, Mrs. Muldoon desired me to peruse it to-night, and store me mimory wid its contents," said he. "She intinds to have a german nixt wake. I axed her wouldn't she have an Italian—it is dying I am to lick some sucker—but she said I wur breaking her heart wid me ignorance; that a german was society for a dance. Be gorra, if she ain't more amiable in her dialect, it is break her head wid an ax I will; what is the good av a man getting married if he can't have some fun with his woife?"

Propounding this seemingly unanswerable riddle, Muldoon fixed his eyes upon his book.

"Formula for the Knickerbocker Lanciers," he read; "first couple cross hands and forward. Bow and retreat. Bedad, it is enough to make anybody retreat—salute partners. It is Mrs. Muldoon who will be engaging artillery to do the saluting wid. All join hands, gent at the right—ladies left, glide step—"

Here Muldoon gave the book a toss which landed it in a far corner of the room.

"It is the rosiest nonsense I iver read," criticized he; "it sounds loike an election bulletin. An' Mrs. Muldoon axed me to practice it by meself. She wur wise there, she showed her woman wit. If I should practice it in public, I wud soon be gazing at the foliage out av a lunatic asylum windy."

Having disposed of the Terpsichorean Guide, Muldoon, after a weary look around, as if he was afraid unwelcome witnesses might be concealed in the spittoon or under the carpet, produced a cigar.

It was no relation to the cigar he had been smoking before; that was a patrician weed, while this was decidedly plebeian.

It was a dark, loosely-rolled cigar, flavored—regular old lager beer stinker—enough to knock over a lamp-post.

But Muldoon lit it and puffed away with an air of sincere enjoyment.

"Ah, ye darling," said he, "ye remoid me av the good ould days whin I kept me Boarding House, before I got to be a mimber av the first families. Me good ould days whin I got tin dollars or tin days regular ivery wake an' wint perpetual bail for ivery dhrunkard in the ward. But since me uncle left me his fortune it is different. We live here in Murray Hill wid the nobbs; I've been to all av the fashionable clubs, ride out in me carriage and positure for a blooded aristocrat. As for Mrs. Muldoon, the fairy is clane off av her base. She bought a saddle-horse yisterday and wint out bare-back. All av the byes for blocks about played hookey to throw mud at her! An' I'll be domned if Dan ain't thrying to be a sport. He rode in a hurdle-race at Coney Island yisterday an' came in first—at the hospital. It was a daisy faygure he presented going past the judges' stand on a stretcher."

Muldoon could not help grinning at the thought of Dan's appearance, and while the grin was yet wrinkling his face a knock came at the door.

"Come in," bawled he.

A petrified and starched male servant, who looked as if he were cut out of stone and moved by mechanism, came in. He held his head very high up in the air, and spoke as if he was always addressing the ceiling.

"Mr. Daniel is h'outside," said he.

"He has me permission," loftily replied Muldoon.

"He wants h'audience with you."

"Show him in!"

The male servant made a spasmodic bow, wheeled about, and retreated with the agility and grace of a wooden walking doll.

"This is 'Enery 'Uggs," remarked Muldoon; "he wur head muleteer, I belave, to a countess, an' me woife got him for his chic. If I had me way I would dhrownd him, for he always gives me the horrors. He bows as aisy as if he had hinges in his stomach."

"Mr. Daniel Muldoon," called out the voice of Mr. Henry Huggs, at this juncture, as he ushered Dan in with a second spasmodic bow.

Dan was not as pretty as a picture.

He would have made a good wood-cut for a hospital.

His eye was decked in black, there was blood upon his nose, and his face was adorned with court-plaster.

He had on a velveteen jacket, corduroy knickerbockers and a pair of lurid red stockings.

"Faith, yer legs luk as if they were on fire," remarked Muldoon, alluding to the stockings. "If ye wud sit on top av the house and dangle yez limbs over the edge av the roof, people wud take ye for a sunset."

"I wud loike to take ye an' dhrup ye off the roof," replied Dan, with a concentrated fury.

"Why?"

"It is yer own fault, ye ould tarrier."

"What is?"

"Thryin' to make blood out av all yer relatives. Shure, I wish I had been changed at me birth."

"Why?"

"Thin I wud niver have been yer brother. Luk at me aspect?"

"Ye luk as if ye had been out in a political pageant an' got hit wid a torch. How did ye muss yer gim up so?"

"Me what?"

"Gim."

"For the love av St. Bridget, what is a gim?"

"It is Cuban for face, ye ignoramus. Has somebody been washing it wid a curry-comb?"

"I have been playing Po-lo," replied Dan. "Me an' Jim Bennett an' Colonel Kane. Yer woife put me up to it. She said it wur the proper caper."

"Polo is the shport in which ye sit upon a young jackass, an' poke at a croquet-ball wid a clothes-pole, is it not?" asked Muldoon.

"Yis. This is the fust toime I ever played it. I wanted to get me name into the society papers—I have."

"How?"

"I poked me partner's jaw in wid the mallet. kilt a barouche wid the polo-ball, an' me pony ran away wid me."

"Why didn't ye hould him?"

"He had a fire-proof mouth. He started wid me at Central Park—I wur picked up at the Batthery. Polo be domned! And it is all yer fault."

"Tell me how?" asked Muldoon.

"Because," answered Dan, who was evidently mad, "the money we wur left has crazed ye an' yer woife. Yez wanted us all to set up for gentility whin ye know we wur not born to it. A year ago we wur rayspected by our friends, we lived at the boarding-house amongst our equals, all daycent working people. Now we've got over our heads—we are laughed at an' made fun of by people who eat our salt and borry our money. As for me, I'll have none av it; it is loike a worm thrying to be a rattlesnake. Put that in yer poipe, Muldoon, an' smoke it!"

As Dan concluded his speech the door flew open.

The Hon. Mike Growler appeared.

The Hon. Mike was in full dress, with an opera hat and a pair of yellow kid-gloves.

The Hon. Mike was also in a very bad humor. He ripped his gaudy gloves off, and cast them upon the floor.

Next he removed his swallow-tail coat, and threw it savagely upon a chair.

Then he took his opera hat, laid it down and danced wildly upon it, a proceeding which appeared to be a sort of balm to his angry spirit.

"Touch it wid a match, and see if it will go off," remarked Muldoon, as he looked at Mike.

"It has worms," said Dan.

The Hon. Mike ended his entertainment by kicking his hat out of the door.

"Bring me some war-paint," requested he.



"I'm a bloody old Piute chief, and I'm going upon the war-path. I'm a blazing old volcano wot has been chained up too long—now I'm going to spit lava!"

"He's got 'em, too—worse than Dan," murmured Muldoon. "I thought ye had swore off av yer dime-novel spaches? Didn't yer wöife, Mrs. Mary Anne, tell ye to only converse in Parisian?"

"Hang my wöife! hang Parisian! hang you! hang Dan! hang everybody!" roared Mike. "I've got careworn. I'm going back west, and be the worst old nickle-plated backwoods robber ever heard of."

"Have ye got sick av society?" queried Dan.

"Sick! sick don't express it. I'm a stuffed old corpse! The idea of dressing me—me, Mike Growler, who was nursed by a she-bear an' brought up by Daddy Squinteye, who was hung for horse-stealing—up in a swallow-tail. Suppose my old pals should see me—it would break their hearts."

There was silence for a while after the Hon. Mike had spoken.

Muldoon was thinking.

At his solicitation, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Growler and Dan had come to live with him. They had tried—also at his request—to splurge out as members of the best society in New York.

But New York's best society is principally composed of pride and pimples—a sort of hereditary nobility of blood and ducats; and they are very chary of new recruits—a person's pocket and pedigree must be in every way satisfactory to the self-set-up dictators of the *crem' de la creme*.

In expressive language, the Muldoons got the "grand bounce;" for, though good-hearted, generous, whole-souled people, their early education was against them.

Muldoon was not a man to shine in a drawing-room; and stories about eye-gouging, whisky-drinking, cock-fighting, and bear baiting, as related by the Hon. Mike, though very pleasing, perhaps, to his constituents, failed to "take" with the lackadaisical swells and petted belles of "our best society."

Muldoon thought all this over.

He had tried to be a "la-de-dah."

He had shaved off his beard, cultivated English side-whiskers, adopted an eye-glass, and got himself as far up as possible to his idea of a "rale high-flyer," and yet he was forced to acknowledge he was a failure decidedly. His whiskers made him look like a gorilla, and his eye-glasses nearly blinded him.

At last his cogitations assumed a definite shape.

"Bedad, I have it!" exclaimed he.

"The itch?" asked Dan.

"No, the final result. Dan, Michael Growler, hark to me. We will go."

"Where?" asked Dan.

"Abroad!"

As Muldoon uttered these words, a sort of silence fell upon his two friends.

It lasted for but a second.

"What do ye mane?" queried Mike.

Muldoon crossed his legs, lolled back into his chair, and remarked, as he took a puff from his cigar, which, somehow, bad cigar as it was, seemed to give him inspiration:

"We will go to Europe."

Dan looked at the Hon. Mike.

The Hon. Mike smiled sweetly at Dan.

Dan extended his hand.

Mike grasped it.

"Bedad," said Muldoon, "it is settled. Day after to-morrow we go to Europe!"

"I wonder how my wife will like the news," mused the Hon. Mike. "I doubt if she will leave New York. She said, but yesterday, she was a gilded red star of society, and she was going to twinkle out every other star."

Muldoon placed his finger upon his nose.

It was a simple action, but it possessed a world of significance.

"Kape it dark," said he.

"What?" inquired Dan.

"The Europe snap. Shure, the faymales are stuck in New York. It is a delusion they have at they are the pets av society. It was Mrs. Muldoon who tould me herself that she meant to have mythological tableaux in the house. She was to personate Diana."

"Diana who?" asked Dan.

Muldoon gave a groan.

"Ye require foreign air yerself," said he, "if ye don't know who Diana was. She was a goddess av liberty, who floated about in Roman toimes. It is a great stilent av ancient history I am."

"Was Diana a daisy?" asked Mike.

"Yes."

"Pretty?"

"As a tay-store chromo."

"Thin Mrs. Muldoon would have got left," re-

marked the Hon. Mike, decidedly. "Do yer call an old faggot wid scarlet hair, freckles on her teeth, and a foot as big as a refrigerator, an' a mouth that would make a splendid exit to a cave, pretty?"

"No personalities," retorted Muldoon. "I know some people whose wives wud make illigant bonfires. Stroke them wid kerosense, an' bedad, the illumination wud be gigantic."

Dan interfered.

"What is the good av talking?" sensibly remarked he. "What has woives to do wid goin' to Europe?"

"If ye wur married ye wud know," replied Muldoon, with a sigh, and the Hon. Mike echoed it.

It spoke volumes for the marital experience of the two men.

A drink—well, not of water—all around, one last cigar, and the three men separated.

But the compact was sealed.

Abroad they were going, whether or not the petticoat branch of the family desired it.

The next day came.

At the supper-table were seated the whole family, Mrs. Muldoon presiding, and doing the honors of the meal.

Her husband had been away all of the day, and naturally Mrs. Muldoon was anxious to know where he had been.

"Terence," asked she, as she filled his cup of tea, "where have you been?"

"Getting tickets," replied Muldoon, taking a mouthful of potato, which nearly choked him.

"For the opera?"

"No, ye culprit fay."

"For the thayater?"

"Niver!"

"Thin for what?"

Muldoon drank a glass of water, and ate nearly a loaf of bread before he gained courage to reply.

"To Europe," finally he uttered.

"Europe?" exclaimed Mrs. Muldoon.

"Yes," answered he.

"Who for?"

"We, us, and company."

His wife gazed at him as if she expected to see him turned into a dangerous lunatic.

"Do ye expect to go abroad?" queried she.

"Do we?" asked Muldoon, addressing Dan and the Hon. Mike.

Dan said he did. As for the Hon. Mike, he remarked in his allegorical language that he was a bald-headed, American eagle, who could fly over the sun, and that, having flown over everything in America, he was going to Europe to fly over that.

The faces of the ladies were a study for a sign-painter.

"I'll not go," exclaimed Mrs. Muldoon.

"Shure ye take a load off av me heart," quietly responded Muldoon. "I was afraid ye wud. What a blaze I will create among the black-haired belles av Paris and the senoritas of Naples. Whist, but I am glad ye want to stay at home, Bridget."

"A nice man ye are to talk of captivatin' ladies," answered Mrs. Muldoon. "Ye couldn't catch a naygress wid yer rum-blossom face."

"But I caught ye, ye Philadelphia coquette," laughed Muldoon. "Will ye go or not?"

Mrs. Muldoon looked at the Hon. Mrs. Growler, whom, for old acquaintance sake, we will call Mary Anne most of the time.

"I'll not go," said Mary Anne, unconsciously repeating Mrs. Muldoon's words.

The Hon. Mike appeared hugely delighted.

"Bully gal!" exclaimed he. "Ye've got good sense, Mary, if ye were born in New Jersey. Whoop! I'll go straight to Turkey and turn Musulman. I'll start the blastedest old harem of bow-legged blondes ye ever heard tell of. I'll have a Salt Lake City all by myself."

"You will, will you?" asked his wife, a peculiar light in her eyes.

"You can jest bet your bandoline bottle. Oh, I'll break Turkey all up, sure!"

"I guess not."

"Why?"

"I'm going with you."

"Well, if you go, Mary Anne," said Mrs. Muldoon, "I suppose I will have to. Somebody's got to take care of me husband."

"Do I luk as if I needed a wet nurse?" asked Muldoon, in his most imposing tone. "Woman, ye had better curtail yer tongue. Go and get ready—we start to-morrow morning at dawn."

There was a second shriek from the ladies at this announcement.

At dawn!—start for Europe, and the Lord knew where else, at ten hours' notice! The idea was a madman's—it was the fancy of a lunatic. But Muldoon was solid as a rock.

"I'll wear the trousers, oh, or die," said he.

"Dan, Mike an' myself go to Europe to-morrow at dawn. If ye want to come ye can—if not, I

will secure a flat for ye at the Idiot Asylum during me absence."

That settled it.

Such a hurry and bustle were never before witnessed in any house. The way in which trunks were packed was a miracle.

Muldoon during the day had seen to all outside matters—disposing of his house to a good tenant, and settling up his business.

At four o'clock, A. M., two carriages and an express wagon were at the door.

Into one carriage got Mr. and Mrs. Muldoon and the Growlers. In the next were Dan, Charcoal, Dan's little darkey page, and St. Patrick, a bland and oily Chinaman, who acted as Muldoon's valet. In the express wagon was a pyramid of trunks.

"Dhrive to the steamer *Shamrock*, fut of Canal street," ordered Muldoon. "Be Heavens, I wish I had a few fireworks to shoot out av the carriage windys. I wud loike the vicinity to know that Muldoon is going abroad."

## PART II.

THE two carriages and the express wagon rattled rapidly down towards Canal street, where the party were to embark.

Suddenly Mrs. Muldoon gave a wild yell, a yell which rivaled a Comanche, and jumped up like a Jack in a box.

Muldoon looked at her in surprise.

"For Heaven's sake, Bidalia?" asked he, "do ye want to knock the vehicle's roof off wid yer head?"

"Oh—oh!" she gasped.

"Have ye spasms?" anxiously Muldoon inquired.

"No, it bit me."

"What?"

"I don't know. It bit me roight in the—the leg."

"Thin it must have its mouth full av sawdust. What was it bit ye?"

"A—a man. It must have been a man," gasped she.

"If it were, it were a crazy man," replied Muldoon. "Let me luk undher the seat."

He looked down.

A broad smile played over his face.

"It's only the dog," said he, catching hold of a small steel chain which seemed to be floating loosely about the carriage.

Soon a dog appeared.

It was an ugly, black-nosed bull-dog, with red eyes and a delicate tail.

"Poor bye," began Muldoon, caressingly, as he leaned over and patted the animal's head. "Begorra, ye divil, I'll kick the whole skin off av ye," the last remark being incited by a vicious snap which the brute made at his fingers.

Mrs. Muldoon sat down again, but with a very red face.

"Whose dog is that?" asked she.

"Mine," answered Muldoon.

"Where did ye get it?"

"Sthole it, be Heavens!"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it on me chain and wear it for a locket, ye daisy," carelessly answered Muldoon. "It is the lum-tum proper caper."

"Lum-tum taffy," retorted his wife. "Shure, ye will look noice dragging that baste about. It will be hard to tell which ind av the chain the puppy is on."

The Hon. Mike snorted at Mrs. Muldoon's repartee, and Muldoon felt that it was his duty to settle the dog question then and there.

"Mrs. Muldoon," said he, "I purchased that bull-pup at a sheriff's sale, especially to grace me person during me European tour. The sheriff raymarked that ivery gintleman who was a gintleman should be provided wid a bull-pup."

"He moight have said the same thing av a crocodile and ye wud have bought it," replied Mrs. Muldoon. "Ye are big enough fool for it. I wud not be a bit surprised if ye had an eagle in yer pistol-pocket."

"Wat's the dorg's name?" put in the Hon. Mike, desirous of breaking up a matrimonial duet which bid fair to become personal.

"Shure, he hasn't any yet."

"Call him Romeo," suggested Mrs. Growler. "Romeo is a pretty name."

"For a canary bird, yes," said Muldoon; "but it is out av place for a bull-dog. I moight as well name him Camille or Gum-dhrops. Have ye any cognomen ye wud loike to suggest, Mike?"

The Hon. Mr. Growler placed his chin upon his hands and surveyed the unbaptized dog carefully.

"Call him Dennis," he said, at last.

"Why?"

"Because he's no good."

"Bedad, but he is," answered Muldoon; "he has Arabian blood in him. But I will call him Dinnis, Mike, out av rayspect for ye."

"If you had any rayspiet for me, ye wud pitch



the dog out of the window," said Mrs. Muldoon. "I am not used to animals."

"Ye ain't hey, ye high-strung coquette!" warmly responded Muldoon. "Shure, whin ye used to live in ould Oireland, yersilf and the pig and foive chickens slept in the same room. I want none of yer aerial proclivities, Mrs. Muldoon. Kape thim fur yer fashionable friends."

Mrs. Muldoon was crushed for the time, and she laid back upon her seat and nursed her indignation for some future occasion.

Suddenly Mike, who had looked out of the window in the back of the carriage, was surprised at an event which had just occurred in the other vehicle.

A small and screaming darkey had suddenly shot out of the door and landed in the gutter.

"Stop this old chariot!" yelled Mike.

"Why?" asked Muldoon.

"There murder!"

"Where?"

"In the carriage behind us. I don't believe the darkey took the jump for fun;" and the Hon. Mike explained.

The chariot was stopped, and Muldoon and Mike got out.

Meanwhile the other carriage had also come to a halt.

The little darkey, who was no other than Charcoal, Dan's boy, had got up and was looking with lively interest into the interior of the vehicle from which he had just been bounced.

There seemed to be a sort of earthquake inside of that vehicle.

Groans, cries and curses were heard. There was a sound of shattering glass, and suddenly a saffron-hued head, decked with a pig-tail, came crashing through the window.

"Gib it to de pig-tail, Massa Dan! bust de soul out ob him!" exclaimed Charcoal, delightedly.

"Hould on!" yelled Muldoon. "What does this mane?"

"It manes that the Chinese must go!" retorted a voice, and the next minute a Chinaman skipped out of the coach, and tried to walk upon the cobble-stones on his head.

Behind him appeared the motive power which had skipped him, no other than Dan Muldoon.

"Is he dead?" asked Dan, as he descended, red-faced and sweaty, into the street. "Faix, he wur the toughest tay plant I iver handled."

"Dan," sternly said Muldoon, "will ye explain the rayson av the gymnastics? What roight have ye to chastise me servants?"

"He wur too cloudy for a moon-face."

"Too cloudy?"

"Yes; too high up. Bedad, he objected to sitting upon the same seat with Charcoal."

"Why?"

"He said he wudn't ride wid a naygur—the airiness av the copper-colored blonde! Thin Charcoal broke his heart."

"How?"

"He swore the Chinay was an Italian in disguise. And the Chinay, bad cess to the haythen, knocked me vally out av the windy."

"And ye, to get square, threw St. Pathrick out."

"Yis."

"Dan, ye should be ashamed av yerself. The idea av a rale Irishman foighting a Chinay. Ye moight as well expict to get credit for licking a rag-baby or a one-armed consumptive. Why didn't ye simply blow onto him—yer breath is ginerally sufficient to produce paralysis."

At this moment St. Patrick came limping up.

"Hellie cussee," groaned he; "me allee blokee up. Gottee biggee head—no dlunk."

"Ye will have a bigger wan if ye give me any more av yer conversational gum-drops," threatened Dan.

"Bust him in de jaw," begged Charcoal. "Fi had a razor I'd cut de ole debil."

"Yer dialogue is not in demand," answered Dan; "go back into the coach, and if I hear another wurrd from yez ivory lips I'll bury ye in the sewer."

Appalled at this awful menace, Charcoal crawled back into the carriage.

"Ye get back, too," ordered Muldoon, addressing St. Patrick.

"Ilish man kickee me," responded St. Patrick, looking fearfully at Dan.

"Not if yer behave yerself."

"No w lntee ridee with niggee boyee."

"Be Heavens, ye Mongolian, do ye suppose I can afford to buy a gondola for ye to ride in by yerself? Chassay into the carriage, or I'll turn leper-killer meself!"

St. Patrick went.

No difficulty occurred in that carriage thereafter, and Muldoon and the Hon. Mike went back to theirs.

When the Canal street dock was reached it was broad daylight, and quite a number of loungers

were collected upon the pier, for it was in early autumn, the days were yet hot, and many went down before breakfast to get a whiff of the cool sea breezes. Besides, there were a great number who did not have breakfast to go to, and were down around the shipping waiting to get a job which might gain them their morning meal.

The Muldoons got out of their carriage.

Muldoon pulled upon the chain that was attached to Dennis.

But that beautiful pug got it into his head that he did not want to leave the carriage.

He braced his feet against the door-sill and refused to budge.

And it is about as easy to move a stone house as it is to move a dog who don't want to be moved.

Muldoon pulled and hauled away. Dennis would not budge.

A crowd began to gather around. Dennis was half-concealed in the interior of the carriage, and most of the crowd did not know what it was he was pulling at.

But they encouraged him.

"Yank it, old man!"

"Put on more steam!"

"Spit on your feet!"

"Get a derrick!"

"Rig a donkey-engine!"

"Save the carriage!"

"I want none av yer comical advice," declared Muldoon, as he set his teeth and pulled again with desperate energy.

His efforts resulted in success.

Dennis flew out, a confused mass of legs and tail.

The crowd looked at the dog in surprise.

"What is it?" asked one.

"A dorg," replied somebody else.

"Tain't; it's a turtle," said a third.

"A turtle!" repeated Muldoon, who chanced to overhear the remark; "it's a liar ye are. It's an Arabian bull-dog."

At that moment a bad young man with a collarless shirt, and his pants tucked into his boots, slouched up.

He grabbed hold of Dennis' chain.

"Lave go av that neck-lace," ordered Muldoon.

"What do ye mane?"

"Dis yer dorg?" asked the bad young man.

"Yes."

"Den drap him."

"What for?"

"Yer see dat badge?"

"Yis—an' it's a domned bad wan!"

"Dat badge b'longs ter me. I'm a dog-catcher."

"I don't care if ye are a cat-charmer. Let go av that dog!"

Instead of so doing, the bad young man clutched the brute by the collar.

"Dis pup ain't muzzled," said he; "der law requires me ter snake der kiyoodle in. I've got ter obey der law."

As he said this, the dog-catcher blew a whistle. Two equally bad young men, with big badges and tough faces, appeared.

"Culls," remarked the first bad young man, "dis dorg is my graft. I grips him by de law. Yer back me up if dere is any resistance."

His aids, for such they were, placed themselves in pugilistic attitudes, and Mrs. Muldoon and Mrs. Mike Growler burst into tears.

"Let the horrid man take the dog," pleaded Mrs. Muldoon.

"Please," begged Miss Mary Ann.

Muldoon was in a dilemma.

He did not wish to part with the dog.

But he realized that the dog-catchers were in too much force for him to resist. Even granting that he did resist, in all probability a fight would ensue which would indefinitely postpone his trip abroad by placing him before a police court.

In this fix the Hon. Mike appeared to the rescue like a baby angel from the west.

He stepped up to the boss dog-catcher, who was flooding the dock with tobacco juice in a style which incited great envy among the admiring small boys.

"Pard," whispered the Hon. Mike, impressively, "I'm a gilded old telephone, an' what comes through me comes straight. I wanter whisper to yer."

"All right."

"Yer don't want dat dog?"

"It's twenty cents fur me."

"But if there was a dollar an' the dog in the bank, yer wud play for the dollar?"

"Pard," answered the dog-catcher, "yer breathin' sweetly. Yer put up yer dollar, pard, an—"

"An' what?"

"I might have a fit of blindness an' not be able to see dat pup from a cow! Savvy?"

The Hon. Mike savvied.

So we should judge from his next action,

A bran-new dollar passed from his hands into the grimy paw of the dog-catcher.

The last gentleman let go of Dennis.

"B'hoys," said he to his friends, and his words were accompanied by a significant wink, "der dog's all hunk. I made a mistake. But"—he lowered his voice so that it only reached Muldoon's ear, "yer've got to git a muzzle fer ther animile."

"Where?" asked Muldoon; "begob, ye can't pick a muzzle off av ivery curb-stone."

"I'll get yer one for half a dollar," replied the dog-catcher.

"Get it, ye terror."

The dog-catcher dove off into a low grog-shop on a corner near by.

Presently he reappeared.

In his hand was what at first sight bore considerable resemblance to a hay-rake.

"What's that?" asked Muldoon.

"Muzzle," was the laconic reply.

"What are ye going to muzzle—a barn?"

"It's fer yer dorg."

"Shure, it's big enough to bury him in."

"Can't help it. It's the only one I've got. Come here, yer brute."

The dog-catcher succeeded in coaxing Dennis up to his side.

By means of a short leather strap he got the muzzle affixed to the dog's head.

Poor Dennis appeared to be all muzzle. He squinted sadly behind the iron wires, as if mutely asking what in the world it all meant.

"Dere," triumphantly remarked the dog-catcher, "he's all hunk. But yer better rush him on board of ther boat, or somebody might be axin' ter see his license."

Muldoon followed his advice, and the party boarded the steamer.

State-rooms had been secured the day before, and Muldoon went at once to his.

He was destined to meet with a great surprise.

Upon a trunk, calmly puffing away at a big cigar, sat a young gentleman of about fourteen—but who looked and acted with all of the self-possession of an old rounder.

"Halloo, old top!" he said, as Muldoon came in.

Muldoon stopped short.

If he had been brought face to face with his grandfather's ghost he coul' not have been more astonished.

"Roger!" he gasped.

"Rather, pop."

"Yis, it is meson!" exclaimed Muldoon; "bedad, I thought ye wur safe at your boarding-school."

"Nixey!"

"But who tould ye we wur going to Europe; I did not mane ye shud know of it? Wur it yer mother?"

"No."

"Dan?"

"He don't love me enough for that."

"Then who?"

"Show yourself, old poker-back," commanded Roger, turning to a berth.

The curtains of said berth slowly unclosed, and the stiff and icy apparition of Mr. Henry Huggs, who has been afore-mentioned as being Mrs. Muldoon's head servant, appeared.

"Hi 'ope you are h'in good 'ealth, Mr. Muldoon," he solemnly said.

"Where in the devil did ye come from!" roared Muldoon. "Didn't I pay ye yer wages an' discharge ye last noight?"

"H'every penny, sir, h'every penny; but I concluded H'european h'air would be good for my system, sir. The h'atmosphere h'of the h'old country h'invigorates, sir—h'invigorates."

"But what are ye doing with my son, Roger?"

Mr. Huggs looked consciously guilty at this question, and cleared his throat, but said nothing.

"I'll explain," put in Roger. "He thought it was a shame that you should leave me at school in America while you were waltzing about Europe."

"The separation h'of h'an h'ofspring from h'its parents is 'ateful, sir, 'ateful," sepulchrally said Mr. Huggs.

"He telegraphed to me last night about your intention of giving me the grand slip, and I just managed to pack up my duds, catch a freight train—and here I am."

"But what will ye do wid the coffin-chest?" asked Muldoon, as he looked at Mr. Huggs, who seemed to be posturing for a grave stone.

"He's going to be my private secretary."

"Your what?"

"Private secretary."

"For Heaven's sake, what do ye want av a private secretary? Ye will be engaging a cornet soloist next; wan is jest about as sensible as the other. Who will pay him?"

"You."



"I'll be dommed if I will," determined Muldoon, bluntly.

At this moment the ladies came down into the state-room, they having been talking upon the deck with some acquaintances. In a moment Roger was in his mother's arms, and she was crying over him, and listening to his tale.

"I'm glad yez come," said she; "my heart's almost broke at leaving ye. It was all yer father's fault. I told him it was wrong to lave ye."

"H't was h'unnatural," severely declared Mr. Huggs.

"If ye don't shut up, ye English fresco, I'll kick ye till ye talk unnatural!" yelled Muldoon.

Mr. Huggs made a hinge-like bow.

"H'I'll be dumb h'as h'an h'oyster, sir," replied he.

Those of our readers who have followed the various Muldoon stories know who Roger is. To our new readers we will state that he is the Muldoon's only child, and a broth of a boy. His character will make itself visible as the story proceeds.

Of course he was his mother's pet, and she would not hear of his going back to school, as his father proposed soon after.

An animated family dialogue followed, at the end of which Mrs. Muldoon's came out victorious, Muldoon being at last driven by her sharp tongue not only to permit Roger to go, but also the cast-iron Mr. Huggs.

"There is wan satisfaction," grimly remarked Muldoon, "ye will have to slape on the deck."

"Oh, I guess not," said Roger, with a smile. "By good luck one state-room has been given up by a couple of young gentlemen who were not able to go on account of some business. Huggs hired it for me and him."

"I wish ye and Huggs were in the bottom av the Chinayse ocean!" growled Muldoon, and he strode away into the cabin.

The cabin was crowded.

It was filled with passengers and friends and relatives of passengers come to see them off. Here a husband was tearfully bidding his wife good-bye, there a gay crowd of young people were bidding "God speed" to a bridal party. In one corner a group of theatrical people were joking and laughing and singing, in another a family were clinging on to and bidding good-bye to "papa," while several old travelers stalked composedly about with the cynical air prevalent with old travelers, to whom crossing the Atlantic was an old and played-out experience.

In the center of the cabin was a table covered with floral offerings sent to various of the passengers. And as quite a number of actors, a popular actress, several society belles and a Brooklyn minister were going over, the floral offerings were costly and numerous.

The sight of them suggested a joke to the Hon. Mike.

He rushed about looking for Muldoon.

Muldoon was found lugging Dennis along by the collar.

"I didn't know yer was so popular, Muldoon," said the Hon. Mike.

"Wid who?"

"The masses."

"Och, shure, I carry the populace in me pocket. But why did ye make the remark?"

"See those flowers?"

"Yes."

"They were all sent to yer."

"By who?"

"Friends, I suppose. Anyway, the captain said they were for Mr. Muldoon, and he seemed deeply impressed. He said it would be a good idea for yer to make a spache of thanks. People are here who know yer well by reputation, an' I guess they sent yer the bouquets."

Muldoon was just fool enough to follow the artful senator's advice.

He went to the table, tied Dennis to one of its legs, and began in a loud voice:

"Friends and fellow-citizens!"

Attracted by his voice, the crowd surged towards him, wondering what in the world he was going to do.

"Gintlemen an' leddies," said Muldoon, while the passengers looked on in wonder, "I thank ye for these beautiful flowers. It is proud I am av the place I occupy in yez sympathies!"

#### PART III.

We left Muldoon, at the close of our last part, just about to return thanks for the flowers which he supposed had been presented to him by an admiring public.

As we said before, the cabin was crowded with passengers, and with those who had come to see the passengers off.

Naturally, as soon as Muldoon began to make a show of himself, everybody crowded around him.

He was proud of the crowd.

He recognized in it a second tribute to his popularity.

"Yes, leddies an' jintlemen," said he, "these flowerets sthrike a responsive chord in me heart."

"Hurray for the responsive chord! Whoop!" bawled the Hon. Mike.

Several small boys, who did not know whether a responsive chord was a cake of soap or a new sort of washing-machine, bawled "hurray!" in a most vehement manner.

"Thanks," politely replied Muldoon, with a bow which would have broken a fashion-plate, so elegant was it. "It is hard to lave free sile, to daypart from the great an' glorious domains av the Amerikan Aigle for the lands of king-ridden Europe."

"Hurray! whoop 'em up for the American Eagle!" ordered the Hon. Mike.

The small boys obeyed nobly, and the cabin rang with their cheers.

Muldoon was more pleased than ever.

"Be Heavens! it is an ovation," declared he; "the city will be full av it to-night, an' they will issue extras in all av the evening papers. I should have stayed an' ran for mayor."

"Shoot the ovation!" said the Hon. Mike; "go ahead about your floral tribute. I'm a red-gummed old comet from Nevada, an' I bu'st clouds, but I don't get no floral tributes—not even a Christmas tree."

"Ye have not the personal attributes av character which constitute evanescent popularity," loftily replied Muldoon.

He stooped to pick up a cluster of flowers.

It was a tasty floral work, and it represented a horseshoe, worked out in beautiful pink and white roses.

Muldoon held it admiringly up.

"I know not who sint me this lovely garden yard," said he, "but it is a daisy. From its architecture I should judge it wur praysinted by a blacksmith. Yet it appears to me a conception av the superb in nature—it—"

Just here a young gentleman interfered.

He was a young gentleman who sported a vast expanse of striped shirt, and a perfect bon-fire of a diamond.

"Soy, cully," familiarly he remarked to Muldoon, "touch it gently."

"What?" inquired Muldoon.

"Der flower gag."

"Bedad, yer language is too allegorical for me comprehension."

"I mean de horseshoe, pard. Don't get too familiar wid dem roses."

"I belave it is me own bouquet," returned Muldoon, "and I can deck me fairy locks wid it if I plaze. Young man, ye are too previous."

He of the striped shirt looked aghast at Muldoon.

"Soy, cully," asked he, "who took yer out of der refrigerator? Yer snatches the cruller for coolness. Dat's my horseshoe."

"Yours?"

"Yas."

Muldoon waved the audacious young man aside.

"Yer mental equilibrium is uncertain," remarked he. "That is yer horseshoe in yer moind. Go up on the pilot house an' let the say-breeze play upon yer heated brain."

The young man refused to go.

"Yer've got a steel nerve," answered he.

"Look at der card on der snap."

Sure enough, there was a card upon the horseshoe.

Muldoon for the first time perceived it.

He picked it up and read aloud:

"JIMMY BREAKNECK."

"Shure, I don't know the person," mused he, "but it wur kind in him to send it to me."

"Dat's me," gasped the young gentleman in the striped shirt.

"Who?" asked Muldoon.

"Jimmy Breakneck."

"Is that yez alias?"

"Yes."

"Thin shake," said Muldoon, extending his hand. "I am proud av yez. The present was well meant, and I thank yez. Although I do not know ye personally, I suppose me fame has reached yez ears. I will take especial care to place this horseshoe in me thrunk to raymimber you by."

"I guess yer won't," was the other's reply.

"Do yez want me to wear it in me buttonhole?"

"No; I want yer to drop it."

"And have it break? Faix, I esteem it too much."

The young man looked undecided. He did not seem to understand Muldoon's racket at all, and the more he tried to understand, the less it seemed capable of being understood.

"See here, yer old flannel mouth," he at last said, "that bouquet belongs ter me. I'm perfesh,

I is, of Breakneck and Bulldog, song and dance. We've broke der hearts of all der States, and now we's going to boom over Europe. Susie Gall, the serio-comic, gave me dat to 'member her by. She's a baby, she is, an' no old gorilla with moss on his teeth is going to buldoze me outen it—savvy?"

An idea of the speaker's meaning began to dawn gradually upon Muldoon.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, "the bouquet is yours?"

"You bet!"

"Thin take it off av me table; put it next to yez heart and sit upon it."

The song and dance man grabbed his horseshoe and retreated.

"Dat gawk's crazy," muttered he, referring to Muldoon. "Dey wanten chain him up down in der hold, or der will be trouble."

Muldoon did not hear this unpleasant prediction, and, consequently, he made no reply.

He struck his platform attitude, and was about to resume his speech.

He was doomed, however, never to finish that speech.

A pretty little black-eyed maid, with a white apron and a graceful bonnet-cap, tripped up to the table, and took off several baskets of flowers.

"Hould on, ye fay!" said Muldoon.

The pretty black-eyed maid made a low curtsey.

"M'sieu need not fear," replied she. "I will not let ze baskets fall."

"But where do ye intind to coax thim to?"

"Mon mistress."

"Who's she?"

"Ma'moiselle Cocco."

"What is she?"

"Ze great tragedienne. Did m'sieu nevere hear of Mam'selle Cocco?"

"Is she the Frinch skeleton who has been paralyzing New York wid her tragedy graces?"

"Me no understand."

"I mane wur she the actress—the celebrated Frinch actress who has been playin' Camille?"

"Oui, m'sieu."

"Thin, begorra," said Muldoon, in a confidential tone, "I wud be only too plazed to praysent her wid the bouquets if I wur a gay young bachelor. But I am not—bad cess to me luck. It is a Benedict—a married man I am, wid a fresh young kid av fourteen. If me woife heard av me giving any testimonial av affection to an actress she would rouge me cheeks wid a stove-lifter. Therefore, ye pretty petticoat, it is sorry I am to rayquest ye to put down the baskets."

The little French maid did not appear to be inclined to accede to his request.

Her sparkling black eyes expressed amazement.

"What has m'sieu to do wiz ze baskets?" queried she.

"Shure, they're moine."

"M'sieu is wrong."

"How?"

"Zey are my mistress'."

"Who gave them to yez, so?"

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the French maid, with a shrug of her shapely shoulders. "Not only dese two, but most ze whole lot was given to Mam'selle Cocco. Vill m'sieu perceive the card."

"M'sieu," otherwise Muldoon, did so.

Fastened to one of the baskets was a most gaudy card, bearing an elaborate monogram, and embellished with the following couplet:

"Mlle. Cocco takes the cake;

Heart-brokenly, J. Henry Flake."

"M'sieu sees," remarked the little French maid, "zat it was for mon mistress. It vas from what you Americans call a mash—he vos in lofe wiz ze Cocco."

"Be Heaven! instead of being in love he should be in a lunatic asylum," replied Muldoon.

"That poetry is sufficient to get him six months. Here take the basket, I don't want it. If I should place it in me state-room the bad rhyme wud make me say-sick!"

"M'sieu is kind—Ninette will not forget," and the little coquette started away, with a meaning glance from her lustrous eyes which sent a thrill through Muldoon's heart.

"Why wur I born so good-looking," reflected Muldoon. "It seems me fate is to wreck faymale happiness. Didn't Lucretia Cohen thry to cut her feet off wid a meat-saw because I said they were too enormous. Faix, they proved that Lucretia had been insane for years, but that makes no difference."

Hardly had Muldoon finished, before the captain of the vessel came up.

He was a short, thick-set, gray-haired man, with the authoritative manner so usual with people of his rank, for a sea captain is more of a monarch on board of his own ship than the Czar of Russia in Russia.

"Who are you?" he asked of Muldoon.

"Terence Muldoon," was the answer.



"Are you a passenger?"

"Yis."

"Well, why are you not in your state-room?"

"Faix, I wanted to return thanks."

"What for?"

"These superb flowers. Gaze at thim, wud ye?"

"Well, what have you got to do with the flowers?"

"Iverything, captain—they're moine."

"Nonsense! I've got no time to fool. Those flowers belong to parties whom I know, and I don't know you. I won't have you gathering a crowd and making an ass out of yourself. What is your name?"

"Muldoon."

The captain signalled to a seaman who stood a respectful distance in his rear.

"Bates," said he.

"Ay—ay, sir," answered the sailor.

"You can read writing?"

"Ay—ay, sir."

"Look over those flowers and see if you can find any bearing cards which denote that they belong to Mr. Muldoon. Hurry!"

The sailor obeyed.

"None, sir," was his report, after a careful search.

"Then you get out," ordered the captain; "and say, whose infernal dog is that anchored to the table?"

"Moine," faintly replied Muldoon.

"Then take it away; the cabin does not need such an ornament."

"But—" protested Muldoon.

The captain, however, had turned upon his heel and hurried off, only the sailor being in hearing.

It was he who interrupted Muldoon's protest.

"Sheer off, yer land-lubber," said he. "Didn't yer hear what ther cap'n said? Take yer dog off, or yer will be put in chains for mutiny."

Amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd Muldoon unchained Dennis, gave the sailor a black look, and sneaked away down to the cabin.

"Bedad," muttered he, "I wish I wur solid wid a good pirate; I wud get him to capture this bloody ould ship, and burn up the captain. No wonder he is a sailor; he nades salt air bad enough, for he is the freshest man I ever met wid."

He retired to his own state-room.

Roars of laughter were issuing from its half-closed doors.

He peeped in.

All of his family were there, and seated astride of a trunk was the Hon. Mike, with a bottle of Muldoon's best claret in his hand, relating the flower racket.

"Yer jest oughter have seed him," the Hon. Mike was saying. "I'm a gasping old boat-hook, I am, an' I caught right onter him. There he was a-standin', jest like a fresh hay-seed wot jest dropped out a hay-mow, a-returnin' thanks for a lot ov flowers wot belonged ter somebody else. He was enuff ter break yer hearts. Bless yer scalps, he didn't own a geranium leaf!" and the Hon. Mike laughed until the claret fairly jumped out of the bottle.

Muldoon dashed into the state-room like a vision of wrath.

"Yer name should be Judas instead av Mike Growler," he said.

"Why?" asked the Hon. Mike.

"Yez betrayed me."

"How?"

"Yez towld me the roses belonged all to me."

"Never believe all yer told," philosophically answered Mike. "I'm an old blue whale, an' I can lick up the ocean, but I don't beleave all I'm told." And that was the only satisfaction which Muldoon ever got out of the unrepentant senator from Nevada.

Soon after the great wheels of the steamer moved, handkerchiefs were waved from deck and state-room, a chorus of "good-byes" rent the air, and the mighty craft, creaking and groaning like some large marine monster, crept out of her slip and slowly headed down the bay. Muldoon at last was really started abroad.

Before three o'clock in the afternoon Sandy Hook was away off in the distance, a mere speck upon the horizon.

All that could be seen was clouds and water, except now and then some dancing sea-gull seeking daringly for his prey upon the crested waves.

The Muldoons were seated upon the deck, merrily conversing, but all at once the hilarity seemed to cease.

The ocean was becoming rough, and a thoughtful observer might have attributed their sudden solemnity to that fact.

Really Muldoon soon was the only jolly person of the group.

He was telling a story—it was an awful funny

story, he thought, a story which was enough to make a man get up out of his coffin and laugh, and yet nobody smiled.

There was a sad, dreamy, far-away look in everybody's eye.

Mr. Henery Huggs, in particular, closely resembling a death's head.

His face was pale as chalk, his legs had a sort of twitter, and his fingers worked convulsively.

"Wasn't that a funny story, ye English ghost?" asked Muldoon. "Why didn't ye snicker? Shure, whin O'Reilly towld it to me first I broke me ton-sil wid merriment."

"H'I ha-ha'd," replied Mr. Huggs. "H'I larted h'iwardly."

"It must have been very inwardly. Laugh loud!"

Mr. Huggs' head sank upon his hand.

"H'I'm not h'able," he gasped.

"Why not?"

"H'I believe h'I'm poisoned."

"Poisoned?"

"Yes, sir. H'it must 'ave been h'in the h'ice-water. 'Eavens, Mr. Muldoon, h'I feel h'awfully."

"Where?"

"H'in the h'intestines, sir—h'in the h'intestines. H'are you h'acquainted with the captain, sir?"

"Yis," answered Muldoon, as he recollected his flower racket.

"Will you h'ax him, sir, h'if h'it is possible to stop the motion of the ship?"

"Does it affect ye?"

"H'infernally, sir. Beg pardon, sir, for sich langwedge, but h'infernally h'expresses h'it h'actly."

A light broke upon Muldoon.

"Begorra, man," he exclaimed, "ye are say-sick. Ye cannot stand the glide waltz av the vessel."

Mr. Huggs tried to brace up and indignantly repel the insinuation. The last thing that a drunken man will own is that he is drunk; the last thing that sea-sick persons will confess is that they are sea-sick.

So it was with the Briton.

"H'I'm not sea-sick," said he; "n't it was the h'ice-water. I never was sea-sick, 'ardly h'ever."

Hardly was the sentence at an end before a good healthy, boisterous wave hit the ship and lurched it to one side.

It was too much for Mr. Huggs' equilibrium of stomach.

He clapped his hand over his mouth and staggered for the rail. The next second the sea was receiving foreign and unexpected additions to its bulk.

Muldoon roared with laughter.

"He's as good as a farce," he declared. "Ha, ha! He'll be throwing up his socks next. Wud ye look at him!"

The rest of the group, though, did not seem to feel at all like laughing. They were about as jovial as if they were watching a corpse.

With an effort the Hon. Mike got upon his feet. He was as valiant-looking as a rooster in a rain-storm.

"Muldoon," said he, in a faltering voice, "I'm a wild old rattlesnake of the jungle. I'm four hundred years old, and I've got sixty rattles."

"I don't care if ye have sixty hundred," replied Muldoon.

"Well, if the wild old rattlesnake wants to have some fun, it's nobody's business, is it?"

"Av course not."

"Then I'm going to have some fun throwing up. I'm sea-sick, and I'm glad of it. But if yer come down inter my cabin to insult me, there will be an Irish wake aboard of this craft."

With which remark the Hon. Mike stumbled down-stairs and was lost to sight.

Dan Muldoon followed his example. Which was not long in being also profited by by the ladies. As for St. Patrick and Charcoal, they were curled up like coils of rope, totally oblivious of their disputes in the common woe of sea-sickness.

Muldoon was happy.

Why shouldn't he be?

He wasn't sea-sick.

Everybody else was, except the officers and crew, and they, you know, couldn't be expected to be sea-sick.

"Oh, begorra, it is meself who is copper-lined," Muldoon praised. "I niver feel sick, for I am a thoroughbred, I am. Bedad, how aisy the boat dances upon the waves; the motion is swate and beautiful. Shure, I can't realize why it makes people sick, but some people's stomachs are as wake as their heads. Give me the say, the beautiful say, frish as a zephyr from over the bay. I'm so happy, I could—"

He stopped short.

There was a sudden squirming in his stomach

—a sensation as if a dozen eels were fighting for a belt.

His head seemed to be whirling around, and his eyes were suddenly swollen and watery. Besides, a cold chill swept over his body.

"Bedad, I belave it is a premonition av consumption," gasped he.

Just then the struggle in his stomach seemed redoubled. His internal economy was evidently desirous of seeking fresh air.

The motion of the wave-rocked steamer ceased to be beautiful, and it became positively disagreeable.

Muldoon swayed down into the cabin.

Roger was there talking with a young lady.

Roger, with the lucky digestion of youth, had only been a sufferer from sea-sickness for a few moments. A glass of brandy from the steward had made him all right.

As soon as he saw his father's haggard visage and doubtful step, he conjectured what was the matter.

"Hey, dad," said he, "come sit down and have a game of cards."

"Ye should think av yer prayer-book instead of cards," answered Muldoon. "I believe from the balance av the ship that we are about to sink."

"That's sea-sick taffy, dad. Have a cigar?"

A cigar!

The bare name was enough to start Muldoon's dinner up to his mouth.

"A dyin' man takes no stock in cigars," answered he, as he put for his state-room, pursued by Roger's merry laugh.

Mrs. Muldoon was in a berth, with her face turned to the wall, groaning in wretchedness.

"Oh, Terry—Terry!" she wailed, "I'm nearly dead! I know I shall die."

Muldoon made no reply.

He got upon a chair and stuck his head through the port-hole, or little cabin window.

"Howly Moses!" he faltered, his face expressing the greatest agony. "I've got a great moind to lape out av the windy an' ind me sufferings. Why did I iver come to say?"

### PART IV.

If ever a man was sea-sick, it was Muldoon.

He was so sick that he did not care a continental copper if the ship went down—indeed, we believe it would have been a sort of relief to him had the ship gone down. It would, at least, have ended his sufferings.

He threw up until it was impossible for him to throw up any longer, and then went and laid down upon the cabin floor.

"I wish I had died before I wur born!" he moaned. "Bedad, the nixt toime I come to say I will stay upon land!"

"Muldoon—Muldoon!" wailed his wife, who was just as sick as he was, "I'm dying!"

"Begob, I'm dead already!" moaned Muldoon. "Don't trouble me, Bridget! Sorra the day we left New York. I wish I had got off at Staten Island!"

Just then Roger came into the cabin.

Roger had vanquished his sea-sickness, and was as fresh as a daisy.

"Hallo, pop!" saluted he; "how goes it?"

"Bad, Roger—bad!" groaned Muldoon. "Ye will soon be fatherless, Roger."

"Why?"

"It is on ice I will be in an hour."

"Do you feel sick?"

"Sick! Sick ain't the worrud for it, Roger. Completely paralyzed wud describe it better. Yer father's days are numbered, Roger."

"Oh, get out!" was Roger's unfeeling reply. "You're only sea-sick. You'll be all right in a day or so."

"Ye have a heart of stone," said Muldoon. "Oh, murder! Howld the pail—wash-basin, Roger! I feel that lobster I ate foive noights ago a-worrucking up! I belave I have erupted enough to load a garbage barge, Roger. If it floats ashore on Coney Island they will swear that a marine restaurant has burst."

"You can't be very bad off when you talk that way," grinned Roger. "Come, have supper, pop."

"Have what?" yelled Muldoon.

"Supper."

"Supper consists av solid food, does it?" asked Muldoon.

"Yes."

"Then, be Heavens! I will have none av it! It is by suction I will live hereafter."

"You'd better come up and take a bite," laughed Roger. "The graft is great. We have nice, slimy pork. Pork just dripping with grease. Oh, you could oil a sleigh with the pork we're going to have!"

"If ye ever mention pork to me again I'll kill ye!" moaned Muldoon, as the idea of the greasy meat sent a thrill of horror to his brain.



"Well, if you don't like pork, there is something else."

"What?"

"Clams!"

This, to a sea-sick stomach, was worse than the pork.

Muldoon buried his head in a basin which stood near by.

"I will niver ate again," he murmured. "Instead av fasting for forty days, loike Doctor Tanner, I belave I could fast for forty hundred. Roger, ye divil's imp, go up-stairs an' watch the weeping av the waves."

Roger refused.

Roger was having too much fun watching and trying to increase the agonies of his father.

"We've got a bully old lay-out for supper," he continued, in a meditative voice. "Our steward is great on the grub. We're going to have cockroaches stewed in axlegreese."

"Howly smoke!" gasped Muldoon.

"Doughnuts of hog's fat baked in kerosene oil."

"Oh, Lord!"

"Tripe fried in paregoric."

"Saint Bidalia save me!"

"Ham stewed with whale's blubber," went on Roger.

Muldoon's face emerged from the basin.

He was pale, and big circles were around his eyes.

"Roger Muldoon," he gasped, "I have a sixty-shot revolver in me bosom pocket. I belave I have sufficient energy to pull it. If ye don't waft yerself out av me room in foive seconds ye will be a dead kid. I am the Terror av Tipperary, an' I am a dead shot. Hasten, ye rascal, or it is a parricide ye will make out av yer father."

With a merry laugh Roger vacated the cabin.

"Say, dad," were his last words as he went outside into the narrow passage which separated the state-rooms, "shall I send you down some preserved pigs' feet?"

But we will draw a kindly curtain over the victims of sea-sickness.

Suffice it to say, that after a day or so had passed, our friends were all well enough to go up on deck, but a paler or more apparently broken up crowd it would have been hard to have discovered.

Roger, as yet, was the only one of the Muldoon group who had been to the common tables.

So the first afternoon Muldoon was able to go to supper, he called Roger aside about an hour or so before the meal.

"Roger," said he, "ye have been to males on board av this ocean canal-boat?"

"Yes, sir," replied Roger.

"Ye are faymiliar wid the etiquette prevalent?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thin it wud plaze yer father if ye wud give him the proper steer relative to his behavior at the tables."

Here was a chance for a nice quiet racket.

And you can bet Roger was not the sprig of a shamrock to neglect it.

"Well," said he, after a few moments' pause for reflection. "The etiquette is very peculiar."

"H'awfully peculiar, sir, h'awfully," put in Henry Huggs, who was near by.

Wherever Roger was, there could be found the British servant. There was a bond of union between those two which at times seemed difficult for an outsider to understand.

Yet it was very simple.

Roger, with his handsome face, his cheeky ways, and his lavish disposal of whatever money he chanced to possess, had endeared him to the stiff cockney servitor. "H'I would go through fire h'and water for Master Roger," he had frequently been heard to say.

Therefore it was that Mr. Huggs lied, capped and stuck up for Roger upon every and all occasions.

He tumbled to the racket Roger was about to play upon his father and resolved to assist him.

"Ye say the etiquette is peculiar?" inquired Muldoon.

"H'infernally, sir—h'infernally," said Mr. Huggs.

"In what way?"

"In the first place, you always wear your hat to the table," said Roger.

"Wear a hat?"

"Yes, sir. And you go in your shirt-sleeves."

"What for?"

"This is an English ship, and English marine law requires it, I believe, dad. You'll be put in irons if you don't."

"Shure, they can't put a cabin passenger in irons."

"They can't? Well, there was a feller last night came to supper, and beecause he ate pie with a fork they've locked him down in a dungeon."

"Have we a dungeon aboard?"

"Two."

"But what should he ate pie wid?"

"A spoon."

"Roger, ye are giving me taffy."

"No, sir—it's pie. English marine law requires you to eat pie with a spoon."

"To the divil wid the sucker who wrote such crazy laws. If iver I get holt av him, I'll make him ate snow wid a pair of tongs. Is there any other lunacies av etiquette, Roger?"

"Yes—lots."

"Name wan."

"Yer have to sip your soup wid a fork. And I noticed a nobleman's daughter last night eating oysters wid a hairpin."

"Was she put in the dungeon?"

"Bless you, no. That was the proper caper. She got a medal."

Muldoon looked suspiciously at his hopeful son.

"Roger, I am afraid ye are thrying to get yez old father on a string," said he.

Roger, however, looked the acme of honesty and veracity.

"Ain't I giving it to him straight, Huggs?" he asked of his worthy private secretary.

"Straight h'as a 'arpoon," declared Mr. Huggs.

"H'inglish marine law h'is peculiar, sir. H'all h'of the passengers, sir, h'am perwided wid h'opera glasses."

"Opera glasses?" repeated Muldoon.

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

"So that when we have h'oyster soup they may be h'able to see the h'oysters."

That was just a little more than even Muldoon's credulity could stomach, so he expressed his opinion to the effect that Mr. Huggs was a sassenach liar.

"Roger may be thrue," remarked he, "but yer fiction is too high-strung entirely, Huggs."

"He may be lying, pop," said Roger, with a face as serious as an undertaker's at a high-priced funeral, "but I ain't. And say, pop?"

"What, ye young Gulliver?"

"Always wipe your mouth on the table-cloth."

"Don't they have napkins?"

"Cert."

"Thin what are the napkins for?"

"To blow your nose. English marine law requires it."

"D—n English marine law!" growled Muldoon, as he retreated down-stairs.

Mr. Huggs looked after him and gave vent to a sepulchral chuckle, while his face worked up and down like a nut-cracker in pain. But it was only Mr. Huggs' way of expressing his pleasure.

"Don't you think h'it h'is too blarsted 'eavy?" asked he of Roger. "H'an h'ostrich could 'ardly swallow sich lies."

"Why, I was mild compared to you, you old coffin-back," reproved Roger; "that opera glass gag was a nice one, wasn't it?"

"H'it was h'intellectually h'inventive," replied Mr. Huggs, with dignity. "But do you think the guv'nor will go down to the table h'and make a blooming h'ass h'out h'of 'isself h'as you h'expect?"

"Of course. Pop ain't got over being a gilly yet—bless his dear old nibs."

"H'it will be 'ot for you when ye finds h'out your racket," warned Mr. Huggs. "H'infernally 'ot, sir!" and the precious pair, master and man, strolled off to take a pipe before supper.

As for Muldoon, he had gone down into the cabin to consult his wife.

Mrs. Muldoon, however, was in no humor to be consulted about anything.

She had found, upon unpacking her trunk, that a bottle of hair dye—we will own that Mrs. Muldoon did dye her hair—had broken and roamed all over her best silk dress, a new bonnet, and a lace shawl.

She was so busy bemoaning the catastrophe that she did not pay the faintest heed to what Muldoon was saying, and when he pressed his queries in regard to table etiquette, she politely requested him to "get out" and not "bother her," she wasn't going to supper anyhow, and she didn't care if Muldoon went in nothing but a chest-protector.

Therefore with many misgivings, he put on his best striped shirt—a beautiful and modest red calico decked with blue spots, and his Sunday high hat, together with a loud-checked vest and pants. Altogether he would have looked nice on the business card of some Bowery gin-mill.

He strolled up to the dining-room.

The guests were all seated with the exception of the captain, whose name, by the way, was Gray. On ocean steamers the captain takes the head of the table and does the honors. Some minor ascendant on deck, however, had called him away for a brief space.

Muldoon's seat was between the Hon. Mike and Dan. Both of these worthies were dressed up in their best.

Muldoon chuckled at them to himself.

"It is dungeon-birds they will soon be," laughed he; "they are not conversant wid English marine laws."

Both Mike and Dan looked at their friend and relative in perfect surprise.

"What a make-up!" gasped Dan.

"I'm an untamed old dove wot's flew all over the world," said the Hon. Mike. "I've been in the Sandwich Islands, where full dress is a string of beads and a paper collar, and in Patagonia, where a masher gets up with a ring in his smeller, an' a war-club, ter promenade, but never did I see sich a galoot."

"I guess the sea-sickness has gone to his brain," murmured Dan.

"Nix," decisively replied the Hon. Mike. "He ain't got no brain. Oh, won't he get fired out when the cap comes in. This ain't no chowder-club banquet."

Muldoon sat down, hat on and all.

Everybody stared at him.

Even an old English swell, who had traveled from pole to pole, and was supposed to be oblivious to all sensation or sight, put up his eye-glasses, stared at Muldoon, and audibly asked:

"Gweat Gawd! what is it?"

Muldoon did not care.

Indeed, he was rather proud of the sensation he was creating.

"It takes a native-born American to instruct them in etiquette," he murmured.

The soup came on.

Muldoon went to work and struggled to eat it with his fork, a feat about as easy of accomplishment as it would be to put a balloon in a spectacle case.

He wiped his mouth upon the table-cloth, and blew his nose with clarion shrillness upon the napkin.

The old English swell put up his eye-glasses again.

"Gweat Gawd—it is a gowilla—a twained gowilla, baw Jove!" said he.

The Hon. Mike and Dan went hungry from laughing. They knew there was a joke somewhere, though they could not get into it, yet they enjoyed it all the same.

As for Mrs. Mary Ann Growler, she was in an agony of shame at her brother's remarkable proceedings.

"Mickey," she begged of her husband, "do take him out—he must be drunk."

"Leave him alone," replied Mike. "I'm a bald-headed old prairie dog wot lives in my own burrow an' never bothers wid nothin', or nobody. Besides, he's just as good as as circus. He'll be washing his face in the flager-bowl next."

Just then the captain came in.

His eye caught sight of Muldoon.

He stopped in blank surprise.

Such a looking apparition had never sat down to his table before.

He actually rubbed his eyes, as if he thought he was in a dream.

But it was no dream.

Muldoon sat there, bawling for pie.

Muldoon just itched to go to work on pie with a spoon.

Captain Gray rushed over and caught him by the shoulder with one hand, while with the other he gave his high hat a cuff which sent it rolling off to the floor.

"See here, you fool!" roared the irate seaman, "what in the devil do you mean?"

"What do ye mane!" answered Muldoon, jumping to his feet and assuming a pugilistic attitude; "pick up the kady, ye Dick Deadeye, or I'll swape the cabin wid ye."

"You dare beard me in my own ship?" replied the captain. "Officers, assist me."

The first officer, assisted by the purser, rushed to his side.

They stood glaring at Muldoon, who, grasping his chair, stood prepared, his hot Irish blood all aglow, to make it nervous for the first man who tackled him.

The other passengers started up, and the cries of the women resounded through the cabin.

At this most exciting moment, the Hon. Mike, armed with a butter-knife, which he snatched off the table, leaped between the contestants.

"Whoop!" bawled he. "I'm the worst man in the world! I'm a shrieking old blue-jay from the pine woods, an' I kin peck the eyes out of anybody who says I'm a liar. Oh, I've been waiting for this. I'm a gory old murderer out uv practice, and I want blood—pink blood!"

The Hon. gentleman looked so very desperate with his butter-knife that all parties started back.

"This hyar muss has got to be settled!" screeched Mike. "Cap, why did you knock that old sixer off uv Mr. Muldoon's head?"

"He insulted me, and he insulted everybody at the table."

"How?"



"By coming to meals in his shirt-sleeves and a hat upon his head. This is not a bar-room."

The Hon. Mike assumed a judicial posture. It was justice with a butter-knife.

"I'm a square old scale," he allegorically remarked, "and I always weigh just as much one way as I do the other. Muldoon, you've heard wot the cap sez; now, wot do yer say?"

"I wur tould it wur etiquette," answered Muldoon, letting go the chair.

"Wot was etiquette?"

"To apparel meself for me avening male as I do. Me other actions were inspired by the same motive."

"Is that so?" doubtfully asked Captain Gray.

"If Muldoon sez so, yer kin bet yer old compass that it is. The only time he lies is when he's sleeping," said the Hon. Mike, picking his teeth with his butter-knife.

"But what put such a preposterous idea in your head?" asked the captain.

"'Twas me son."

"Your son?"

"Yes, sir. He tould me a lot av fairy tales and I was fool enough to swallow them. Oh, let me reach for him."

Thereupon Muldoon told all that Roger had said.

Everybody laughed, and a smile appeared upon the weather-wrinkled features of Captain Gray.

"Well," said he, "apologize to the passengers, and I guess you will be forgiven."

"Haw," spoke up the old English swell. "Weally, captain, no apology is needed. It isn't his fault, yer know, if he is the victim of a practical joke. I have—haw—been the victim of a practical—haw—joke myself. When I came to New York for the first time, I was told you could hunt buffaloes at the—haw—Battewy. I wodo down Bwoadway in a stage with a shot-gun before I was—haw—told what a—haw—lunatic I was making of myself, baw Jove!"

The laugh which was excited by the old swell's confession put Muldoon more at his ease.

"Leddies and gints," said he, "ye will pardhon me, will ye not? I will retire to me chamber an' put on suitable attire. Whin I come back, I hope ye all will condayscind to have a glass of wine with me?"

"Certainly."

"With great pleasure."

"You're all right, Mr. Muldoon."

"Mistakes will occur in the best regulated families."

So spoke the passengers at the table, feeling good-naturedly for Muldoon's embarrassment and wishing to dispel it.

Their purpose was successful.

Muldoon retired, soon came back in regulation evening dress, and over the flowing wine soon forgot the joke of which he had been the victim. Joy and hilarity reigned supreme, and the cozy supper-room of the *Shamrock* was a scene of enjoyment for the next few hours.

Yet it is possible that if Muldoon could have laid his hands upon his hopeful son within the next forty-eight hours, the consequences might have been pronouncedly unpleasant for Roger.

That young rascal, though, had the good sense to keep out of the way until his father's wrath had been abated, and when he did put in an appearance, he got off with a mild reproof.

It is not my intention to weary my readers with a minute account of the voyage.

So we will pass on to a funny event which occurred when the ship was about five days out. It was a glorious afternoon.

The air was soft, balmy and tropical. Overhead was a solid mass of blue. The sun shone with a mild, grateful heat, and the ocean was as calm as a mirror. Not a ripple disturbed the glassy waves.

The passengers were grouped on deck.

"Why don't you have a game of nine-pins?" asked Captain Gray, passing by.

"No man has an alley in his pocket," laughed Muldoon.

"Oh, we have them on board," said the captain.

"Many a good game have we had in calms like this. Here—Jones—Rider!" to two sailors, "get the pins, and set them up on deck."

The captain indicated the spot, and the two sailors soon had the pins rigged up, and balls placed in readiness.

The ladies were just a little shy of the pastime—the balls were so "awfully heavy," they said, and so Muldoon and the Hon. Mike, to start the thing, agreed to roll against Roger and the cold and clammy Mr. Huggs.

Huggs was allotted to bowl first.

He retreated to the chalk mark from which he was to speed the ball.

Muldoon, the Hon. Mike, Dan and Roger took positions near the pins, "to score," as Muldoon declared.

Mr. Huggs grasped the largest ball he could find, as is usual with all amateur bowlers.

"Be Heavens" smiled Muldoon, "how I admire this. What could be nicer than a quiet game av nine-pins upon the bosom av the bounding deep?"

#### PART V.

As we stated at the close of our last part, Mr. Henry Huggs picked up a ball for the purpose of demoralizing the nine-pins completely.

It was a big ball, a ball almost as big as Mr. Huggs, and it would have been very much better for him to have selected a smaller one.

But he was ambitious, and had an idea, common to most all new hands at bowling, that the bigger the ball the better the bowl.

He did not roll it right away.

There were several ladies watching the sport, particularly one rosy-cheeked daughter of Britannia, who Huggs conceived was dead gone upon him.

Therefore he began to put a classical touch upon his bowl.

He fingered his ball carefully as if to convince himself that it was all there.

He bent his body into a position which suggested an eel, and measured the distance with his eyes, as if to convey an idea that not only was he going to knock down all of the nine-pins, but the steamer's funnels in addition.

"H'I used to be h'a 'eavy bowler in the h'old country," he remarked, to the nurse girl.

"You did?" she encouragingly smiled.

"H'immense, my blooming beauty. They h'used to call me Nine-pin 'Enery."

"What for?"

"Because I knocked h'all of the pins down h'invariably h'at the first bowl. H'I h'used to bowl with such h'energy that h'I 'ave been known to h'upset twelve boys who were tending to the pins h'in one hour! H'I was h'arrested by the society for the prevention h'of cruelty to kids for the h'offense."

"You don't say so?" remarked the little nurse girl, pretending to be very much interested.

"H'it's the 'eavenly truth, miss. H'I wish they'd placed the cabin h'at the h'other h'end h'of the steamer."

"Why?"

"H'I'm liable, h'if h'I put too much H'inglish onto the ball, to knock h'it to blooming bits!"

"Don't, please. There may be somebody in it."

Huggs paused to assure her with great interest that he would try not to, but if he should chance to do so, it would not be his fault, but that of the builder, who, disregarding Mr. Hugg's herculean prowess as a bowler, had placed it in such an unsafe position.

This was gallantry upon Mr. Hugg's part to thus pacify the timid fears of a nice young lady, but was monotonous to Muldoon and all his friends.

"We'll die of old age before he gets ready to rowl the ball," said Muldoon. "Begorra, long exposure to the say breeze will cause the nine-pins to rot."

"Blamed if I'll make a blasted old statue of myself much longer," growled the Hon. Mike. "I'll mosey up there and fire Huggs at the pins."

"Say, Huggs!" yelled Roger, "come off, will yer? That young darling is in feeble health, and if yer keep talking to her much longer, she'll die. Give somebody else a show at the nine-pins. It will be sunset soon, and the captain says it is against English marine law to bowl by starlight."

"Roger, if you ever minton English marine laws again, I'll brain you!" said Muldoon, with a wry face, the recollection of the supper-table racket being still fresh in his memory.

Huggs turned away from the nurse-girl.

"H'excuse me, miss," said he; "but the h'im-pudence h'of them beastly h'Americans h'is h'in-fernal."

Quite a change, though, had occurred in a weather way, since the game of bowls had first been proposed.

Clouds were racing swiftly across the sky—clouds which forebode a squall. The wind had freshened, and the ship was lurching slightly. Altogether, the deck was not as level as a prairie.

Huggs braced up and grasped his ball.

"Look h'out!" warned he. "'Ere goes for a nine-strike!"

Just as the ball was about leaving his hands the squall struck the steamer.

The great iron mass gave a furious lurch to starboard.

Away went Huggs, heels over head, and the ball flew wildly away over the deck.

It scattered the nine-pins, gave a bound, and struck Muldoon squarely beneath his coat-tails. The pins flew in all directions, one striking the Hon. Mike plumb in the forehead, and another laying out Roger.

Over went our heroes, balls and pins in a wild but confused mass.

They became entangled with each other in a most remarkable and complex style.

"Lave go av me hair!"

"Let me up!"

"Take yer hoof out of my mouth!"

"If ye don't cease kicking me in the abdomen wid yer fut, I'll stab ye!"

"Get off me head!"

"Nobody's on it, but I'll jump on it if you don't stop stranglin' me with that nine-pin."

"Be Heavens, I am marked for life!"

So groaned the three companions in misery, as they writhed and struggled to get on their feet.

Muldoon at last did so, but Dan, who had retreated aft of the smoke-stacks, mischievously sent a ball rolling down.

It hit Muldoon below the knees, sent his feet flying up and his head flying down.

"Stop, ye ninny," he bawled at Dan. "Phat did ye do that for?"

"Sure, I tuk ye for an Irish nine-pin," answered Dan, with a laugh.

Meanwhile, Mr. Huggs was slowly regaining his senses, for the fall which he had got had disturbed his self-possession, also his bones considerably.

"'Eavens! h'it must have been h'an h'earth-quake!" he exclaimed, as he looked in horror at his work.

"You'll get scalped, England," said Dan.

"Why?"

"There is blood in the Hon. Mike's eye."

"H'it would be a wonder h'if there wasn't," replied Mr. Huggs. "H'I 'ave h'an h'idea that h'a nine-pin busted his h'optic."

"Ye wudn't tumble if a warehouse fell onto ye," remarked Dan. "I was speaking allegorically. It is full av metaphor me language is now, since we are afloat on the ocean waves. I meant to convey the idea that the Hon. Mike manes to exterminate you."

"H'an h'Englishman h'is the noblest work of God!" loftily said Mr. Huggs; "e h'is never exterminated, ardly h'ever!"

It seemed, though, as if Dan's surmise relative to the Hon. Michael Growler's intentions towards Mr. Huggs was correct.

The Hon. Mike was mad.

He had torn his new striped pants, scratched his nose, and the nine-pin which had caressed him had loosened a tooth, and knocked a quid of tobacco down his throat, to the great disgust of his stomach.

When he arose he spit upon his hands.

"I'm a shrieking old wild-cat from the boundless west!" said he; "and blood generally accompanies my shrieking! Get your blood-tubs ready, I'm going to shriek now. Nobody kin knock me down wid impunity."

"Ye wasn't knocked down wid impunity; it was a nine-pin," sapiently put in Muldoon.

"I don't care what it was," roared the Hon. Mike. "I'm a foaming old Niagara Falls, I am, and yer can't dam me up. Wh—where is the man who flung that ball? I'll foam all over him! Have you any charcoal in your pocket, Muldoon?"

"Do you take me for a coal-yard?"

"No matter what I take yer fer. Have yer any charcoal?"

"N. G."

"What's that?"

"No charcoal. What do you want charcoal for, anyhow?"

"To rub on my teeth. Whenever I hev charcoal on my teeth I'm a bald-headed old whirlwind of the desert."

"Oh, get out!" said Muldoon, and he walked away to borrow some court-plaster to put on the scratch on his lip.

The Hon. Mike, however, was bound to get square upon somebody.

If there was a consumptive or a paralytic or a woman about, somebody who could not defend himself in a fight, the Hon. Mike was a terror. We are sorry to give the honorable gentleman away in this style, but those of you who read "Muldoon's Brother Dan," will own that we are right.

Now from what Mr. Growler had seen of Mr. Henry Huggs, he imagined that the English servitor could be easily bullied.

A swaggering form, a loud voice, and a threatening bearing was all that the Hon. Mike imagined necessary to evoke abject apologies from Roger's so-called private secretary.

So the Hon. Mike careened towards Mr. Huggs in a style which suggested the heavy villain of an old-time melodrama.

"Saay!" yelled he, as Mr. Huggs stood in an expectant attitude, "did yer coax dat ball?"

"What ball?" asked Mr. Huggs.

"Dat conical object wot knocked over me—der



Hon. Mike Growler, der star-spangled old pride uv Nevada."

"H'I rolled a ball h'at the nine-pins," acknowledged Mr. Huggs, "but h'if h'it h'inflicted h'any h'injury h'upon you, h'it was not h'intentional. H'it was h'accidental. H'infernall h'accidental!"

"Yer can't give me none uv yer monarchial taffy," said the Hon. Mike. "Yer did it on purpose. Yer afraid that if I ever got in yer old queen-ridden country I'd break it all up, and start a republic. The thrones uv Europe shake when they hear of Mike Growler, Senator of Nevada."

"Ave they the h'ague?" calmly asked Mr. Huggs.

"No, sir. It's fear. But you needn't bother about it."

"Why?"

"Ye are as good as dead already. You've got to die. Have yer a coffin in yer pocket?"

"H'I don't understand yer langwidge," said Mr. Huggs. "H'it is too h'allegorical—h'infernally h'allegorical."

"It means yer will be a cold corpse—ice-cold," said the Hon. Mike.

With this pleasant remark he squared off, and meant to deliver a blow which would utterly desiccate Mr. Huggs, and place him in minute sections all over the deck.

But, to his great surprise, Mr. Huggs, with a wooden grace peculiar alike to him and an automaton, reached out with one stiff arm.

There was a hand, and knuckles, too, at the end of that hand, and the knuckles were decidedly hard.

So they felt when they encountered the Hon. Mike's face, and the Hon. Mike, unable to withstand their hardness, dropped like a log to the deck.

"H'I believe h'I've 'eard something drop!" remarked Mr. Huggs.

The Hon. Mike got slowly up.

"Dat's it," he remarked, "knock a feller down when he's stopping to cough. Because I've got weak lungs, take advantage uv me!"

"Did yer h'expect me to stand by h'and get h'a 'ead put on me?" asked Mr. Huggs.

"Oh, yes; go eat roast beef," replied the Hon. Mike, and he slunk off, not at all desirous of renewing the fight after such a sample of Mr. Hugg's fistie ability. "Wait till I get in London. Me and Wales is solid. I'll get a permit to kill yer."

Mr. Huggs laughed.

One of his own peculiar laughs, which reminded one of the plaintive sound of a buzz-saw.

"H'I 'it 'ard—h'infernally 'ard," he cackled.

That ended the game of nine-pins. Nobody appeared to have energy enough to renew the amusement.

The days passed by.

Some were stormy and unpleasant, some were fair and beautiful, some were marked by jokes and rackets, others were as uneventful as a country Sabbath.

But by and by their destination was reached.

At the end of ten days, for the steamer had had a rather long voyage, owing to adverse circumstances of wind and wave, Liverpool was reached and the cars taken for London.

Before the train started from the platform, Dan spoke to the guard, and pressed a sovereign into his hand. Dan was not yet aware of the value of English money; a shilling would have done just as well.

"We want compartments by ourselves," said he; "one for the ladies, and one for us gentlemen."

The guard winked understandingly. He put the ladies in one compartment of a first-class carriage, and then ushered Muldoon, Dan, the Hon. Mike, and Roger into a second.

Mr. Huggs, Charcoal and St. Patrick traveled third-class, as all servants generally do, there being three distinctions of railroad traveling in England—first, second and third, with a corresponding rate of fare and accomodation. Indeed, some of the third-class cars are about equal in style and comfort to our cattle cars, while even the first-class carriages are nothing to brag of.

In railway affairs we Americans can beat old England all hollow.

The train was just moving off as the guard opened the door and ushered our friends into their compartment.

But it was already occupied.

A shabbily-dressed person was lying off upon both seats, his hat over his eyes, and evidently in a doze.

"Does he go wid the car?" queried Muldoon. "He'd make a good top for the water-cooler."

"He's some duffer who's trying to steal a ride," answered the guard; "some third-classer who's trying to travel on his brass."

Without further remark the guard seized the man by the collar.

"Ticket!" said he, giving him a shake.

"Or right," sleepily said the man.

"Tain't all right."

"I'll make it so. Lemme go to slape."

"No, sir. Your ticket."

"In me hat."

The guard picked it out and looked at it.

"This is third-class. Get out!" said he.

The man arose to obey.

As he did so Muldoon caught a glimpse of his face.

Muldoon gave utterance to a cry of surprise.

He looked as if he had seen a veritable ghost.

"Dan!" he cried.

"What?"

"Am I awake?"

"Faith, ye don't seem to be very somnambulist. Why?"

"Luk at that feller. Do ye get onto his grin?" Dan looked.

"Howly smoke!" said he, starting back; "it is Hippocrates Burns, the Boarding-House Poet!"

At the mention of the name, Hippocrates Burns, the man gazed up at Muldoon.

He only gazed for a second—that seemed sufficient.

With an exclamation of joy, mixed with wonder, he hurled himself into Muldoon's arms.

"Muldoon! by all the gods of man an' spirits av poethry!" he cried.

"Should ould acquaintance be forgot,  
And ne'er be brought to mind;  
Should ould acquaintance be forgot,  
And the days av ould Lang Syne."

sang he, as he placed both arms around Muldoon, and seemed sorry because he didn't have a second pair of arms to embrace Dan.

The guard looked upon the proceeding in evident surprise.

"It's crazy he must be," he said, referring to the man, but addressing Dan. "Shall I knock him on the head, sir?"

"No, it's all right," replied Dan; "he is a friend of ours."

"But he wasn't in your party, sir," said the guard, with a cunning leer, "an' it's against my orders to let him ride. Orders is orders, sir, you know."

Dan dropped onto the fellow's little game in a twinkling.

A couple of shillings chinked deliciously into the guard's hand from Dan's well-filled pocket.

"All right," whispered the guard, his eyes gleaming with joy. "I'll forget I have any orders, sir."

Out went the guard, and Dan turned to Muldoon's embracer.

It was indeed our old friend, Hippocrates Burns.

Those of you who have read the Muldoon stories will not need any description of him. To those of you who haven't, I will simply say that Hippocrates was a good-natured young fellow of about twenty-six or seven, with two very marked characteristics; one a strong disinclination to do any work, and the other a firm belief that the immortal fire of genius burned within him; that he was a great poet whose name some day would paralyze the world and place all other poets in the shade.

But Muldoon no more expected to behold him in England than he did a painted gazelle.

After Hippocrates had exhausted the first transports of joy at the meeting, Muldoon took him firmly by the shoulders and placed him in a seat.

"Hippocrates," said Muldoon, "how did yez iver get here? I thought before we left San Francisco on our trip west ye were married to a lady who ran a taffy bazar?"

Hippocrates immediately struck an attitude expressive of the deepest woe.

"She's gone," he said.

"Who?" asked Muldoon.

"Me wife."

"Did she elope wid the Chinayse swell who runs the laundhry upon the corner? I tould ye his almond eyes lingered too sweetly upon her classical shape."

"Worse than that," sadly said Hippocrates.

"Gone to join the angels, peaceful ever more?"

"Cradle's empty—baby's gone."

"Did ye have a kid?" asked Muldoon.

"No, I was only speaking poetically. I used to call me wife baby."

"She was a nice baby. Faith I wud have called her 'rhinoceros' instead of baby. Those buckteeth av her's loked loike tusks."

"Mr. Muldoon," said Hippocrates, with an assumption of great dignity, "ye should not make fun of a lacerated nature, Muldoon. Ye should not play upon the tenderest heart-strings of a bereaved husband. My beloved Katrina is dead."

"I heard all av her family had a bad way av

dyin'," remarked Muldoon. "What did she die of?"

"A Wednesday."

"I mane the disease?"

"The doctor said it was chronic relapsus av the cavicaeur cavity, supple reinforced by disintegration av the ephemeral molecules, added to hasty rapidity av the lungs."

"Be Heavens, no wonder she died. It was enough to kill a politician, lave alone a woman."

"Yes, it was sad," wept Hippocrates. "But she was sensible to the last. Ye know she kept a candy-store?"

"Where the little children bought their chewing-gum," absent-mindedly hummed Dan.

Hippocrates gave him a look of reproof and went on:

"Her last words were——"

"Look out, there's a bug on your coat," cried Roger.

Hippocrates brushed the bug off, and once more said:

"Her last words were——"

"I'm a whistling old breeze from the Pacific, but I can't ride backwards," said the Hon. Mike.

"Here, Roger, you're young. Change places."

Hippocrates gave a glance of disgust. But he wasn't going to give it up.

With a frown upon his brow he began once more:

"Her last words were——"

"Give us a chew of tobakky, Dan," requested Muldoon.

Hippocrates clenched his fists, and a cloud gathered upon his face.

He began to suspect a job.

But everybody appeared to be as innocent as graven cherubs.

So he waited till the tobacco was produced, a hunk knifed off and safely deposited in Muldoon's capacious mouth.

Then Hippocrates started.

"Her last words were——"

"Twenty minutes for dinner, gents," suddenly said the guard, poking his head into the carriage.

## PART VI.

WITH a sad eye and weary heart Hippocrates looked at the guard.

But that official's face was as calm as the surface of an iceberg.

"Twenty minutes for refreshments," repeated he. "Look alive, sirs!"

The Hon. Mike got up with an air of great satisfaction.

"I'm an old he-bear of the valley," remarked he, "and I'm jist got over my winter's snooze. I'm hungry enough to eat a volcano, lava an' all."

"I belave I could place away a sloight raypast meself," said Muldoon. "Barring an oyster stew, some sausages, piece of a chicken and a lobster salad, I have had nothing to ate to-day."

"I haven't had as much to ate for six months," said Hippocrates, with a hungry glance in his optics; "a sandwich, by all the Gods, would be a Christmas to me."

"Are not yez finances in good health?" queried Muldoon, as he took the poet's arm, and descending from the car, led the way to the refreshment bar.

"They are not even convalescent," admitted Hippocrates.

"Thin what the divil are ye doing in Europe? Wasn't Ameriky good enough for ye to starve in?"

Hippocrates struck an attitude.

That and policy were about the only things he ever did strike.

"It was jaynius, sir, jaynius, that brought me to Europe," he declared.

"Thin ax him to pay yez board?"

"Who?"

"Jaynius. Did ye stroike a solid mash onto him?"

"Mr. Muldoon," said Hippocrates, loftily, "ye are pleased to joke with me. But do not think, because you are affluent and I am poor, that you can use me for your amusement. Mr. Muldoon, you know the name of Hippocrates Burns?"

"Faix, and I do. Many a noight has the policeman on the beat, whin I kept me boarding-house, woke me up by yelling: 'Muldoon—Muldoon! wake up! Here's red-headed Burns dhrunk again in yer area!'"

"The name of Hippocrates Burns," went on the poet, scornfully disregarding the interruption, "will be carved in letters of gold upon pillars of silver."

"What for?" asked Muldoon.

"Me poethry."

"St. Bridget fly away wid me. Yer poethry. Hippocrates—an' I spake wid weight, for I have made a study av poethry; I learned Mother Goose by ear—is the worst in the worruld. It is



hung ye will be on a rope av hemp from a gal-lows av wood for it. Lave poethry alone, Hippocrates, an' go back to horseshoeing."

Hippocrates disdainfully curled his lip. "There is no good placing pearls before swine," said he.

"Av coorse not," practically replied Muldoon; "they have no use for thim. Give 'em swill. No-body but a lunatic wud place pearls before swine. It wud be aqually sinsible to diet a mud-turtle wid diamonds."

The expression of Hippocrates' face was one of unutterable disgust.

"Your mind is not lofty enough to appreciate my metaphor," answered he. "Come, let us away to the banquet."

Muldoon surveyed the refreshment bar.

It was not very inviting.

The viands placed upon it wouldn't have induced a man to gorge till he died.

A fly-specked cheese, crullers, petrified sandwiches, weary-looking crackers and aged cakes was the voluptuous bill of fare, added to a pyramid of boiled eggs, the date of the boiling of which no man could recollect.

"That's a nice banquet," said Muldoon. "It makes me sick. Shure, it's an insult to a free-lunch. Why, if Mr. Gilligan should set up a lunch loike that at his sample-room, the perlice wud perfect the byes in mobbing him! I don't want anything—fill in, Hippocrates, if ye want to."

Hippocrates did with a will.

He made that lunch-counter look as if a gale had passed over it in less than no time.

But finally he was through.

"'Twas but a little lunch, but, oh, how good!" murmured he. "I am better now—much better."

"I ain't; I'm worse," said Muldoon.

"Why?"

"Do ye know how much yez little lunch cost me?"

"No."

"Eight shillings—two dollars—forty beers. Think av it, Hippocrates; wid the money ye have lavished upon one male, a man moight sthay economically dhrunk for three days. It is less-sons in frugality ye ought to take, Hippocrates."

"I will repay you when I bring out me book of new poems," replied Hippocrates, as he stepped into the car. "Me first one is called 'The Lay of the Blood-Stained Boomerang.' I'm going to dedicate it to Queen Victoria."

"Ye are—are ye?"

"Yes."

"Thin get out av this car."

"Why?"

"I don't want to be found in yez society whin ye are arrested for high trayson. Men have been capitulated for less in olden times."

"Been what?"

"Capitulated."

"What does the word mane?"

"It's a Norwegian proverb, maning, off wid anybody's head."

Hippocrates groaned.

"The ignorance of the uncultured is spasmodic," said he. "Yod mean decapitated?"

"Perhaps I do. Me hoarsness interfered wid me pronounciation," explained Muldoon. "Come, git into the car, and tell me about yez wife."

Hippocrates obeyed.

He sat down and lit a cigar. Smoking is supposed to be prohibited in English cars, but the guards generally wink at the practice if there are no ladies in the compartment.

"Me woife died like a thoroughbred," said he; "her last words were—"

"I'm an old quartz-crusher from the gold mines, but I'll be blasted if I can crush that rock-bed sponge cake!" remarked the Hon. Mike, as he came into the car with a piece of the black-mailed cake in his hand. "I wish there wur a mad dog around here, I'd kill him wid der cake!"

If there had been a dagger handy—a good reliable dagger—it is probable that the poet would have plunged it into the Hon. Mike's breast. Was he never to speak of his wife's last words? Were they never to be given to the world?

It seemed not.

At least not then.

The Hon. Mike was followed by Dan and Roger, and the conversation turned upon a spotted dog which they had discovered in the luggage van.

Mike said it was a spaniel dog. Dan said it was a spitz. Roger was certain that it was a sooner dog—a dog that would sooner die than live, while Muldoon, who hadn't seen the dog at all, swore that it was an Irish bloodhound.

Hippocrates sighed sadly.

"They would rather talk of dogs than of my dead wife!" muttered he. "All right; some day they will kneel at the feet of the author of the 'The Blood-stained Boomerang,' and be proud to touch the hem of his ulster."

On went the train, rattle—rattle—rattle, over hill and dale, over bridges and through mountains.

Gradually Hippocrates' story was evoked from him.

His wife, as our readers know already, kept a candy-store. She died, and her whole fortune was left to Hippocrates.

But it was not a fortune to render him independent for life.

In fact, it was only six hundred dollars.

Hippocrates, however, never had so much money before in his life.

He wanted to go out and buy a big empire right away.

Finally he concluded that he could not spend his money fast enough in America. There wasn't enough room.

So he started for Europe.

From San Francisco to Liverpool he traveled like a prince.

The result was that when he met Muldoon he had about seventy-five dollars left.

He immediately struck Muldoon for a hundred more.

Muldoon, like the big-hearted, good-natured lunatic that he sometimes was, lent it without a kick.

And before the train got to London, from the frills put on by Mr. Burns, you would have imagined that he owned the whole railroad.

At last, when darkness enveloped the earth and the moon shone out in her radiant splendor, London was reached. London, the greatest city of Europe; London, which was a flourishing metropolis when the red Indian hunted game upon New York's forest-covered site; and a bustling mart of trade and fashion when America yet lay undiscovered beyond the rolling waves of the Atlantic.

None of our friends, however, except Hippocrates Burns, thought of this. They were tired and hungry and travel-stained.

Hippocrates, to his credit be it related, did try to infuse a little historical enthusiasm into his companions.

"This is London," he said, as they got out at Euston Square; "London, which saw Richard the Third and Edward the Conqueror; which beheld the first Charles go grimly to his death."

"I'll be eternally blasted if you don't go grimly to your death if yer don't shut up," said the Hon. Mike. "I'm an old ignorant jackass, born in a mud-gutter, and history makes me sick. What do I care for the first Charles? I've got no use for him. Gimme a cab."

There was no difficulty in obtaining a cab. The streets were full of them.

Muldoon had telegraphed ahead to an English friend, who had secured lodgings for them.

They were in a quiet street not far from St. Paul's Cathedral—in fact, nearly under the shadow of that venerable pile.

The landlady's name was Mrs. Platt, a pale blonde of uncertain age, with faded eyes and a complexion which looked like pie-crust. She was emphatically fat, but had an idea she was afflicted with a dread complaint, the nature of which she could not, however, clearly define, which was bringing her slowly and insidiously down to an early grave.

She was at the door to welcome the new arrivals.

"'Oping you are well," she said, as the two cabs—one containing the gentlemen and the other the ladies—drove up.

"Oh, we're all roight," heartily rejoined Muldoon; "the same to ye, Mrs. Platt."

Mrs. Platt sadly rolled her eyes, as she replied to Muldoon:

"I'm as well, sir, as I ever h'expect to be."

The woman's tone and look astonished Muldoon.

"Are you not well?" asked he.

"Far from it."

"What ails ye?"

"H'everything, sir. H'every new disease that comes along attacks me. I patted a 'orse upon the 'ead last week—ever since I 'ave 'ad the h'epizooty."

With a somber groan, Mrs. Platt made a courtesy, and called to her maid-of-all-work.

Said maid was a slender, black-eyed damsel, little as an arrow and active as a cat, with a pretty little dimple in her cheek which foreboded roguery.

She led the guests up-stairs to their rooms.

All except Roger had apartments upon the second floor.

He, however, was placed upon the third or garret floor.

The slender maid led him up to his room.

"Here you are, sir," she said, with a bewitching courtesy, and Roger thought he had never seen so nice a girl before.

Off of his room was a door.

"Where does that go, sis?" he asked.

She gave a shudder.

"Don't open it," she begged.

"Why not?"

"It leads to the garret."

"What of it? I don't care if it leads to the back-yard."

"But it's 'aunted, sir."

"Haunted?"

"Yes, sir. Ghosts!"

"Oh, come, now, sis," said Roger, "what are you giving me—porous plasters? I don't believe in ghosts."

"I do," replied the little maid, looking with evident repugnance towards the door. "Old Stagg's ghost walks there, sir, every night."

"What's he walking for—to beat Rowell?"

"No, sir," answered the little maid, not taking Roger's query as a jest. "He killed hisself, sir, in that garret, long years before you or I was born. Cut his throat from ear to ear. And now he walks at midnight with a big, bloody razor in one hand and pointing with the other to his gory throat."

"Nice, pleasant sort of an old gent to have around a house," said Roger. "Any more of them in the air?"

"No, sir, an' please don't tell missus I told you."

"Why not?"

"She'd kill me, sure."

"So the ghost is to be kept dark?"

"Yes, sir; if you please."

"Well, I won't, if you'll give me a kiss."

The little maid shrank back.

"Oh, ain't you awful!" said she. "I wouldn't for anything!"

"You wouldn't, hey?"

With that Roger caught the tiny chin in his hand, and printed a kiss upon the pouting lips, just as pretty as any duchess' in the land, though she was but a little maid-of-all-work.

"What's your name?" was Roger's next question, after he had repeated the kiss; and, really, she seemed to like it.

"Sally, sir."

"A nice name, and a nice girl. Sally, you're a daisy. You and I will be great friends. Now, once more for the cigars."

What Roger meant by this last we won't pretend to say, but the next moment Sally was fleeing down the stairs, giggling and wiping her mouth with her apron.

Supper was had, and a very nice meal it was. Mrs. Platt, in spite of her hypochondriacal tendencies, was a good cook. And Sally waited upon the table, prim as a Quakeress, and never once looked at Roger.

Next morning a walk about London was in order.

Though woodeny, Mr. Huggs proved here of great service. He was a born cockney, and what he did not know of London was not worth finding out.

They returned home in time for lunch.

"What's yer impression av London?" asked Muldoon of the Hon. Mike, as they sat smoking an after-dinner cigar.

"Fair," replied the Hon. Mike; "good enough for England; but it wouldn't do out in Nevada—no, sir!"

Soon afterwards the Hon. Mike got even a worse impression of London.

He went out for a drink, Muldoon, for a wonder, refusing to accompany him. Muldoon said he was tired.

The Hon. Mike soon came to a gorgeous gin-palace.

In the window was a sign which entranced his eye—a neatly-lettered sign, which read:

"ALL KINDS OF AMERICAN DRINKS SOLD HERE."

The Hon. Mike fairly laughed in ecstasy.

"Oh, I guess not!" said he. "B. G.—big gut. All kinds of American drinks. I knew I'd find 'em. I'm an old lead-sinker, I am, and I always strike bottom."

The Hon. Mike swaggered in through the plate-glass doors.

The glare of his big diamond, and the general loudness of his get-up, brought four or five bar-keepers in a rush to him.

"What will you 'ave, sir?" asked one.

"Jess make me a corpse-reviver," gently said Mike. "I'm an old stiff wot's jess been dumped in yer tight little island, and I want reviving."

The barkeepers gazed at each other with blank faces, but made no reply.

"Hurry up!" ordered Mike. "I'm an old avalanche from 'way up above the clouds, an' if I ever get to avalanching down upon you fellers, yer will never be found again. Lively there!"

"What is it?" finally ventured one.

"W'at is w'at?"

"A corpse-reviver."

In the anguish of his spirit, the Hon. Mike actually moaned—yes, a real, genuine moan.



"Don't you duffers know w'at a corpse-reviver is?" asked he.

"No, sir."

"Well, I will be shot! Go saw wood, will yer? The idea of placing a lot of farmers' sons, who don't know how to make a corpse-reviver, behind a bar! Can you make me a stone fence?"

"A what, sir?"

"A stone fence."

The barkeepers consulted together. Evidently a stone fence was a mystery to them.

"We can't make it," at last said one.

"Can ye make an eye-opener?"

"No, sir."

"Or a paralyzer?"

"No, sir."

"Or a kill-me-quick?"

"No, sir."

"Or a brandy smash?"

"No, sir."

"Or a Tom Collins?"

"Tom who?"

"Collins."

"Who's he?"

The Hon. Mike's face a study for a sculptor. It embodied rage, disgust and disappointment.

"I suppose you duffers don't know how to build a Tom and Jerry?" he said.

"No, sir."

"Or a champagne cocktail?"

"No, sir!"

The Hon. Mike instinctively put his hand in his pistol pocket.

"Jess yer take that bloody old forgery out of yer window!" ordered he.

"What forgery?" asked a red-headed barkeeper, who was the bravest of the crowd.

"That one which says 'all kinds of American drinks made here.'"

"We do make an American drink, sir."

"W'at American drink?"

"Hot lemonade."

"Hot lemonade!" groaned the Hon. Mike.

"Hot lemonade. Say it slow. That's a nice drink for a free-born American—a genuine old son of the soil like me. That will do sweetly for women, babies in arms or consumptives. Hot lemonade! It makes me sick. Just take that old sign down or I'll kick it down. I'm a hollerin' old high-kicker with iron heels, an' when I kick it gets cloudy."

The cockney barkeepers did not know the Hon. Mike as well as we do.

His words brought a pallor to their faces.

"H'it will be took down, sir, just as soon as the master comes in," said one.

"He ain't in now, is he?" asked the Hon. Mike, grimly.

"No, sir."

"It's lucky for him."

"Why?"

"I'd a killed him just to get up an appetite," and the Hon. Mike swaggered off, leaving the barkeepers to gaze at each other and shake hands over their lucky escape from the "hollerin' old high-kicker."

Mike went back to the boarding-honse.

"Do you know what I think of London?" he asked of Muldoon, whom he found still puffing away at his cigar.

"Ye said it wur fair."

"It ain't. It's bum—snide—no good—dizzy—tart. I wouldn't take the old place for a gift. You can't get a corpse-reviver, or a stone fence, or a brandy smash in the whole town," and Mike proceeded to relate his experience to Muldoon.

Of course Muldoon only laughed at it, and the Hon. Mike felt more wroth than ever.

Roger and Mr. Huggs had been in close conclave all the morning.

From the merry smile upon Roger's face and the ghostly grin upon Mr. Huggs' thin lips, it was easy to see that some joke was up.

"Dad," said Roger, about three o'clock in the afternoon, "ain't yer going on Rotten Row this afternoon?"

"What is Rotten Row?" queried Muldoon.

"The fashionable drive of London. A beautiful, well-shaded road, in which the nobility, style and fashion of London ride and equestrianize every afternoon."

"But we haven't a carriage."

"H'I've attended to that, sir," gravely said Mr. Huggs.

"Did ye get a vehicle?"

"Better, sir."

"How?"

"I got two donkeys—h'American donkeys. H'it h'is the h'extreme h'of style; h'all h'of the igh-toned ride on donkeys—h'American donkeys."

"Begob, then we will roide on donkeys," said Muldoon. "The citizens av a free raypublic allow no European suckers to down them. Where are yer donks?"

"H'at the door," oilily said Mr. Huggs; "h'anticipating that you would ride, I took the liberty

h'of 'aving them ready. H'only two, sir—h'I could get no more."

"Just enough for me and the Hon. Mike," said Muldoon. "The rest av the gang can roide on bo-constrictors if they plaze."

The Hon. Mike said he was willing to go.

He was a daisy old rounder, and he was willing to go anywhere.

Toilets were made and the two proceeded downstairs.

The diminutive donkeys were at the door, surrounded by a crowd of admiring young Britons of tender years. Muldoon and the Hon. Mike got on, while the young Britons yelled lustily.

By some means Roger and Mr. Huggs had hired a nobby light turn-out, and Mr. Huggs, taking the reins, led the way to Rotten Row.

Muldoon and the Hon. Mike attracted a good deal of attention in the various streets through which they passed.

Some took them for part of a circus procession, while others thought it was a new advertising dodge. Yells, shouts, and cheers greeted them. But at last Rotten Row was reached. Down Rotten Row, London's fashionable drive, Muldoon and the Hon. Mike, mounted upon their donkeys, rode with great gravity, the object of universal attention.

#### PART VII.

THERE was nothing wonderful in the fact of Muldoon and the Hon. Mike attracting universal attention on Rotten Row. Indeed, it would have been wonderful if they hadn't done so.

Rotten Row had never seen such a pair before.

Discussions as to who the riders could be ran rife in the carriages, and buzzed among the countless throngs of pedestrians.

"It's a blooming Amewican outwage, you know," lisped a fair young nobleman, as he stroked his blonde Dundrearys. "Nobody but a blooming Yankee would have the blawsted bwass to wide on a donkey."

"By Jove, sir!" blustered a fiery old East Indian colonel. "They should be hung and quartered, fired from a cannon's mouth! Dash—dash their infernal impudence!"

"Hi, 'Arry!" yelled a cheap cockney to a friend. "Look hat the hapes hon hasses. Hit's the Zoo broke loose."

"How sweetly horrible!" murmured Lady Clare de Vere, as she laid back upon her carriage cushions. "Too ghastly funny, you know. I wonder whether the poor fellows have to do it for a living?"

"Wot a lark!" yelled a street Arab, as he followed the pair. "Oh, if I only 'ad an egg I'd paste their conks for 'em."

Undisturbed by these various remarks, Muldoon and Mike rode tranquilly on.

The notice which attended their progress pleased the senator from Nevada.

He took it all as a tribute to his personal charms.

"I'm an old marblestatoo from Niagary Falls," remarked he, "an' I travel on my shape. Do yer notice how the gawks are getting onter us? We crush 'em now, but if I only had on my seal-skin socks I'd kill 'em."

"They do seem to be sloytly captivated by our winning ways an' illigance av apparel," replied Muldoon. "I wish, though, I had put on me iron pants."

"Why?"

"The donkey has a back loike a razor. It is too penetrating."

"Oh, you've got ter suffer a little for style, as the feller out in Nevada said when they hung him for wearing a biled shirt week days. Brace up."

Just here a carriage passed with a laughing young lady, rosy-cheeked and good-natured, sitting in it.

The Hon. Mike, grave as an image, raised his hat.

The young lady looked surprised for a second, then the absurdity of the thing occurred to her, and she burst into a laugh, while graciously returning the bow.

"Who was that?" asked Muldoon.

"A baby," replied Hon. Mike.

"What's her cognomen?"

"Her title-page, do yer mean?"

"Yis, her name."

"She's the Dookess of Boneyard," unconcernedly answered Mike. "Her fust name is Lady Carolina de Partago St. Bridget de Greenpoint, but she don't often carry it all with her."

"When did yer get acquainted wid her?"

"Introduced by her brother, the Duke of Ham-fat," lied the Hon. Mike.

Just then a stately, gray-haired gentleman, a well-known member of Parliament, rode past on a shapely gray.

Mike bowed to him.

The honorable gentleman, who was very near-

sighted, just made out that he was being bowed to by somebody, and affably returned the salutation.

"Who's that?" asked Muldoon.

"Ben," said Mike.

"Ben who?"

"Disraeli. His old nobbs, Beaconsfield."

"Do you know that great statesman, too?"

"Well, I should simper. We're old times rocks. Many a game of binoockle for the drinks have we had."

The Hon. Mike rattled off the fairy tale so glibly that Muldoon more than half believed him.

"Ye are a wondherful man, Mike," said he.

"They all say so," said Mike, condescendingly. "Me brain weighs six pounds, leaving out the fat."

Here a gaunt old dowager rolled primly past, and Mike bowed to her, also to two young ladies of flashy dress and uncertain reputation, who amiably smiled back upon him.

"Ye are a great favorite wid the petticoats," said Muldoon, enviously.

The Hon. Mike gracefully replied that he was an old angel from Paradise, and when he flapped his wings the fair sex went down upon their knees.

"They've had to lock old Vic up since I dropped inter this village," said he.

"Vic who?"

"The queen."

"Why?"

"She caught sight of me out of the palace windows, an' said I was the only man she ever loved. She ordered a new bonnet and a patent bustle, and sent out a regiment av foot-sojers to find out my address. So they locked her up. You see it was leap-year, an' they were afeerd she'd propose."

This was even more than Muldoon could stand.

"If the divil wud fly down and take away the boss liar av the cintury, where wud ye be?" asked he.

"Riding alone," graciously answered the Hon. Mike, and Muldoon nearly kicked himself off his donkey when he dropped to the joke.

The Hon. Mike continued his bowing to everybody, regardless of their appearance or rank.

A great many returned his courtesies, wondering who in the world he was, but thinking they must have met somewhere or another.

Muldoon got jealous.

"Be Heavens, to kape up me social stamina I must know somebody," reflected he. "I will bow to the next lady I see."

Hardly had he made this resolve before a carriage came along.

In it was a stout, purple-faced old chap, whose countenance denoted great irascibility.

It was Major McDermott, a retired army officer, and by his side sat his wife.

She was a thin, sallow, homely woman, but in the major's eyes—for he was a devoted husband—she was a flower of fashion and a bud of beauty, and the major was firmly persuaded that no man could look upon her without falling hopelessly in love with her.

As the carriage containing the major and his wife came by the donkeys, Muldoon raised his hat, and a grin which resembled that of a colicky gorilla, but which Muldoon meant to be the greatest of *chic*, played over his expressive visage.

Mrs. Major McDermott at first looked at him with a calm, cool stare.

But he looked so comical—so absolutely funny, that she could not help laughing.

Muldoon bowed again, and rode on as if he had known the lady all of his life, and had only done the proper society caper.

"Who's that?" queried the Hon. Mike.

Muldoon winked knowingly.

"A mash!" was his reply.

"You can have her," said the Hon. Mike; "do you know what she looks like?"

"A darling, av course."

"Nix! If ever I seed a mummy, she's one. Why, I wouldn't go to a dog-fight with her!"

Thereupon a very lively discussion ensued between the pair relative to the lady's beauty.

Meanwhile a second very lively discussion, but of a different sort, was ensuing between the major and his lady.

The major had glanced fiercely at Muldoon as the latter made his salutation.

"Matilda," asked he of his wife, as the carriage swept by, "who was that?"

"Who was who?" replied she.

"That—that chimpanzee."

"What chimpanzee?"

"That—that caricature on a donkey?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"You don't?"

"No; haven't the slightest idea."



The doughty major's face, from being a purple, actually grew black.

"He bowed to you," he said.

"I know it."

"And you are not acquainted with the—the puppy?"

"No."

The major violently punched his powdered coachman in the back with his gold-headed cane.

"Turn around, John," ordered he; "did you see those two—those two vagrants on donkeys?"

"Yes, sir," responded the coachman.

"Drive back and overtake them."

The flunkey obeyed.

The carriage was wheeled around and was soon whirling after our friends.

"What are you going to do now?" asked the major's wife.

The retired warrior shook his cane menacingly.

"I'm going to break that over the fool's back," said he.

"But suppose he should break it over your back?" remarked she.

The major absolutely got apoplectic over her remark.

"He—a—donkey-rider—a low ass—a bog-trotter of an Irishman, break a cane over my back—me, Major McDermott? Madame, are you wild—do you think chaos has come to pass? Here, John, stop your horses."

The last command was addressed to the coachman, the carriage by this time having ranged alongside of our heroes.

The major leaned out and shook his cane at Muldoon.

"Here, you!" bawled he.

Muldoon stopped his donkey.

"That is it?" asked he.

"I want you to apologize," roared the major.

"For what?"

"Bowing to my wife."

Two lines of policy came into Muldoon's head as the fiery major made his demand.

One was to humbly beg pardon, and own to a mistake. The other was to cheek it out and go for the major.

Very likely, if the Hon. Mike had not been along, Muldoon would have done the first. But he was not going to be lowered in the senator's eyes.

So he affably remarked:

"Who are ye?"

"Major McDermott," said the gallant soldier.

"Major av what—a target company?"

"Of the Royal Bengal Lancers," fairly bellowed the major.

"That are ye doing? Selling yez piethures?"

The major, if he was black in the face before, now nearly turned to ebony.

"You—you—you!" exclaimed he, his rage choking his utterance.

"Take a cough lozenger," advised Muldoon; "it will do ye good. Shall I rayquest me donkey to kick ye on the back till ye get yez breath?"

Fairly mad with anger, the major climbed out of his carriage all by himself, although Muldoon earnestly requested somebody to bring a rope-ladder to help the old lobster down.

Of course, the polite request did not assuage the warrior's wrath.

"Get off of that donkey, you infernal half-caste!" requested he.

"Thanks; I am very comfortable here," answered Muldoon. "I wish the donkey was stronger; I'd let you ride on his tail. They might take ye for a rosette."

"If you don't get down I'll pull you down," shrieked the major.

"What for?"

"I'm going to break your back."

"Arrah, go break your own. The city av London will appoint a special day av thanksgiving if ye do."

Like a mad bull, which always returns to the object of its original rage, the major went back to his primary grievance.

"What did you bow to my wife for?" he repeated.

"Was it yer woife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Faix, I thought it was yer grandchild."

This taunt, relating to the obvious disparity of age between him and his spouse, set the major off at a tangent.

He jumped and swore, and waved his cane wildly about.

"Wud ye luk at the bald-headed ould jumping-jack?" remarked Muldoon. "I wish I had a bird-cage—I'd take it home to put in me museum."

Meanwhile a crowd had collected.

Pedestrians had paused, carriages had stopped, and equestrians had reined in their steeds. A thousand eyes were regarding the dispute.

Voices loudly advised the two objects of attention—impartial voices, too—for each of the twain came in for their share.

"Go it, red face!"

"Ride the donkey over old fireworks!"

"H'ist the Irish clown, major!"

"Run away with his wife, Pat!"

"Pour water on the major, or he'll bust!"

"Upset the donkey!"

"Upset the major!"

"Upset both of them!"

Maddened by these taunts, the major grasped Muldoon's leg.

In a jiffy he had Muldoon down on the ground.

"Now, you ass! you dolt! you cowardly craven," yelled the major, "I'll lay you all over the road!"

"Ye will, will ye?" queried Muldoon. "Come on, ye 'Pinafore' masher: I'll make dust out av ye!"

Simultaneously they rushed upon each other.

A clutch, a wild twisting of arms, and a confused chaos of legs, and they rolled over in the dust.

Mrs. Major cried out with fear.

The Hon. Mike's eyes blazed with delight as he stood up in his stirrups.

"Whoop! wipe him up, Muldoon!" he cried. "Show them that you are an old skyrocket, w'at, when anybody sets you off, will knock the sun into an eclipse! Glory! has the red-beet-face got any friends? If he has, let them show up. I'm a blazing old pin-wheel, and when I go 'round I spit sparks! Ain't there anybody who's tired of life, and wants to have a speedy death?"

There seemed to be nobody, for his challenge remained unaccepted.

Hardly had Mike spoken ere two policemen appeared.

They separated the fighters in a second.

One held Muldoon, while the other clutched the major. They stood panting and glaring at each other.

"What does this mean?" asked the bobbies, surprised at seeing two such well-dressed, apparently respectable men in such a fix.

"It means he's a—a blasted, infernal lout," cried the major.

"An' he's a pimply ould lunatic," replied Muldoon. "Let me at him—I'll walk down his back."

Here the oily Mr. Huggs, who had been watching the contest from the nobby turn-out, occupied by him and Roger, descended, and appeared prominently upon the scene.

"H'it's h'all a mistake," said he, in a sweet voice, to the policeman.

"A mistake," roared the major. "He insulted my wife."

"Ow?"

"He bowed to her when he didn't know her."

Mr. Huggs had suspected as much, for he had been an amused witness to Muldoon's and the Hon. Mike's maneuvers, but he had not been quite certain of the motive of the quarrel.

But the major's speech gave him the cue.

"He mistook her for Mrs. Stuyvesant, wife of the mayor of Chicago," said he. "Didn't you, Mr. Muldoon?"

"Av coorse," promptly said Muldoon.

"Mr. Muldoon," went on Mr. Huggs, "is h'an h'American h'alderman, one of New York's greatest men. Naturally he bowed to the wife h'of a fellow-politician."

"She ain't—she's my wife," said the major.

"H'I know, but the resemblance h'is h'incredible. Mrs. Stuyvesant h'is one of h'America's greatest beauties."

This compliment, rather broadly given, to be sure, was very pleasing to Mrs. Major.

"You've made a big fool of yourself, Reginald," she said to her husband; "the gentleman meant all right."

"Yez insight into me motives is as swate as yez face," said Muldoon, with a low bow.

Accepting the blarney with a gracious smile, Mrs. Major addressed her husband:

"Come into the carriage," said she, "before you are arrested."

"But—but—" said the major.

"No buts—do as I say."

The policemen were perfectly willing to have the fight end amicably, as it would save them considerable trouble.

"If it's a mistake," said one, "there is no use of making an arrest."

"Naturally not," said Muldoon, and a certain sparkling coin slipped into the officer's by no means reluctant palm.

The major returned to his seat by the side of his wife.

She whispered something into his ear; at first he frowned; there seemed to be a dire struggle between duty and inclination in his breast.

Duty, at last, prevailed.

He turned to Muldoon.

"Ahem," said he, "it seems, sir, I made a mistake—a blasted mistake, sir. I apologize, sir, I apologize."

Muldoon was not a whit behind the old thoroughbred in politeness.

"It is me who should apologize," he said. "Me eyesight is so bad that I cannot see very audibly. Good-day, sir—it's hoping I am to see ye later on in the sayson."

Muldoon mounted his donkey; the major signaled his coachman to drive on; the crowd faded away; the two policemen vanished, and the incident was over.

"Don't try h'it h'again for 'Eaven's sake, sir," whispered Mr. Huggs to Muldoon. "You are liable to get yer 'ole 'ead knocked h'off, sir."

"I will raycognize nobody for the rist av me loife," swore Muldoon, and the procession started again.

So far the donkeys had behaved very well.

They had acted in a way which made Roger feel sad, for he had confidently expected to have lots of fun at his father's expense.

It was for this reason that they had hired the donkeys, which had once belonged to a well-known circus clown, and were of the variety known as "trick" donkeys, a sort of recent opposition to the old-time "trick" mule.

The circus clown had died very suddenly, and a livery-stable keeper, a friend of Mr. Huggs, had seized upon the donkeys for a debt.

Mr. Huggs, at Roger's suggestion, had hired them, knowing they were full of antics, and expecting that they would cut up a great many didoes with Muldoon and the Hon. Mike.

"Nice donkeys, they are," said Roger; "got about as much life in them as a pair of wooden ones."

"They 'av'n't much h'enthusiasm," acknowledged Mr. Huggs. "But h'I 'ave great 'opes h'of them."

As if stung by Roger's sarcasm, Muldoon's donkey commenced suddenly cavorting.

He reared upon his hind legs, and began dancing.

"Whoa, ye spieler!" shouted Muldoon.

Instead of obeying, the beast began to pivot around as if he was a Bowery belle waltzing for a silver medal.

"Stop it!" ordered Muldoon, pulling at his bridle; "we ain't at a benevolent ball, ye devil! Whoa! do ye moind?"

The Hon. Mike had been laughing at Muldoon. "Yer a splendid old rider," said he. "Yer ride like a tailor. Look at me. I'm an old sticker from Holy Purgatory, an' I kin stick onter the back of a galloping scarecrow."

Hardly had he uttered this characteristic boast before his donkey commenced emulating the actions of its companion.

The Hon. Mike was nearly pitched over his animal's head.

Then the donkeys began a regular circus, kicking, and rearing, and plunging, while a policeman rushed forth, and grabbed desperately at the bridle of Muldoon's donkey.

## PART VIII.

THOSE donkeys seemed possessed of the very old Nick. They reared and danced and galloped about, kicking and plunging like beasts possessed.

It was only by blind luck that Muldoon managed to keep his seat, but as for the Hon. Mike, he was, in reality, not a bad rider; his pupilage on the prairie had taught him that art.

"Did iver ye hear tell av the the Hindoo belief?" asked Muldoon, as his donkey got tired of the gymnastics, and paused from standing on his head to take breath.

"If they believe in cutting every donkey's throat wid a razor, I'll be a naked old Hindoo hereafter," said the Hon. Mike, as he pulled at his donkey's bridle. "Whoa, you bob-tailed son of a prairie dog. I'll pull yer jaw back to yer tail!"

"The Hindoos," impressively said Muldoon, "belave in the transmission of souls."

"What of it?"

"I belave in it, too."

"Yer silly enough to believe in anything. When yer were in Piccadilly yesterday, an' yer saw a lot of toweling hanging up in a dry goods store, didn't ye fly in and ax how much that tripe was a yard?"

"Misther Growler," solemnly answered Muldoon, "if I were you I wud niver go near a salt-mine. Yer freshness wud blow up the whole business. Here I was speaking of the Hindoo belafe relative to the transmission of souls, an' ye rambles off into a riddle about tripe."

"Oh, go whistle in the air," gruffly said Mike, whose donkey was at his tantrums; "what are ye driving at, anyway? Sometime, when I've got



a year or so that I've no use for, I'll try to guess at it."

"It is simply this," said Muldoon; "if the Hindoos—"

"Blast the Hindoos!" growled Mike.

"—Belief," serenely went on Muldoon, "relative to the transmission—"

"Blast the transmission!"

"—Av souls is so, then certainly the sowls av two acrobats have got into our donkeys. If there were only a trapeze adjacent, me donkey wud win a medal."

"Are you through?" asked Mike.

"Yes."

"It's lucky. If you had given me any more breeze about those infernal Hindoos, there would a-been weeping and crying, and flowers around to your house to-morrow. But yer wud knowed nothin' about it. Yer wud have been a stiff. I'm a new-fangled Cain, I am; and I feel just like finding somebody to play Abel."

Here the Hon. Mike stopped, and his donkey, that previously had evinced a wild and furious desire to jump into a cloud, stopped also.

The result was that the Hon. Mike, in spite of his good riding, was sent over the beast's head.

He struck Muldoon, and tried to save himself by clutching at the solid man's waist.

The result was that they both fell to the ground, while the donkeys took to their heels, the brave policeman of whom we spoke in the last part in active pursuit.

Roger and Mr. Huggs now rode serenely up.

"Had a nice time?" soberly asked Roger.

"Bully!" said the Hon. Mike, with a wicked glare in his eyes. "I've been scalped by Indians, lynched by Regulators, blowed up on a Mississippi river steamboat, fell over Niagara Falls, and buried alive in a coal mine for six weeks, but this beats 'em all for fun."

"How did you enjoy yourself?" queried Roger, addressing his father.

"Oh, it was heavenly! Roger; I shall have to slape in a book-case hereafter."

"Why?"

"I can never lay horizontally again. The back of that donkey fairy was so sharp that me legs now begin at me chin."

"Oh, never give up," said Roger; "try it again. Here comes the Bobby back with your steeds now."

Sure enough, the breathless policeman appeared with the two beasts, who now looked as mild and sweet as bridesmaids on a wedding-day.

"What will I do with them?" asked he.

"Give them to the poor."

"Take 'em to the morgue."

"Make mummies out of them."

"Shoot 'em."

Thus spoke the two disgusted riders, while the policeman stood with the air of a man who has a white elephant on his hands.

The gentle Mr. Huggs, however, came to the rescue. He rewarded the policeman, placed the donkeys in charge of a small boy, who conveyed them to their stables, and giving the Hon. Mike and Muldoon seats in his carriage, the procession drove briskly homeward.

That night the party felt too tired to go out, and early to bed was the universal rule.

Next morning, when Muldoon went down-stairs to the breakfast-table, a pile of letters rested beside his plate.

"Sure, they do not forget me at home," smiled he; "me mimory is as swate to their nostrils as a—"

"Dead cat," put in Roger.

Muldoon looked upon him rebukingly.

"If I hear yez voice again, baby mine," said he, "I will impale ye upon me butter-knife, or drown ye in the olive oil."

"Who are the letthers from, Terry?" asked Mrs. Muldoon.

"The first wan," said Muldoon, slicing an envelope open with his fork, "is from Mulcahy, who now kapes our boarding-house. I can smell the whisky where he licked the gum av the postage stamp."

"What does he say?"

"Ye nade a chart to decipher its contents. From its appearance I should judge he wrote it wid an ice-pick. And, faix, I could swear he has used hair-dye as a writing-fluid. But I can distinguish a few bits av gossip by reading cross-eyed."

"What are they?"

"Ye know Brutus Cassidy?"

"He who married Dan Mulligan's nephew?"

"Niece, woman, niece. Ye niver could grope yez way through genealogy. He got full av gin three weeks ago, and a tin roof slid off a brewery and kilt him. There is a warning against dhrink, Roger."

"What else?" queried Mrs. Muldoon.

"Mulcahy says that, excepting he himself is

abed wid a broken leg—I bet he wrote the letter wid a crutch instead av an ice-pick—and his wife is down wid the diphtheria, and his mother-in-law is on thrial for bigamy, and his four children have run away out west to become buccaneers, his family is in excellent health."

"Does he say anything about me?"

"Let me see. Here it is. 'Tell yez bloody witch—'"

"Yez what!" cried Mrs. Muldoon.

"Oh, I mistook. 'Tell your beautiful wife.'"

"Mulcahy always was a great man," simpered Mrs. Muldoon. "He had a fine eye for faymale loveliness."

"Sure a man who was accused of having seven wives ought to be a connoisseur that way. But let me continue. 'Tell yez beautiful wife that the ould bandoline bottle she lift upon the fire-escape blew up yesterday and killed McNally's cat.' Bridget, ye dynamite fiend!"

"Well, Terry?"

"Have ye any more av that same brand av bandoline?"

"Yes."

"Cover yerself wid it and sit by a fire. There may be a possibility av ye blowing up yerself."

All the notice Mrs. Muldoon took of this was to pathetically remark to Mrs. Mike Growler that it served her right for marrying a bog-trotter, when her father was a lord.

"The sporting circles don't forget me nayther," said Muldoon, opening a second envelope. "Here is an invitation from Oweny McGinty, the collar and necktie wrestler, to attend a Græco-Roman match, at Walhalla Hall. Ah, Walhalla Hall, though lost to sight I love ye yet. I wish I could go to New York by cable, I wud be masther av ceremonies at the affair. Here's a letter from Patrick Lazarus, the Yankee tailor, a bill for roofing the sate av me new white pants. Sure, if I hadn't sat down upon that lobster at Casey's fish arcade, the pants wud have been good as new. And what's this?"

It was a broad, white official-looking envelope. With a curious look Muldoon bit off its ends.

He unfurled the plain sheet of paper which it contained, and cast one glance at its contents.

His face turned to the hue of the red—red rose, which is alleged to sweetly bloom in June.

He banged his fists down upon the table with an emphasis which made the dishes rattle.

"Have ye a galvanic fit?" shrieked Mrs. Muldoon.

"No, it's mirth!" roared Muldoon. "I'm so merry I could murder somebody. Luk at that envelope, Bridget!"

Mrs. Muldoon picked it up.

She burst out laughing as she read the address:

"To the Biggest Fool in this House."

"You opened it?" asked she.

"Yes."

Her laughter was contagious.

The whole family burst into a roar, and the Hon. Mike, who was eating hash with his knife, nearly cut his palate off as he guffawed loudly.

"Oh, it's funny, ain't it?" Muldoon sarcastically said. "It's the acme av wit. Laugh, ye crazy loons, laugh."

"But what was in the envelope, pop?" asked Roger.

"Ye saw what was on the envelope," said Muldoon, fiercely. "To the Biggest Fool in this House."

"Yes."

"I opened it."

"Naturally."

"Inside it said: 'Thou art the man.' Be Heavens, I regard it as an insult, an' I can lick the sucker who sint it."

Of course everybody laughed again, and Muldoon got wrathier than ever.

He asked everybody if they had sent it, but of course was met with general denial.

"If it was poethry I could spot the thransgressor," said he. "Hippocrates Burns wud be the culprit."

"'Twasn't poetry," replied Hippocrates. "'To the biggest fool in this house,' and 'Thou art the man' don't rhyme."

Everybody except the Hon. Mike acknowledged that Hippocrates was right.

But the Hon. Mike swore that it did, and kindly informed the circle that though he was an old he bear with wax in his ears, he could recognize rhyme.

Probably in time the Hon. Mike might have convinced Muldoon that there was really rhyme in the production, and that Hippocrates Burns was the author. Constant dripping oft-times wears away a rock; and so arguments, though at first foolish, if persisted in, will undermine solid sense in a great majority of cases.

But Mrs. Mike Growler came to the front.

It is perhaps needless to say that Mrs. Growler

did what is allegorically named as "wearing the trousers."

She was boss over the great Mike to the fullest extent of the term. She pulled the Hon. Mike's ear.

"Don't make a bigger goose of yourself than you are now," she said. "Why do you want to put it onto Mr. Burns?"

The Hon. Mike favored his better half with a most prodigious wink—a wink which made most of his face look like a battered wire screen.

"I'm an old hoary-headed mountain, an' I rear way up 'mongst the clouds," said he. "Yer can't get into my sublimity. If I tell yer somethin', don't whisper it."

"No."

"You will keep it dark?"

"Yes."

"Not give it away, even to Mrs. Muldoon?"

"No, Mikey."

"Well, I wrote that letter myself!" and the consciousness of his own great humor so possessed the Hon. Mike's soul that he burst into a perfect fit of mirth.

He attracted Muldoon's attention.

"Ye appear very jocular, Mr. Growler," said Muldoon. "May I inquire the cause av yez cachinnations?"

"It—it—ye—oh! it was rickerlecting how funny my—my foster-brother looked when he was dead. He was so cross-eyed that the cints wouldn't stay onto his eyes."

"That was terrible funny," growled Muldoon. "Ye should tell it at a naygur minstrel show. It would convulse the audience wid mirth. Have ye no funny anecdote in reference to yez father's ghost?"

But the Hon. Mike made no reply. He went on eating, and Muldoon proceeded to open his mail, for several letters yet claimed his attention.

Presently he came to the last missive. It was a pompous and stately-appearing letter.

The envelope was white and thick, and plentifully bedaubed with red sealing-wax, which seemed to have been slapped on with a reckless disregard of quantity or expense.

"Perhaps the queen has heard av me arrival and sint me the freedom av the City av London in a gould snuff-box," remarked Muldoon, as he opened it.

As he read the heavy sheet of cream-paper which was inclosed, his countenance became open and gratified.

His eyes beamed cheerily, and a placid smile played about his mouth.

"Perhaps I am not known in England," said he. "Begorra, me fame has crossed the rowling ocean wid me. Bridget, ye should be proud that ye are at liberty to call me yez spouse. They will be putting up me bust in Regent Park nixt."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Muldoon.

"Ye are too curious," playfully replied Muldoon; "it would punish yez curiosity if I refused to divulge the source av the letther."

"Ah, now, Terry," pleaded Mrs. Muldoon, "it isn't another joke, is it?"

"No; it's a compliment."

"What about?"

"It is from the Psychological Society for the benefit av encouraging literathure and the foine arts. I suppose they catalogue me as a foine art."

"What does Psychological mean, pop?" asked Roger.

"It manes—it manes," answered Muldoon, with great dignity, "it manes just what it does mane, an' it takes a studied brain like me own to get out its drift. Yez dad is a scholar, Roger."

"Hanged if I know what Psychological means yet," murmured Roger, but his mother bade him "hould his whist and lave his father alone."

With a grand air, bespeaking the great honor which Mr. Muldoon felt was conferred upon himself, Muldoon read aloud:

"ROOMS OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS, SIGN OF THE 'BLUE DRAGON,' FLEET STREET, LONDON, E. D."

"To TERENCE MULDOON, ESQ.:"

"DEAR SIR,—Having heard of your distinguished arrival in our midst, and knowing what a patron of literature and fine arts you have been in your own native land, we respectfully request the honor of your presence at a regular monthly meeting to be held Thursday, June 3d, 18—."

"Most respectfully, honored sir,

"G. WESLEY SCRIBBLER, President,

"HORATIO McDUGGLASS, Secretary."

"R.S.V.P."

Muldoon read it all with evident delight.

"Arrah, it is thrue about me being a patron of the fine arts," said he. "Wasn't ivery windy-sill an' mantel-piece in me house bedecked wid statuettes that I purchased from Giovanni Stilletto,



the image Italian? I paid two dollars for the job-lot. As for literature, who was it helped Danny O'Rourke to bring out his 'Sluggers' Guide' but meself? But what the divil does R. S. V. P. mane?"

"Mebbe it's the secret grip of ther society," said the Hon. Mike.

"I think it manes—Read Slowly, Very Plainly," simpered Mrs. Muldoon.

"Maybe it's Rattle Snakes Vomit Potatoes," said Roger.

"Ah, go fly on yerself," said Muldoon; "this is not an invitation to a wild reptile show. Hippocrates Burns, ye blacksmith bard, do ye know the significance av the mystical letters?"

"It's Frinch," said Hippocrates.

"Frinch for what?"

"It's '*Repondez eil vous plait*,' meaning, respond if you please."

"Respond to what?"

"The letter, of course."

"Answer it, ye mane?"

"Yes."

"Thin why didn't ye say answer? Because yer were hall-boy in a medical college for three days there is no necessity av yez trying to overpower us wid yez collegiate terms."

Hippocrates' only reply was to mutter: "Peace, block-head," very softly, so softly, in fact, that nobody heard it but himself, and tackle a fried egg in a Byronic manner.

"Are ye goin' to accept av the invite?" asked Mrs. Muldoon.

"Wud I refuse a whisky, me never-faded beauty?" asked her husband; and as Muldoon was never known except under phenomenal circumstances to refuse, it was considered that he was going.

That night—it was Wednesday night; the society affair was to be the next day—Muldoon went up into Hippocrates' room.

The poet was sitting with disheveled hair, gazing abstractedly into the fire, a paper and pencil resting upon his lap.

"Hippocrates," said Muldoon, opening the door.

"Sh!" said Hippocrates, in a tragic voice.

"The raven sat in the shades of night,  
Plucking the heart of the Red Cross Knight."

"What's that agony?" queried Muldoon.

"The first two lines of my new poem: 'The False Muffin-boy; or, The Fate of Sir Hugo De Frankey.'"

"Well, I dare not conjecture what yer fate will be if iver ye publish it," criticised Muldoon.

"The couplet ye read me is enough to have ye lynched. Why didn't the raven go sit in a chair instead av the shades av night?"

"You cannot understand genius," rebuked Hippocrates. "What want you, anyhow?"

"I want ye to wroite me a spache."

"What kind of one?"

"To deliver at the society to-morrow."

"Will there be speech-making?"

"Ye can wager I will spake. Wroite me up a noice wan."

"A five-dollar one or a ten-dollar one?" asked Hippocrates. "Make it fifteen, and I'll put in some original poethry."

"And the society will put a bullet in me head whin I read it," said Muldoon. "No, niver! Put in as much jaynius as ye can for an X."

Hippocrates obeyed.

He wrote a most grand and laudatory speech of good-will to England, praising the tight little island and her stout-hearted citizens to the top of the notch.

Muldoon was proud of it.

He read it to everybody and everything, and made such an unbearable nuisance of himself at last that the Hon. Mike vowed he would shoot him if he didn't put the speech up.

Next day came at last.

The society meeting was to occur at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Muldoon, dressed in his best, and accompanied by St. Patrick, his Chinese valet, took a cab to Fleet street.

Near the sign of the Blue Dragoon, which was simply an inn, with lodge-rooms over it, he got out to get a cigar, and paid his cabby, who rattled off at a brisk pace.

Scarcely had Muldoon got out before he thought of his precious speech.

He felt in the pockets of his light ulster, for though it was now summer, Muldoon would stick to that ulster.

The document was not there.

Instantly it occurred to Muldoon that he must have left it in the cab.

Wildly he rushed after the cab, upsetting apple-women and hot-potato men, and shouting at the top of his voice:

"Stop the cab, ye sucker! Me spache is in-soide!"

## PART IX.

We left Muldoon chasing the cab, whose driver appeared to be suffering from a sudden deafness, for he drove on regardless of the outcry raised by Muldoon.

Fleet street is always a busy street. It is the center of the newspaper and printing trades, and is always crowded. Therefore a runner cannot make as good time as he might on an open prairie.

It was perfectly natural that Muldoon should come into contact with various people.

And it was equally natural that the people should object to a contact which nearly stood them upon their heads.

As the cab darted around a corner with that reckless disregard for balance and safety invariably exhibited by a London cabby, Muldoon attempted to imitate its example by darting around after it in a similar style.

He met a refugee from Sunny Italy, a black-bearded, gold ear-ringed child of the south, who was promenading about with a small tray balanced upon his head, upon which were a lot of plaster of Paris images, designed to represent leading people; notabilities of past and present decades.

Muldoon did not hit the refugee lightly.

It was not as if a feather had blown against him.

Instead, he more resembled a cannon-ball.

Then was a sudden check in Muldoon's progress; a stagger and a vague clutch at nothing upon the Italian's part; and then away went the images, smash—crash, upon the pavement.

"Ye dhropped something," said Muldoon, trying to push the refugee aside.

But the refugee wouldn't have it. He was as mad as a monkey with his tail on fire.

He grabbed Muldoon by the coat-collar.

"You breaka alla mine images!" shrieked he.

"Lave go, or I'll break yez head!" cried Muldoon.

"You knocka my wholea business to pieca."

"Shure, I couldn't help it. It wur fate."

"You paya mea."

"What for?"

"Mea statuettes."

"Be Heavens, do ye call those mud-gobs statuettes?"

"Si."

"Thin ye are indefinitely crazy. Begorra, I could make betther out av putty. Take yez brigand hands off av me ulster, do ye hear?"

The Italian, however, had no such intention.

He tightened his grasp, while he looked brokenheartedly at his shattered wares.

"Alla statuettes braka uppa," declared he.

"Bismarcka, he busta; Queen Victoria, mucha pieca; Gladstone, gotta heada gona. You paya mea."

"A free American citizen niver yays for anything except dhrink," replied Muldoon. "Lay down into the gutter, ye Sicilian vesper, and rayflect upon the uncertainties av commerce."

The Italian was but a baby in Muldoon's hands, and Muldoon soon whirled him into the gutter.

"Get some glue an' stick yez domned ould death's heads together," said Muldoon. "I will catch that cab if I break a blood vessel."

The cab was by this time temporarily blocked in a snarl of vehicles, and Muldoon had great hopes of catching it.

He put on more speed than ever.

He was but half a block from it, when a stout, buxom old dame with a board got into his way.

Upon the board, which she bore before her, suspended from her shoulders by two stout straps, were a choice assortment of cheap candies, lollipops, bull's-eyes, brandy balls, gingerbread-nuts, and various other active agents of toothache and indigestion to street youths.

"Luk out, ye candy elf!" roared Muldoon, as he tried to dodge swiftly by her.

The dodge was not a success.

Rather was it a brilliant failure.

The candy-woman, actuated no doubt by that impulse which seems born in every woman to do exactly what they hadn't ought to do, dodged in the same direction that Muldoon did.

The result was a violent collision.

Down went the candy-woman.

Down went Muldoon.

In the air flew the lollipops, and bull's-eyes, and brandy-balls, and gingerbread nuts.

The candy-woman was Irish—her first words proved it.

"Ye murderin' thafe av the wurruil," cried she. "Get off av me, ye undaycent omadhawn." (For Muldoon had fallen directly on top of her.)

"Why didn't ye walk in the middle av the strate?" asked Muldoon. "Yer fate are too expansive for the sidewalk."

"Shure, an' I'll make ye walk an yer nose, ye gin-shop dandy," said she, as she struggled up

to an erect position. "I'll make ye pay damages if ye have to pawn that wall-paper ulster to do it."

"I'll make ye pay for the injury ye have wrought to me celluloid cuffs," answered Muldoon. "It is all pimpled wid mud they are, an' I'll take an oath I have a brandy-ball as big as a globe down me chest-protector."

"I wish it had got into yer throat and suffocated ye," said the candy-woman. "Where is yer keeper? for it must be a maniac ye are to rush loike a wild baste down a crowded strate. I want six shillings."

"Ye may want till ye are bald-headed an' yer teeth dhrop out from ould age before ye get thim from me," decidedly replied Muldoon. "Ye shud be taken to the Morgue and embalmed as a nuisance. Stand aside, will ye? Me cab has dhrove over a paralytic an' upset a doethor's carriage, an' is now whirling away."

But the candy-woman had about as much idea of moving or standing aside as has the Rock of Gibraltar.

"Will I move?" asked she, "will I? No, bedad, till I get me damages."

"Thin ye will stay here till ye take root," replied Muldoon. "Out av me progress, ye ould taffy-blossom."

He pushed her aside.

Probably he would have succeeded in eluding her clutches, had not a new ally arrived in her favor.

It was the Italian image-man, who had picked himself up and started in hot pursuit.

He came upon the scene just in time to grab Muldoon by the ulster.

"Stoppa!" bawled he.

Muldoon quickly turned to knock particular fits out of the man who dared to check his career.

As he did so his foot slipped.

Down he went.

That sealed his doom—to borrow a phrase from my sensational brothers of the pen.

The candy-woman and the image-man piled upon him.

A lively free fight, which would have gladdened the heart of the Hon. Mike, ensued.

Such a furious struggle had seldom delighted Fleet street, and a crowd gathered to take it in.

Loud cries of encouragement to the combatants arose upon the air.

"Go it, Irish!"

"Knife him, Italy!"

"Dance in, old gal!"

"Tear the ulster!"

"Smash the hat!"

"Chaw up that dizzy diamond!"

"Paint his eye!"

"Ring his nose!"

"Box the heels off of those box-toed shoes!"

"Put a tumor on his lip!"

"Make him swallow his teeth!"

"Pull out the side-whiskers!"

"Put yer foot down his throat!"

"Bully poor people, would he? Dust the walk with him!"

It will be noticed that most of the crowd, by their expressions, were unfavorable to Muldoon.

It was but natural.

You notice any street fight, any row, no matter in what part of the civilized world, and you will see that public sentiment, nine times out of ten, is, rightly or wrongly, arrayed upon the side of the poorer, or more shabbily dressed of the contestants.

So it was now.

Muldoon literally had no friends; almost anybody in the surging circle of lookers-on which surrounded the struggling trio would have gone for Muldoon if they had got a chance.

But just when he was down dog in the *melee*, and was about being jumped upon by the irate candy-woman, a policeman appeared; a stout, broad-shouldered, stalwart bobby, a glance at whose face was sufficient to discern his Scotch descent.

He separated the fighters in a second, pulled the candy-woman off, and flung the Italian against a railing.

Then he yanked Muldoon up. Muldoon was a pretty figure to put in a picture of a battle-field after a battle.

One eye was blackened most artistically.

His upper lip was puffed up until it resembled a good-sized bladder.

Most of his Dundreary whiskers and a good deal of his hair had been torn out by the nimble fingers of his fair antagonist.

His prized ulster was rent in many places, and his pants were more or less—principally more—ornamented with holes. Altogether, a careless observer might have come to the conclusion that Muldoon had been run through a sausage-machine.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the policeman, in his broad Scotch accent.



"He breaka my images alla to hella," answered the Italian, with vigorous gesticulation.

"The spalpeen upset me whole lot av swates," said the candy-woman, shaking her fist at Muldoon. "Why didn't yez lave me alone, ye Bobby? I'd a danced on him till he was pulverized!"

"What has yer to say?" asked the officer, holding Muldoon off at arm's length.

"Can't a rale gentleman run down a sthrate in pursuit av his equipage widout running into a mob av plebeians?" inquired Muldoon. "Begorra, anybody cud tell this were a bloody ould monarchy!"

"But why did you knock them down?" asked the officer.

"I didn't. Bedad, I belave they had fits an' fell av their own free will."

"Do I luk loike a women who wud have fits?" asked the stout, buxom candy-woman. "Divil a bit av sickness have iver I seen!"

"I belave ye," sarcastically said Muldoon. "The soight av yez baby elephant form wud frighten sickness away. Shure, a plague wud walk around the block to avoid ye."

"Locka him up—locka him up!" vociferated the Italian. "Mea wanta justice. Mea poor Italiano; coma herea to maka honesta liva. Bada man a knocka alla statuettes; busta up mea business."

"If I wur ye, officer," said Muldoon, "I wud get a rat-trap an' put the Italian reptile in it. Wud ye take the worrud av a darty image-peddler against me own?"

"I dinna ken about it," said the canny Scot; "these people make a charge against you an' I must do my duty. I will take ye to the police coort an' ye may answer their charges there, if ye be so pleased."

"Shure, I will go," said Muldoon. "Faix, I will give the judge a masonic wink, an' both the Italian and the candy-blossom will be sint to Botany Bay for loife."

Unfortunately, the police court was not in session.

Therefore, Muldoon was taken to the station-house and locked up for the night, the Italian and the candy-woman being allowed to go upon their own recognizance on their promising to appear against our hero in the morning.

In his whitewashed cell Muldoon was at first inclined to rage and tear.

He offered to lick everybody connected with the police force of London, from the chief down to the doorman, and generously warned them that as soon as the American Secretary of War was aware that he (Muldoon) was locked up, the secretary would immediately declare war and annex England to Ireland.

However, when he found out that nobody was paying the slightest attention to him, he gave it up and begged of the doorman to send a messenger to his lodging-house to explain his predicament.

A judicious employment of the world's lever, money, resulted in the doorman's sending the applied-for messenger.

Unluckily the Muldoons had all gone to visit a friend of Mrs. Muldoon, who lived a little way from the city proper, and had forgotten, or not deemed it necessary, to leave the address of the villa to which they had gone.

But the messenger had sense enough to leave the letter at their lodgings.

Muldoon was fairly wild when the news reached him.

He was in a nice fix.

In prison, and his family off junketing; dining probably on the best of viands and the choicest of wines, while he was locked up in a prison cell.

He thought and thought in vain of some friend in London to whom he could state his predicament, but somehow he didn't seem to have any friends.

So he resigned himself to the inevitable and was just going to sleep, when the doorman announced:

"Gent to see you."

The cell door swung open, and the "gent" appeared; a portly, red-faced "gent," with smooth-shaven skin, round, goggle eyes, and a profusion of jewelry; especially a massive watch-chain which was really almost as large as a cable.

"Oh, Mr. Muldoon," said he, with a look of the deepest sympathy, "I am sorry—I am sorry from the bottom of my heart to see you in such a fix."

"Me sentiment, exactly," replied Muldoon. "Faix, it wud be hard to foind a sorrier person thin meself."

"My heart bleeds for you," said his visitor, "but—I forget—you do not know me?"

"No, sir."

"I am Sergeant Budford."

"Are ye in the flying artillery or the horse marines?"

"Ha-ha! Very good—very good, indeed!" chuckled Sergeant Budford.

"Fine humor you are possessed of, Mr. Muldoon. But I am not an officer in our gracious queen's troops, but an officer in her civil service, if I might so say—a lawyer."

Budford delivered this little revelation with great relish, and stood with his fat thumbs inserted in the arm-pits of his vest, as if he expected some great artist was about to immortalize him for the benefit of future generations.

He was a welcome sight, though, to Muldoon.

"Ye came to get me out of this scrape?" said he.

"Yes, my dear sir, for a consideration—for a consideration," was Budford's answer.

"Can ye?"

"In the Budford vocabulary—there is no such word as fail," said the sergeant. "I heard of your case, Mr. Muldoon, and I flew at once upon the wings of compassion to your assistance. Your crime, Mr. Muldoon—or rather will we say the crime with which you stand charged—is rather a heinous one."

"Sure I only knocked over a divil of a macaroni-ater an' upset a culprit fay who wur peddling candy."

"Do you know the penalty?"

"Not here. In New York it wud daypind on the pull I had wid the judge. It moight be ten days for me or a year for me accusers."

"We are not in New York now; we are in London," replied Mr. Budford. "The penalty, as I was about to say, is Australia for life."

Muldoon felt as if he could drop through the floor.

"Australia for loife!" repeated he. "It is no craving I have for a journey in that part av the wurrudd."

"You need have no fears when Budford is with you," said the lawyer. "He will save you. Budford's name is a guarantee of success—he never fails."

Muldoon was just fool enough to believe the lawyer, who, in reality, corresponded to one of our own police-court "shysters," and pressed a five-pound note into Budford's hand.

The lawyer's hand closed upon it as quickly as a turtle snaps at a fly.

"To-morrow I will not fail you," said he, as he prepared to depart. "Shall I send you in, say a box of cigars and a bottle of—well, we will say whisky, to comfort you? And I will charge it."

Muldoon was perfectly willing.

Budford possessed quite a little influence with the officer in charge at the station—probably it was said officer who had put him on Muldoon—and the delicacies were soon in Muldoon's possession.

With their aid the night did not pass so badly, after all.

Next morning he was taken to the police court and placed in a pen with other prisoners.

A culprit was on trial as he arrived.

It was a Chinaman.

A dirty and battered and bunged-up Chinaman, with most tattered garments, melancholy pig-tail, and blear eyes.

"What's this Celestial charged with?" asked the judge, a severe personage, with a most formidable wig.

"Drunk, yer worship," said the officer who made the arrest. "Never seed anybody so drunk before. Cast-iron drunk, yer worship. Lay in Fleet street like a log—b'lieve if a truck had run over him he wouldn't move. Took four policemen beside myself to take him in."

"What have you to say?" asked the judge.

"He rightee," was the prisoner's reply.

"You acknowledge you were intoxicated?"

"Yeppee. Dlunk as hellee! Alleesame Englishman."

"Why did you get intoxicated?"

"Lost my bossee."

"Lost your master?"

"Yeppee. He runnee for cabbee, me follow. No findee him. No findee way back to house. Allee me could do was gettee dlunk."

"Bedad, it's St. Patrick, me leper av a vally!" said he. "I'll be blessed if I don't disown the sucker."

So he kept still.

St. Patrick's case was soon disposed of.

He was to stand committed till he could pay a fine of forty shillings.

"Terence Muldoon!" called the clerk, after St. Patrick had been led sadly away.

Muldoon took the box, and glared at the judge.

"Be Heavens, I'm a free-born American citizen, and I can prove it by my naturalization papers!" he cried.

#### PART X.

Muldoon glared at the judge and the judge

glared at Muldoon. It was a sort of mutual glare, so to speak.

"I belave ye will know me whin we mate again," remarked Muldoon. "Ain't I purty?"

"Silence!" roared the judge. "Prisoner, look at me!"

"It tires me eye-soight. Ye are not as fascinating as a ballet-girl."

"That will do. What is your name?"

"Me cognomen?"

"Yes."

"The same as me father's before me."

"What was that?"

"Identical wid me own."

Several of the spectators tittered loudly, and the judge grew red beneath his white wig.

"This is not a circus," said he, severely.

"Is it not?" asked Muldoon, looking as innocent as an angel.

"No, sir."

"Thin what are ye doing here? Bedad, I conjectured ye wur head acrobat, an' wud waft yerself through a paper-hoop presently."

The judge grew redder, more especially as some of the audience, not having the fear of the law before their eyes, laughed.

The judge was a very consequential personage—in his mind—and his heart rebelled at the bare idea of being made game of.

"Prisoner," squeaked he, for he had a little, shrill voice, more fitted for a Punch-and-Judy showman than a magistrate, "do you know where you are?"

"Where?"

"In court."

"Begorra, I thought it wur a menagerie!"

The judge's face quivered with anger, as he said:

"Your name?"

"Terence Muldoon, yez lordship."

The intentional error of Muldoon in calling him "your lordship" visibly softened the judge, for he was as fond of flattery as a pretty woman.

"Put down his name as Terence Mulrooney," said the judge, to the clerk.

"Divil a bit will he," put in Muldoon.

"Why not?"

"I'll sue the sucker for assault and battery if he does."

"Why?"

"Me name is Muldoon, not Mulrooney. Faix, the Mulrooneys blacked the Muldoons' shoes when St. Patrick discovered Ameriky. It is Terence Muldoon. M—u—l—d—o—o—n, Muldoon, and if ye spell Terence with an a, ye cross-eyed sucker, I'll stop a crack in the wall wid yez."

The clerk grinned and wrote down the name.

"Your age?" asked the judge.

"I can't tell."

"Why not?"

"I haven't me family Bible in me pocket."

"Can't you guess?"

Muldoon assumed an attitude of deep thought. "Let's see," said he, apparently musing; "I was five whin Napper Tandy shook me by the hand and axed how is ould Ireland, and how does her people do."

"When was that?"

"Subsequent to the flood and prior to the resurrection, I belave, yer lordship."

"That is insanity," growled the judge, glaring about to see if he could catch anybody smiling.

"Thin put me down as swate sixteen. I was born wid hair on me face, an' that makes me luk oulder."

"Where born?" went on the judge, after the clerk had gravely placed the prisoner's age as sixteen.

"In Oireland, but ye wudn't think so by me accent; me grandfather had a Cuban flag in his house, an' I caught the Spanish lisp from it."

"Whereabouts in Ireland?"

"Dublin. Therefore, I am frequently called the Dublin Dandy."

"The Dublin maniac would be more appropriate," criticised the judge.

The court-officers all laughed loudly, as they were in duty bound to do at any joke, or supposed joke, made by his honor.

This made the judge relax, and he asked, in a milder tone than before:

"Your occupation?"

"None, sir."

"You have no occupation?"

"No, sir."

"Then how you live?"

"By ating and dhrinking, wid a sup av slape."

"Put him down as a vagrant," said the judge.

"Or a gintlemin," put in Muldoon; "it often manes the same, afther all."

"Terence Muldoon. Age, sixteen. Born in Dublin, Ireland. Occupation, vagrant," read off the clerk.

"Is that right?" queried the judge of Muldoon.

"Solid, yez lordship; only I'd loike to have a copper put on it for good luck."



As the magistrate was not sufficiently versed in Americanisms to know what a copper was, he took the best course by not noticing the remark at all.

"Prisoner at the bar," said he, "you are charged with a very heinous offense. You are charged with having knocked down and brutally assaulted Baptista Balboa and Bridget McFadden."

"I plade not guilty," replied Muldoon. "If they had not got into me way I wud niver have knocked 'em down."

"Have you counsel?" asked the judge.

Here Sergeant Budford appeared, bedecked in a

"Are you sure you were walking?" inquired Budford, in a voice of thunder.

"Si, senor."

"Are you prepared to state—recollect you are upon oath now—that you were not running, or skipping, or hopping, or jumping, or traveling in any degree, or any manner faster than a walk?"

"Maybe I wasa runna," answered the Italian, who recollected that he had been moving at quite a lively rate when he met Muldoon.

Budford smiled.

A smile of severe satisfaction.

He struck one of his favorite postures, Ajax

The witness then went on, giving his testimony as the occurrence was described in our last part.

"We will not cross-examine," said Budford. "When the proper time comes we will prove that this witness is not an Italian, but a Prussian; that he was exiled from Germany for an attempt on the life of the Emperor William, and that his alleged traffic in plaster-of-Paris images is but a blind for a diabolical communistic plot to blow up London, and place Garibaldi upon the throne of Great Britain."

The judge made some notes on his blotter with his gold toothpick, and ordered the next witness to appear.



"Howly Moses!" he faltered, his face expressing the greatest agony. "I've got a great moind to lape out av the windy an' ind me sufferings. Why did I iver come to say?"

glory of velvet coat, and a halo of Parisian diamonds.

"I appear for the defendant, your worship," said he, with a very profound bow. "We are perfectly willing, aye, anxious, to try this case. If ever a person, a well-meaning, reputable, highly respectable, entirely innocent person, was placed in a false and erroneous light before this bar, Mr. Muldoon is that person. Let the complainants appear. Conscious of his innocence, Mr. Muldoon is fully prepared to meet his perjured accusers."

Then Sergeant Budford assumed a deeply-injured attitude, and demanded that Baptista Balboa be called.

Baptista appeared.

Like a great many other people of the lower ranks of life, a police court appeared to him to be a most infallible and mighty court of justice.

To use a prize-ring simile, he came into the witness-stand "decidedly groggy."

After the usual questions, by which it was disclosed that Baptista was an image-seller by trade, and resided in the Seven Dials, the judge requested him to proceed with his testimony.

"And mark me," said Sergeant Budford, "if I catch you prevaricating or bearing false witness in the most trivial circumstance, I will see that you meet a perjurer's fate. Now proceed."

Baptista having been sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, took the stand and proceeded to give his testimony.

"I wasa walka downa Fleeta streeta."

defying the lightning style, and turned to the judge.

"Your worship can see," said he, "what this man's evidence amounts to. First he says he was walking, now he confesses he was running; crimminates himself, your worship, out of his own mouth. We all know, all England knows, your worship, your keen intellect and brilliant discernment in regard to right and wrong. Therefore you will easily perceive the good sense of my words."

Flattered by the artful taffy of the lawyer, the judge made a great pretense of making copious notes on a blotter with a dry pen, and scowled savagely at Baptista.

"Go ahead," said he.

"This manna runna against me," began he.

Budford arose again.

"Who do you mean by 'this man?'" asked he.

"Muldoona."

"The prisoner at the bar?"

"Si."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Si."

"Upon your oath?"

"Si."

Budford sat down again with an air of great satisfaction.

"We are prepared to prove, yer worship," said he, addressing the judge, "that it was not Mr. Muldoon at all who knocked down the foreigner. It was his half-brother, a notorious burglar, and Mr. Muldoon was arrested by mistake."

Mrs. Bridget McFadden appeared.

"Name?" asked the clerk.

"Bridget McFadden, an' I'm a dacint woman."

"Age?"

"Forty, and I'm a dacint woman."

"Birthplace?"

"Ross, County Wexford, Ireland—and I'm a dacint woman."

"I don't care if you're a decent gorilla," squeaked the judge. "Answer the questions you are asked—that's all you've got to do."

This was supposed to be funny on the judge's part, and the sycophantic court-officers roared till they were scarlet-faced.

"Shure it takes but little to amuse the byes," reflected Muldoon. "I belave if the judge was to dangle a jumping-jack up and down they would burst wid merriment."

"Are you a married woman, Bridget?" asked Budford.

"Yis, sur."

"Is your husband alive?"

"Dead, sur."

"I don't wonder," said Budford, looking at her. "What did he die of?"

"Congestion av the head."

"How brought on?"

"Danny Leary patted him on the head wid a crowbar."

"In a pot-house brawl, I suppose?"

"No, sir; it were in a gin-palace he was in."

"All the same," said Budford. "Were you ever arrested yourself, madame?"



Mrs. McFadden blushed.  
 "Wanst, I belave," was her reply.  
 "What for?"  
 "Mrs. Riley threw hot wather over me bye Pat, sir."  
 "You threw her over a fence," interrupted Budford.  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "And got thirty days in the workhouse?"  
 "Yes. It was all owin' to the thafe of a judge who tried me being an Orangeman, bad cess to his dirty sowl!"  
 "Easy—easy!" said Budford. "Your worship, I object to this woman's testimony being ad-

It was the Hon. Mike Growler.  
 He had gone to the party to which, as we stated in the last chapter, the Muldoons had been invited.  
 It was a very high-toned affair.  
 Dress, gold lace, swallow-tails, twelve-button kids, diamonds and music reigned supreme.  
 Naturally it was no fun for Mike.  
 To use his own beautiful and chaste expression:  
 "It made him sick!"  
 So he skipped out as soon as possible and went home.  
 The first thing given to him in the morning by

going to the court and rescuing Muldoon single-handed.  
 So it happened that he appeared before the astonished Muldoon as we have described.  
 "Whoop!" yelled he, as he knocked over a third court officer, "make way for the deadly old cow-catcher of Cut-throat Point. Clear the track for the old runaway engine, 'way from the Pacific Railroad! Where's Muldoon?"  
 "In the prisoner's box," piped somebody.  
 "What?" yelled Mike: "a pard of mine in the prisoner's box? Oh, give it to me gentle; don't break me up too much at once. Who put him there? Show me who did. The bald-headed old American eagle, which is me, just wants to get



Mr. Huggs grasped the largest ball he could find, as is usual with all amateur bowlers. "Be Heavens!" smiled Muldoon, "how I admire this. What could be nicer than a quiet game av nine-pins upon the bosom av the bounding deep?"

mitted. From her own words you can learn her character."  
 "I'm a dacint woman!" cried Mrs. McFadden.  
 "When all the rest are dead, probably," put in the judge, and the officers roared till they seemed in danger of apoplexy.  
 From the sparkle of Mrs. McFadden's eye and the flush on her weather-beaten cheek, it was likely that she was about to make some very cutting retort, had not a tumult at the door suddenly attracted the attention of every one.  
 It seemed that the two custodians of the door were trying to stop somebody from coming in who was bound to get in.  
 It seemed, also, that the somebody was going to succeed in his object, for the two custodians, old and infirm officers, flew down upon their backs.  
 At the same moment a sort of amateur avalanche in human form slid into the court-room, with the remark:  
 "I'm a flaming old fire-ball from a volcano, and when I hit anybody they shrivel right up into cinders! Oh, I'm dead onter the cremate, I am!"  
 Then the amateur avalanche pushed four or five women aside, stepped onto a small boy, and chuckled:  
 "Where's Muldoon? Tell him the 'Kicking Wild Ass' of bully old Nevada has got here!"  
 "Be Heavens, it's the Hon. Mike! I'll get hung now, sure," groaned Muldoon.

Sally, the servant-girl, was Muldoon's note, telling of his arrest.  
 It was just about the time for the opening of the court when the Hon. Mike received the note.  
 Consequently, after a hurried breakfast—a breakfast more remarkable for brevity than substance—the Hon. Mike started out to his friend and brother-in-law's aid.  
 He went to the police station first.  
 Muldoon was not there.  
 He had been taken to the court to be tried, as our readers are already aware.  
 The Hon. Mike mused over the subject.  
 And the Hon. Mike decided that the proper thing to do was to get a cocktail, and, unfortunately, perhaps, the Hon. Mike, in his migrations through London, had found out where a cocktail could be made in genuine American style. And that place chanced to be not far from the police station.  
 The Hon. Mike went there.  
 The cocktail was made.  
 It was good.  
 The satisfied smack of the Hon. Mike's lips after he had swallowed it was enough to convince one of that fact.  
 So the Hon. Mike took a second one, and then a third, and finally a fourth, not to speak of a fifth.  
 So he kept on till he felt just glorious, and able to lick anybody or anything.  
 'Twas then he conceived the brilliant idea of

his claws on the reptile. Whoop 'em up some more!"  
 In response to his own invitation, the Hon. Mike gave a series of screams or whoops, which were enough to resurrect a grave-yard.  
 "Stop—stop!" begged the judge. "Will somebody for Heaven's sake arrest that man?"  
 "Let somebody do it," requested Mike, who had succeeded in forcing his way to the front.  
 "Please let somebody arrest me. I ain't had no fun for a week, an' I want ter get arrested. Send four or five to arrest me, for I'd like to fill the room wid stiff's."  
 The policemen still held back, and the Hon. Mike improved the shining minutes by walking up and shaking hands with Muldoon.  
 "Disgracing yer family, as usual, yer bloody old moss-teethed tarrier," affectionately said Mike. "Nice position yer in, ain't yer?"  
 "Sh!" peacefully said Muldoon.  
 "Why?" asked Mike.  
 "Take off yer hat an' sit down."  
 "What for?"  
 "The judge will sind yez up."  
 "Is that old skunk in the big wig the judge?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well, he don't want ter say nuthin' ter me. If he does I'll make him eat that wig."  
 "Say, you," squeaked the judge, "what do you want here?"  
 "For Heaven's sake, Mike, answer him aisy?" begged Muldoon.



But the Hon. Mike wasn't that sort of a hair-pin.

He never wanted to be anything but a bad—bad man.

So he leered up at the judge.

"Wot d'yer soy?" asked Mike.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked the judge.

"My name is Blood; I come from Murder Alley, and I want gore," playfully said the Hon. Mike. "Oh, anybody can lick me—just step down and try."

"Will somebody arrest this—this lunatic?" cried the judge.

"Will somebody take that—that old ground-hog off ther bench?" requested the Hon. Mike, mimicking the judge's accents. "You're a nice, healthy, sweet-scented old judge, you are. Why, you'd be a disgrace to a dog-fight."

The judge grew fairly purple with rage, and a policeman, more daring than his mate, sprang at Mike.

Mike neatly floored the copper, and several of the prostrated officer's comrades sprang at once to his assistance.

A nice old fight ensued.

The Hon. Mike and the policeman got all snarled up.

Eager to see the muss, Baptista, the Italian, came near the prisoners' box.

It was an opportunity not to be lost by Muldoon, the sight of the fight having already sent his hot, Irish blood dancing in his veins.

He leaned over and hit the Italian a terrible whack on the head.

"Lay down, ye communist—lay down!" roared Muldoon.

The judge saw the act.

"I'll send you up now, sure," said he.

"Go soak yez ould wig!" advised Muldoon. "Make soup av it, ye ould crank!"

"Arrest him! arrest him!" bawled the judge, forgetting that Muldoon was already under arrest. "I'll send him to prison for life!"

"Then, bedad, I'll do something to merit it," cried the prisoner.

With that Muldoon made a desperate onslaught—across the benches and desks—at the judge.

"Scalp him!" bawled the Hon. Mike, who was in the grasp of a policeman.

#### PART XI.

For a moment court officers, spectators and witnesses stood aghast.

It was as if a spell had been placed upon them—some subtle mesmeric charm which deprived them of the power of motion.

The idea of the judge being attacked, and that in his own court-room!

Why, it was treason!

What fate would be that of the daring Muldoon?

The daring Muldoon, however, did not seem to care a wag of a dog's tail about it.

He had actually grabbed the judge's nose, and pushed his big wig down over his eyes.

"Begorra!" yelled Muldoon, "it is a high-toned criminal I will be. I intend to die fur assassination! Have yez a blood-stained razor in yez hat, Mike?"

"Jest as soon as I strangle this old peeler," replied the Hon. Mike, "I will hand yer up a bowie-knife! Yer can scalp the flour-headed old galoot!"

"Strangle me, will yer?" said the policeman with whom he was struggling. "H'I guess not. There you go, my gallows' bird!"

With which remark, the officer, who was very muscular, and much the Hon. Mike's superior in strength, bore the noble senator to the floor.

In an instant later Muldoon was pulled off of the judge and overpowered.

They were both placed in the prisoners' pen, and the judge having replaced his wig, and soothed his ruffled dignity as best he could, remounted the bench from which he had been so roughly dragged.

He was mad.

His eyes gleamed, and his voice faltered with anger.

"You've done it now," whispered the disgusted Budford to Muldoon; "if that wild tramp (alluding to the Hon. Mike) had not come in I'd got you off."

"Bedad, I got the judge off—off his seat," replied Muldoon. "Did I black the Saxon's eye?"

"No," answered Budford.

"Or bloody his nose?"

"No."

"Or even break a pimple?"

"Not as I can see."

"Then," sadly said Muldoon, "let the execution proceed. The idea av a man getting out av a Muldoon's clutches without a mark. I ought to be burned."

The Hon. Mike was just as desperate.

"Saay, old fire-works," he addressed the judge, "wot are yer going ter do about it? It's lucky the old Wild Ass of Nevada wasn't shed, for he'd a kicked this bloody old shebang inter tooth-picks."

The judge was about to show the Wild Ass what he meant to do about it, by imposing the heaviest sentence possible, both in fine and imprisonment, upon the hopeful pair, when a card was handed him by a retainer.

It bore upon its surface:

"SIR PERCY STROTHERS."

"His lordship wants to see you right away," said the retainer. "He's in your private office."

Sir Percy was a great blood, the nephew of a high and mighty earl, and the judge hurried to see him.

He came back to the bench with a smile upon his face.

"Prisoners at the bar," said he, "you are discharged."

If a winged rhinoceros had flown into the court-room, no greater would have been the sensation than that caused by the judge's words.

The Italian, Baptista Balboa, was thunder-struck.

"He hitta me on heada!" vociferated he.

"Shut up!" roared the judge.

"I wanta justice."

"Will you be quiet?"

"He strika—"

"Officer," said the judge, "if that man says another word put him out. This court won't be brow-beaten."

The Italian could not tumble for a cent.

"Irishman hitta me. Me wanta justice—me wanta —" cried he.

The next second he was seized by two burly policemen and bounced out bodily.

"If yer show yer bloomin', bloody, blarsted, h'Italian 'ead h'in 'ere again, I'll knock the h'eyes h'out h'of you!" ferociously warned one of the policemen.

Mrs. McFadden was not pleased, either, with the judge's decision.

"Are ye going for to let those two murderin' spalpeens go, judge, alanna?" asked she.

"Yes."

"Scot free?"

"Yes."

"Then a murrain rist upon ye an' yers, judge. The idea av a pair av hulking rapscallions loike them bating a dacent woman."

"Take that woman out!" commanded the judge.

"I loike to see anybody lay their darty hands upon me!" cried Mrs. McFadden. "Come down out av yer bird-house an' put me out yerself, judge. I am no darty Italian; begob, the blood av the O'Connells is in me veins."

But in spite of her O'Connell blood Mrs. McFadden was carried out, kicking and struggling and trying to scratch the eyes out of the officers who ejected her.

Muldoon and the Hon. Mike were as much if not more astonished at the turn affairs had taken.

"Shure, the fairies are always good to the Irish," remarked Muldoon. "I wondher what could have struck his ould nibbs wid the wig."

"He has probably been cabled av the pull I have wid President Hayes," wisely remarked the Hon. Mike; "if he'd a sent us up for a month Nevada would jist a flew over here to a man, and knocked England stiff."

"Faix, if I'd got hung," answered Muldoon, "they wud have shot ivery Englishman in the land an' garlanded the capitol at Washington wid crape. It is an exhaustless hould I have upon the hearts av the American people."

"Mr. Muldoon—Mr. Growler," said the judge, breaking in upon their boasts, "will you step into my private room?"

They did so.

In the luxurious apartment of the judge was Mrs. Muldoon, Mrs. Growler, Dan Muldoon and Roger, also an eye-glassed and blonde-whiskered languid young gentleman who was sucking a gold-headed cane with owl-like gravity.

The two gentlemen, late prisoners, were in their wives' arms in a minute.

"Oh, Terry—Terry!" wailed Mrs. Muldoon; "I am so glad to see ye. Roger towld me yer were to be burnt at the stake till ye wur a crisp and thin sint to Botany Bay for life."

"If ye iver tell yer mother another fairy fable loike that, Roger, I'll make yer wear dhresses," said Muldoon.

"Well, you ought to be sent somewheres," replied Roger, surveying his battered and banged-up father. "You're a nice-looking old chromo. Somebody ought to put you in a card-case and send you as a valentine to a Dutch shoemaker."

"We will have none av yer casual sarcasms," ordered Muldoon. "Go sit down upon a chair,

and if ye breathe louder than a yell, I'll lay ye up in bed for a wake!"

After the first effusions of the meeting were over, Muldoon turned to Dan.

"Dan," said he, "I wud ax yez a riddle. How the devil did I an' me worthy brother-in-law, The Bad Luck from Nevada, get out?"

Dan pointed to the young gentleman who was sucking the cane.

"'Twas he," said Dan.

"The daisy wid the molasses-colored slug-gers?"

"Yes."

"Shure, I niver beheld the lah-de-dah before. What do they call him whin they want to wake him up for breakfast?"

"He's a lord."

"Lord—knows—who—I conjecture."

"No; Sir Percy Strothers," was Dan's reply. "Wur ye introjuced to his lordship?"

"No—shure; judging from me prisint iligance av countenance and apparel, I wud be fitter to be introjuced to a pig-pen than a raal loive lord."

"Oh, he don't care," remarked Dan, off-hand. "He had a naygur fur a nurse, an' he wud jist as lave be introjuced to anybody, barring a Chinay. Yez lordship, wud ye moind stepping over here for a brief instant?"

Sir Percy re-adjusted his eye-glasses, stopped obtaining nutriment from his cane, and skipped over to where Dan was.

"Yez lordship," said Dan, with a low bow, "this is me brother, Terence."

"Delighted—chawmed—bwoke up, you know, and all that sort of a wacket," affably said Sir Percy. "You look wather bwoke up yourself, Mistah—ah—Mistah Spittoon."

"Muldoon," said Muldoon, with a bow. "Yis, yez royal highness, me facial beauty would not distinguish me in a crowd av aven monkeys."

"Ah, how was it done, Mistah—ah—Full-spoon?"

"Muldoon, yez reverence," corrected Muldoon; "it wur a physical difficulty; I had a sloitheel and fist argument."

"I would go home, you know, and put a—mustard-plastah on youah eye. It might draw out the black. A fellah,—sort ah—doctah fellah, cuts off legs an' arms an' all that sawt of thing, he said a mustard-plastah was good. But I wather pwefer an oystah myself, eh, Mistah—Mistah Backroom!"

"Dan," said Muldoon, in a whisper, "that young jintleman may be a lord, or a juke, or a duchess, but, be Heavens, if he makes any more mishaps relative to me name, I'll make titled hash out of him. Give him the steer."

Dan must have, for after he said a few words in a low voice to Sir Percy, that aristocrat jotted something down in his note-book.

"M—u—l, capital D—u—n—e Muldoon," read he. "I have it now. Deuced good ideah, that note-book; makes a fellah forget lots of things that he wants to wemembah. A fellah, sawt of a litewawy fellah, wun a pwinting pwess, I believe, gave it to me."

"Terry," said Dan, "ye owe yez liberation to Sir Percy. Thank him, ye blaggard. If it hadn't been for him, ye an' the Hon. Mike wud been practicing pedestrianism on a thread-mill now."

"Yer lordship, I thank ye," said Muldoon.

"An' the blazing old Northern Light from Nevada won't forgit yer," added the Hon. Mike. "I'm mucilage, I am, and it don't need any brush to make me stick to a friend."

Sir Percy looked decidedly foolish at these congratulations. He actually blushed.

"Weally, you do me too pwoud," stammered he. "If you fellahs got into a muss with me an' I helped you out—I mean if somebody else, some other fellahs, got into a muss with me, you'd be jist the fellahs to—ah—keep the other fellahs—deuced if I know what I do mean."

"That's all roight," laughed Dan, and he proceeded to tell Muldoon how it was that Sir Percy had chanced to play the guardian angel.

It was very simple.

The good-hearted, though not very intellectual lord, had met Dan at the party to which they had both been invited.

Sir Percy had taken a liking for Dan, and Dan had gone home for the night to his lordship's bachelor apartments.

That morning they went to the boarding-house to see the Muldoon family.

They found a wild scene of grief, dismay, and confusion, for the news of Muldoon's imprisonment had reached the household.

Sir Percy volunteered to get the prisoner out.

And, by his visit to the judge, he had kept his word.

It was a merry party which left the court, for Muldoon sent out for a bottle of champagne, and had it opened then and there.

And the little judge was not above taking a



goodly share of the sparkling fluid, which put him in such a good humor that when he went back to the bench he actually let every prisoner who was brought before him off easy—a circumstance which was unexampled, and nearly petrified the clerk and the other court-officers.

For several days Muldoon stayed at home and recuperated.

He did not go out until his face was nearly well, and he had some new clothes made.

But he stuck to his old ulster, which had come out of the scrape comparatively uninjured.

That ulster seemed to be made of cast-iron, or some cloth in which cast-iron was an ingredient.

It came out as fresh as a rose from each and every muss which it got into.

"I believe it was charmed at its birth," reverently said Dan, who had come to regard the garment as protected by some mystic and potent influence.

Finally, one bright afternoon, when the sun shone, the trees leaved forth their greenest, and everything was as lovely as the beginning of a love story, Muldoon sauntered forth with the Hon. Mike, bound for a stroll. Dan, also, went along, as did the oily Mr. Huggs, while Roger also added to the pleasure of the party.

After a few blocks' walk down Downing street, they came to the barracks of the Horse-Guards.

In front of this magnificent building were two guards seated upon horses, both horses and men being so still and motionless that they seemed to be more marble than flesh and blood.

"Luk at the cavalymen!" exclaimed Muldoon. "What illegant statuettes they wud make for me back yard at home. I wondher could I buy them?"

"Hardly," chuckled Mr. Huggs.

"Why not?"

"They're alive."

"Mr. Huggs," answered Muldoon, with dignity, "I will have none av yer cockney taffy. They're images; ain't they, Roger?"

Of course Roger said they were. The Hon. Mike said they were, too. It was a pity if an old marble-cutter, who could cut a sun-fish out of a sand-stone, didn't know an image when he saw it.

"H'I guess I'm right," said Mr. Huggs. "Look h'at the hoss-guard wink."

"Mechanical," declared Muldoon.

"Clock-work," said Dan.

"Hot air," put in Roger.

"Electricity," wisely said the Hon. Mike.

"H'if h'I'm aliar," dignifiedly said Mr. Huggs, "go stick a pin in the 'oss-guard."

Nobody but Muldoon would have tried such an experiment. But he, of course, did.

He took a pin from his coat lapel and advanced. Neither horse nor man moved.

Muldoon grew still nearer.

The result was as before.

Both horse and man seemed as if sculptured. Raising the pin, he plunged it into the leg of the rider.

Then was the illusion dispelled.

The rider gave a yell, no such yell as could have emanated from a statue, but a regular wild Conemara war-whoop.

"Bad cess to yer sowl of a bog-trotter," said the stuck man; "if I wasn't on juty, I'd bate the whole head off av ye!"

Muldoon retreated with great celerity.

"Howly Moses!" exclaimed he, "it is aloive!"

"Didn't I tell you?" said Mr. Huggs. "H'it h'is h'alive! Maybe h'I h'am a liar!"

Muldoon was so confounded that he could make no audible reply.

Meanwhile, the horse-guard totally broke up the illusion of the statue business, by scratching his leg vigorously where the pin had entered.

"The man who did that dade is a bloody traitor!" said he.

Something in the horse-guard's speech and style seemed to fascinate Dan Muldoon.

He advanced closer and took a survey of the soldier.

"Ye may bloind me wid a London fog, if it ain't Pat O'Neil!" exclaimed Dan.

"Who calls Pat O'Neil?" asked the soldier, forgetting his statuesque pose so far as to lean anxiously forward.

"Me," was Dan's reply.

"Who are ye?"

"Dan."

"Dan who?"

"Dan Muldoon. Don't yez know yez ould school-mate, Pat?"

The horse-guard became a foot-guard by the simple process of clambering down off of his horse, forgetful of all rules and regulations—a precedent which would have probably caused the venerable old granny who presides over the British War Office to hold up his withered hands in total astonishment.

"The Vargin bless ye, Dan!" said the enthusi-

astic horse-guard, as he shook Dan's hand effusively.

"It's glad I am to see ye, Pat," said Dan; "but why are ye here?"

"Faix, what could a poor b'ye loike meself do at home," asked Pat, "wid a big appetite and naught to satisfy it, and a bare back wid naught to clothe it?"

"Why," ejaculated Dan, "didn't ye hear the news?"

"What?"

"Ye are an heiress."

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Ye are jcking."

"Divil a bit! Ye know yez Uncle Phelim?"

"Bad cess to his stingy sowl, I do. He was as rich as a Jew, the buccleuch! but niver a penny wud he give me to keep the wolf from the door."

"Whist—spake quietly av him!"

"Why, the ould—"

"Sh, he's dead!"

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"Faix, nobody will wape over him."

"Ye should."

"Me?"

"Yes."

"And why?"

"He left ye ail av his gould. He tould the praste jist before he died that he wur sorry fur his tratment av ye. 'I used me nephew bad,' sez he. 'I lave him me effects.'"

"Howly mother av Moses! may he go wid the angels!" cried the overjoyed Pat.

"An' ye niver heard av yez good luck before?" asked Dan, with some surprise.

"Not a wurrud."

"But it wur printed in all av the papers, an' a reward wur offered for ye."

"Shure, they moight print it on the tail av me shirt an' I wud niver be the wiser. I have the catarrh an' I can't read."

Then nothing must do Pat but that Dan must go off and celebrate the glad news.

"But yez horse?" said Dan.

"Fhat do I care for a horse? Shure, ain't I an heiress. I'll have me pockets full of horses."

Pat laid down his arms and armor and went off with Dan.

The rest of the party were left gazing at the horse, who stood as still, though riderless, as if he was yet mounted.

"I belave I wud make a good horse-guard," said Muldoon.

"Get on the horse's back and let us see," mischievously said Roger.

The idea seemed a brilliant one to Muldoon.

He seized Pat's weapon, put on Pat's helmet.

Then he mounted the horse.

Such a novel old horse-guard had never before dazzled London. But Muldoon sat there proud as a peacock, his ulster dangling about him, while the spectators laughed and guyed him.

## PART XII.

WE left Muldoon at the close of our last part sitting astride of the horse of the absent horse-guard, who was in a near-by saloon drinking good luck to his newly-acquired fortune with Dan Muldoon.

Muldoon, as we remarked in our previous part, was a nice-looking old statue.

He would have done better to ornament a coal-yard than England's war-office.

With the helmet slanted graciously over his eyes, his variegated ulster half hiding his horse's sides, and the lance couched at rest in his hand, he was a nice apology for a soldier—a British soldier at that.

The Hon. Mike walked to the opposite side of the street to enjoy the spectacle.

"I'm a dcuble-barreled, double-extra, double-hump-backed old son of a telescope, an' I've seen most all of everything," remarked he, "but yer kin put mud down my socks an' feed me on blood-puddings if I ever saw anything like that."

Just then a very polite Frenchman, who was doing the sights of London, came ambling by.

His eye-glass was up to his eye, and his note-book in his hand. He was taking in all objects of interest.

He stopped and looked aghast at Muldoon.

"Pardon, sir," he said, to the Hon. Mike, with a strong Parisian accent. "Vat eez zat?"

"Wot is wot?" pleasantly replied Mike.

"Ze figgare."

"Do yer mean ther bloody old Irish ghost on ther hoss?"

"Oui."

"That's a soldier."

"A soldaire. Great Heaven! vat kind of ze soldaire eez it?"

"Oh, it's a horse-warrior."

The Frenchman proceeded to put down a copious note in his book.

"Do all the Breetish soldaire vear ze ulstaire?" asked he.

"Dead cert. Most av them wear hoop-skirts," truthfully said the Hon. Mike. "That boy-bird on the trotter is only a corporal. When he gets to be first or second leutenant, he'll have to get his hair banged, and wear ear-rings."

"Mon Dieu! And why?"

"Oh, because the queen's the boss of all the British army, and she wants 'em to look as much like old women as possible."

The gullible Gaul accepted this rubbish with the utmost good faith.

He put it all down in his note-book.

"By Gar, England vas vun verree queer city," he said; he thanked Mike politely and passed on.

Hardly had he gone before a gentleman appeared, who, at the first glance, we could see was not exactly in a state to shine at a temperance gathering.

His hat was upon the back of his head, his clothes were dirty, and he appeared to want to walk on both sides of the street, in the middle of the street, and all over the street at one and the same time.

He carromed off of railings, banked off of barrels, kissed into posts, and came to various dead cushions in front of hydrants, in a most vague and delirious style.

But he was not a bit deceived in regard to his condition.

"Beg pardon," exclaimed he, as he encountered a lamp-post. "Scuze, for I'm inebriated. I'm inebriated jess ez chock full, biling-over, up to ze neck ez I can be. Fact ish, I'm inebriated as blazes, an' I'm glad of it. Whoop! Lesh have nozzer bottle of ink!"

The lamp-post made no reply, and the gentleman gazed at it.

"S'pose yer too proud to speak ter me 'cause I'm inebriated," said he, looking up at it. "Put on airs because yer taller nor I am, an' 'cos yer ain't inebriated. Kin knock yer blind, an' deaf, an' dumb for tuppenny."

Still the lamp-post remained mute, whereupon the gentleman who had confessed to inebriation waxed very wroth.

"Kin lick yer, kin lick yer brozzer, kin lick yer granmozzer if yer've got one!" announced he. "If yer've got a humpbacked sister, I kin lick her. Come on, yer old poker-back!"

No answer being made, he vigorously shot out his right arm, and got it caught about the lamp-post, swung unsteadily around it for a second or two, and then fell flat on his back.

"Don't kick me," yelled he, at his imaginary antagonist. "I 'polojize. Yer thrashed me fair, an' I give in. I'm inebriated—inebriated as blazes, but I ain't no hog; I know when I've got enough!"

The crowd which had gathered, and whose attention was now equally divided between Muldoon and the last speaker, cheered encouragingly.

A laborer helped the gentleman to his feet.

"Zanks," said he, as soon as he caught his balance; "mush obliged. I see you can sympathize wiz an inebriated gemmen who knows he is inebriated, an' is glad of it. Whoop!"

With which expression of gratitude the gentleman sheered off, walked a few steps, and finally came to anchor by the side of the Hon. Mike.

The gentleman gazed unsteadily and waveringly at Muldoon, who was yet posturing for a horse-guard.

"Wash thash?" hoarsely asked the gentleman of Mike.

"Wot's wot?" for the second time in a few moments answered Mr. Growler.

"Thash zing on zer pony?" replied the other, pointing as near as he could at Muldoon.

"A horse-guard."

"Horse-guard?"

"Yes."

"Honest?"

"Yes."

"Not havin' fun wiz me because I'm inebriated?"

"No."

"An' it's really a horse-guard—reg'lar horse-guard, outshide of regular horse-guard's office?"

"Didn't I give it ter yer so fust?" asked Mike. "I'm an old tar-covered truth-teller from the old Pine Woods, and I never lie."

"Zanks, mush 'bliged," meekly answered the gentleman, bracing up against the railing, which also supported the manly form of the Hon. Mike.

"Whoop!" bawled the gentleman, after a moment of silence. "I've got 'em—got 'em bad! I see the horse-guards wiz ulsters an' patent leather boots and checked pants, not to speak of big whiskers. Blamed if I ain't more inebriated than I zought. Jim-jams this time, sure. Whoop! bring on yer ole lions and yer tigers and



yer snakes! I've got zer jim-jams, an' I'm proud of it."

In order to show how proud he was, how utterly reckless and defiant of the terrors of the jim-jams, the gentleman gave vent to the shrillest series of whoops and yells and cat-calls ever heard in that part of the city.

The Hon. Mike looked at him with great admiration.

"Yer ther first white man I've met with in this queen-ridden old mass of brick and mortar," praised he. "Yer wouldn't be any slouch, even in Nevada. Go it ag'in, rocks, it's music in my ears."

Nothing loath, the inebriate complied.

He screeched in a way which made weak-headed people place their hands up to their ears.

His vocal exercises, however, had a result not anticipated by him.

A burly policeman appeared, pushing his way through the crowd, which was now so large that his progress was not without difficulty.

Universal attention by this time was attracted in the gentleman's direction.

Muldoon, for a while, was unnoticed.

Roger saw it.

He concluded that it was time for Muldoon to escape, for he knew that his father had rendered himself liable to arrest and punishment by his little joke.

He slid over to his fond parent's side.

"Pop!" whispered he.

Muldoon preserved a dignified silence.

"Pop!" again said Roger.

"Salute me, ye sucker," replied Muldoon. "Don't ye know what is due to an officer in the quane's navy?"

"Oh, come off," said Roger. "Get off of the old crowbait."

"Why?"

"You'll be arrested."

"Wid this eel-spear in me fist? Divil a bit. I can puncture any six peelers. The Muldoons know no fear."

"Nor common sense neither. Will you please get off that horse?"

At first Muldoon would not.

He was going to stay on that horse till both he and the brute died of old age.

But Roger's pleadings at last got the better of his obstinacy.

He clambered off, pitched the spear into the gutter, but put the hemlet beneath his arm.

"What are you going to do with that cook-stove?" queried Roger, alluding to the hemlet.

"Pawn it for dhrink."

With which remark Muldoon hid the head-gear under his ulster and mixed with the crowd.

He pushed his way up to the inebriated gentleman, who was in the clutches of the policeman.

The policeman was trying to get the drunkard to the police-station, and the drunkard was trying to go anywhere else but there.

Somehow his eye caught a glimpse of Muldoon.

He gave vent to a cry of surprise.

"Got 'em worse nor ever," said he, "see horse-guards offen horses. Take me along, offsher. Take me to hospittle—play yer hose on my head, have some fun wiz me. Whoop!"

This was the last expression heard from him, for the next minute the burly policeman whisked him away to the cold cell of the police lock-up, where he would have sufficient leisure to reflect upon the result of ill-advised conviviality.

Arriving at home, they found the ladies gone off for a few days' trip to Margate, under guidance of Dan, who had shaken Pat, the quondam horse-guard, and gotten home just in time to form one of the excursionists.

Dan did not want to go in the least, but he was too good-natured to refuse, and the solicitations of his sister and sister-in-law were too much for him, and he went as their escort, taking his little negro valet, Charcoal.

"Bedad," said Muldoon, as the news was told to him by Sally; the servant-girl; "I belave we promised to go ourselves, eh, Mike?"

"Blamed if we didn't," replied the Hon. Mike Growler.

"Me woife has left me a billetdoux, written on a piece of blotting-paper, evidently wid a hair-pin," remarked Muldoon. "Oh, it is intensely affectionate."

"How?"

"She says I am a bald-headed rake. Shure, the honey in that swate rose-bud's heart wud spread a bucket av pan-cakes. She raymarks she belaves I am off wid some other fairy, and have failed to be in toime to go wid her on purpose."

"Mary Ann left me a note, too," ruefully said the Hon. Mike. "Yez could tell from her writing she had a cast in her eye."

"What does she raymark?"

"Says for us to come to Margate to-morrow morning."

"Are ye going?"

"Do yer suppose a lop-eared old prairie-dog like me, who feeds on buzzards and barks at the moon, is goin' to prance around a waterin'-place with a lot av women? Oh, the old prairie-dog guesses not. Let Dan do it."

So the two naughty husbands stayed at home and enjoyed themselves in a regular bachelor style till bed-time came.

"Come up and sleep with me, Mike," said Roger. "Two's company, one is a nuisance."

The Hon. Mike said he would.

Muldoon was bidden good-bye to, and Mike and Roger went to Roger's room.

As we mentioned in part six of our story, Roger's room was upon the top floor.

Next to it was a gloomy garret, dark and dusty and dirty, in which it was said an old miser named Staggs, who formerly occupied the house, had committed suicide.

As Sally, the servant-girl, had told Roger before, the ghost of old Staggs was supposed to haunt the garret, and Sally had fearfully said that she wouldn't go into it at night for a fortune.

After Mike and Roger had got into bed, Roger amused himself by relating the yarn to Mike.

Of course Mike pooh-poohed it.

"Never was no ghost," said Mike.

"Don't you believe there is?" asked Roger.

"Nixey. It's all taffy. I'd like to see a ghost."

"You would?"

"Bet yer dust."

"What would you do?"

"I'd paralyze him. There ain't no old white-sheeted, chain-clanking, red-fire ghost that could scare me. I'd go for him."

"How?"

"Oh, I'd mash the whole spectral jaw off of him. I'm a terror to ghosts, I am."

"Ever seen one?"

"No, but I'd like to."

"Why?"

"Just to make it pleasant for him. I'm an old grizzly bear from a muddy cave, and I can lick a whole grave-yard of ghosts."

Roger made no reply, and the pair were just dozing off to sleep when a rap came at the door.

It was a fearful, trembling knock; a knock which expressed terror or tremor.

"Guess it's a ghost," sleepily murmured Roger. "Come in."

A form staggered into the room. It was not a ghost.

But it looked white enough in the face to be one.

It was a Chinaman.

It was St. Patrick, Muldoon's valet, who had been released from confinement by Sir Percy Strothers.

St. Patrick was a badly-broken-up child of the flowery kingdom.

His queue, to slightly stretch a point, stood up on end, his eyes were distended, and he shook as if he was a victim of the ague.

"Cussie!" wailed he.

"What?" asked Roger.

"Hellee!"

"Hey?"

"Damee!"

"See here, you moon-eyed leper," said Roger, getting up in bed, "are you drunk?"

"No. Wishee I was."

"Then what do you mean by coming into a gentleman's room and beginning a swearing lesson?"

"Allee bloke up," gasped St. Patrick.

"How?"

"Ghostee!"

"What have you got to do about ghosts?"

"See one."

"Where?"

"In hallee. Dressed allee in whitee. Gonee in gallet."

"Do you mean to say that you've seen a ghost in the hall, who went into the garret?"

"Yeppee."

"Oh, you've been smoking opium."

"No-ap. No smokee a bittee. Me goee to bed, see ghostee, allee in whitee."

Roger wouldn't have it for a while, but the Chinese persisted in such an earnest manner that he had really seen a genuine ghost, that Roger got up and examined the man.

He was perfectly sober—not under the influence of any drug nor liquor.

Roger dressed himself partially.

"If there's a ghost, I'm going to tackle him," said he. "Possibly it's too hot for old Staggs, the miser, to rest in his grave, and he's taking a moonlight ramble to cool off. Come along, Mike."

"Bed's good enough for me," yawned Mike.

"I ain't a ghost-hunter."

"I know why you won't come," said Roger.

"Why?"

"You're skairt!"

The Hon. Mike Growler got out of his nest and proceeded to put on his clothes with great celerity.

"Me, a bald-headed old carrion crow from the top of a liberty-pole, skairt?" said he. "The idea av a kid telling me any sich dialogue. Skairt to meet a ghost, hey? Wot are ye givin' me? Show me a ghost till I make worms out av him."

"Come along," was all of the reply vouchsafed by Roger.

The Hon. Mike picked up a cane.

"I'd take a revolver and bowie-knife and a stuffed club, and drag a small cannon behind me," said Roger, sarcastically; "the ghost might hurt you."

"I ain't taking this cane for one ghost," replied Mike. "There might be a whole gang of ghosts. I'm good for one, but I might cave before a mob uv 'em."

They proceeded to the garret, St. Patrick following tremblingly in their rear.

Roger pushed open the door, which creaked dismally on its rusty hinges.

The shadowy, misty interior of the garret was dimly discerned.

Through the diamond-paned, cob-webbed windows shot a dozen silver shafts of moonlight, making weird, quivering shadows on the worm-eaten floor.

No sooner had the Hon. Mike gotten fairly into the garret, before he gave utterance to a cry of fear.

"Oh—oh—oh!" shrieked he, as his knees knocked together. "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"What ails you," asked Roger.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

"Are you crazy?"

"No—no—no. Look!"

"For what?"

"At the ghost. 'If I should die before I wake!'"

Roger looked in the direction indicated by the Hon. Mike's outstretched finger.

There, indistinctly revealed by the moonlight, was a white, ghostly figure.

For a brief moment Roger was afraid himself.

As for the Hon. Mike, he was a sort of driveling idiot. He was repeating every prayer he ever knew of.

Roger, with a strong effort of will, shook off his terror.

"There's your ghost, Mike," said he.

"Ye—ye—yes," stammered Mike. "Oh, Lord, I want to go back!"

"Club it with your cane," said Roger.

"N—n—no. I wouldn't go near it for a gold mine. 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

"Well, I'll brace the ghost, if you won't," said Roger.

He stepped toward it.

He grew nervous.

The ghost was still as death.

At last Roger beheld its face.

As he discovered the features, he gave vent to a cry of surprise.

"Mike!" called he.

"What?"

"It's pop."

"What—Muldoon?"

"Yes."

The Hon. Mike felt suddenly released from his superstitious terrors.

"Oh, let me at him!" he bawled. "I'll teach the tarrier to play ghost on the old kicking ass of Nevada. Whoop! I'll cut his ears off!"

"Hush!" ordered Roger.

"What for?"

"Don't you see, you big blower, that dad's at it again?"

"At what?"

"Sleep-walking."

"The same old racket he played out west, when he got on top of the weather-cock?"

"Yes."

"Well, kick him. It'll cure him of sleep-walking. Let me kick him."

"Not much. Don't you know that sudden shocks caused by awaking a sleep-walker has often caused death or idiocy. Leave him to me."

Roger took his somnambulist father, whose face was placid as a mill pond, but whose eyes had a fixed, glassy stare, for they were wide open, by the hand, and started out of the garret.

Muldoon went along as quietly and meekly as if he was simply a puppet in his son's hands.

And Roger got him down into his own room, and put him to bed without awakening him.

Next morning Muldoon was totally knowledgeable of having played ghost.

It took considerable argument to prove to him that he had actually walked in his sleep.

Finally, though, he came to the conclusion that he had.



"Be Heavens!" said he, "henceforth I will manacle meself to me bed, and place a safe-lock upon me boudoir door. I am liable to walk about wid a knife an' characterize Lady Macbeth."

The day was spent very pleasantly and profitably in sight-seeing. London is a great city, and six months may be spent without exhausting it in the way of exploration.

At evening, as no news had been heard from Margate, it was proposed to go to the theater.

"Shall we go to the Folly, the Haymarket, Covent Garden, or the Prince of Wales?" queried Roger.

"Are they blooded thayaters?" asked Muldoon.

"Yes."

"Rale aristocratic and titled nobility?"

"Yes."

"Thin I won't go."

"Why not?"

"Because, begorra, I intind to be plebeian. Have they an Ould Bowery in London?"

"Yes; Drury Lane answers about to it."

"Thin we will waft ourselves thither."

A cab was procured, and the party, which embraced all the gentlemen, also Mr. Henry Uggs and St. Patrick, were driven to the theater.

Good seats in the pit, in what we Americans call the orchestra, were procured.

Now Muldoon was already well known to the London street boys, of whom a large delegation were in the gallery, for the piece upon the boards was just of a lively sort to suit their tastes.

No sooner had the party taken their chairs before Muldoon was recognized.

Shouts went up from the gallery:

"Hallo, Muldoon!"

"Rah for the terrier!"

"How are ye, old man?"

"Look at the bald-headed Mick."

"Wipe the moss off yez teeth, Muldoon."

This last insult nettled Muldoon.

He got up from his seat, to the great astonishment of the audience, shook his fist at the gallery, and yelled:

"If the sucker who said I had moss on me teeth will come down here I'll paralyze him!"

### PART XIII.

Muldoon's remark, or rather challenge to the gallery, was received with derisive howls.

"Nobody said you had moss on your teeth!"

"Yer dreamed it!"

"Taint moss, it's putty!"

"It's gum!"

"It's mud!"

"It's freckles!"

"Yer cleans yer teeth with a hoe, and yer know yer do!"

These and equally witty remarks came down in a torrent from the gods in the gallery.

Muldoon's face assumed a scarlet hue.

"Ye blaggards! Ye loafers! Ye darty rapsalions!" bawled he; "I can pulverize a room full of ye. Why don't ye trate an American wid respect?"

"Yer ain't an American—yer a nigger!" piped a shrill voice.

A general laugh ensued, and Muldoon felt mad enough to bite iron.

"Ye are a set av undacint blackmailers!" yelled he.

"Huray!" cried the gallery.

"A caboodle av reptiles!"

"Huray!"

"A school av miserable cowards!"

"Huray!"

"A gang av drunken idiots!"

"Huray!" and the gallery fairly screamed themselves hoarse with delight.

Of course the better part of the audience, those who occupied the orchestra stalls, were astonished at the duet between Muldoon and the gallery.

Several of the ladies were frightened, and gave vent to their fear in dainty feminine shrieks.

"Sit down!" cried a bald-headed old gentleman near Muldoon.

"What for?" queried Muldoon.

"You're making a fool of yourself."

"Bedad, nature did that for ye!" remarked Muldoon, "it saved ye a lot av personal trouble."

A subdued chuckle at his neat hit was heard from a great many, and the old gentleman, who was naturally of an irascible temper, was just foolish enough to get off on his ear.

"If you don't sit down I will call an usher," said he.

"What for—to put yerself out av the thayater?"

"No, to put you out!"

"Ye don't mane it?"

"I do."

"Well, ye betther sind for a box av ushers. Begorra, if I couldn't lick wan I'd pitch meself into the Thames."

The gallery boys applauded furiously at Muldoon's valiant words.

They also encouraged him to acts of violence toward the irascible old party.

"Punch his head!"

"Bite his ear!"

"Spit under him and see if he will float!"

"Skate on his bald old brain-box!"

"Walk down his back!"

For a second Muldoon drew back his arm and closed his fist, the knuckles of which stood out menacingly.

It looked as if he was about to take the gallery's advice.

Evidently the old gentleman thought so, for he yelled for help.

An usher came.

He was a nice, sweet-scented usher, a mild usher, with his auburn locks parted right in the middle, and a red rose blushing from his dress-coat's lapel.

"What is it?" he asked of the old party.

"I want you to put that ruffian out of the theater."

"What ruffian?"

"The one in the aisle."

The usher looked at Muldoon.

"Won't you please sit down, sir?" asked he.

"Not till ye put the whole gallery out," replied Muldoon. "Can't a Spanish nobleman like meself come to yez darty old play-house widout being made a vehicle for sarcastic sneers?"

At this moment the curtain arose upon the first scene of the drama.

Muldoon was not transparent.

Consequently his body obscured the view of the stage from a great many in his rear.

They were not delighted at it.

"Sit down!" bawled a dozen voices.

"I have wooden joints an' I can't," replied Muldoon. "If ye are so crazy to witness the play, stand up!"

"Usher, put him out!" cried a voice at his rear, which request was repeated by several.

"If you won't sit down, sir," said the mild usher, "you must go out."

"I will do nayther."

"We'll see."

The usher, plucking up courage, took Muldoon by the shoulder.

"Take yez hands off av me, ye lady-bird," requested Muldoon. "Faix, if I'd blow on ye, ye wud fall to fragments. Begorra, ye must part yez curls wid a compass, ye have it so straight-cinter."

The usher blushed and grabbed Muldoon again.

Muldoon hauled off and deposited a neat blow upon the usher's face, which toppled that nice young man over onto a fat woman who sat in a seat near by.

"Take that, ye lah-de-dah," remarked Muldoon. "Will somebody set him up again?"

But just then a swarm of ushers and door-keepers swooped down to the relief of their comrade.

They got hold of Muldoon.

They stood him on his head.

They rolled him along the aisle.

They dusted off the floor with him.

They tore his clothes.

They nearly broke the door banging him through.

And at last they fired him, in a wretched mass, out into the street.

"Dare come back into the theater and we'll have you locked up," was their parting threat.

It was several seconds before Muldoon got up.

He was a pretty sight.

His garments were torn, his face was scratched and dirty, and he was "all broke up" generally.

It must be confessed that he indulged in very bad language, not exactly fit for pious ears, when he contemplated himself.

"Me luck exactly," he bitterly said, when his ebullition of profanity had partially ceased.

"Why was I not born fortunate instead av fascinating? I belave at me own funeral somebody will kidnap me coffin, and lave me to go to me grave in a soap-box."

So reflecting, he rambled into an inn near by.

His dilapidated appearance did not strike the proprietor—a burly Briton—very favorably.

In fact, he took Muldoon for a tramp.

"Get out!" cried he.

"Faith, I just want to—" began Muldoon.

The proprietor produced an ugly-looking club from behind his bar.

"See that club?" asked he.

"Not having been born deaf in both eyes, I do," was Muldoon's answer.

"Well, that's a killer—a tramp-killer. If it ever hits you you are good for a grave."

"Shure, I have no violent mania to makes its acquaintance."

"Then you better climb."

Muldoon, though, did not desire to climb, and

the proprietor was about coming out from his tap to put the "killer" to work, when a gentleman entered.

He was a dark and gloomy gentleman in a black cloak, and a sad-looking black hat, which partially hid his face, for he wore it very much slouched down over his noble brow.

"Ha!" exclaimed, he as he strode up to the bar, "make me a Paris-green cocktail."

"A what?" gasped the proprietor, his attention distracted for a second from Muldoon.

"An arsenic sour."

"Don't keep it."

"Then let me quaff a Prussic-acid lemonade."

"Hain't got no Prussic-acid lemon, sir."

"What, knave, sayest thou so? Produce a laudanum smash."

"None, sir."

The dark and gloomy gentleman sighed a deep and stentorian and subterranean sort of a sigh.

"The child of genius tore his hair,  
His soul was filled with awful strife;  
He cried, deserted by the fair,  
Oh, give to me a butcher's knife!"

remarked the gentleman, with a tragic air. "Sir, have you a butcher's knife?"

The proprietor scratched his head, and looked at the speaker with a bewildered face.

"Put ice down his back," remarked Muldoon, who was watching the proceedings with great interest. "It may make him come off. Begorra, I niver knew but wan man who could spake worse poethry than that. It was Hippocrates Burns. I have not seen him for several days. He wrote an 'Ode to the Queen,' and mysteriously disappeared. I belave the authorities have placed him in chains in a dungeon cell."

"What name did you say?" suddenly asked the stranger.

"Hippocrates Burns."

The stranger threw off his cloak and pushed his soft hat back.

"Bedad!" exclaimed Muldoon, "it is Hippocrates Burns. Whin did they let ye out?"

"Muldoon!" ejaculated the other. "Can it be? Aye, it is! What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Nothing, personally. Somebody else did it for me."

"Why that dirt, scratches, and general confusion?"

"Sh!" said Muldoon, mysteriously.

"Why?"

"Ye did not know me in this disguise?"

"Nary."

"I'm glad av it."

"Why?"

"I am Muldoon, the Dandy Detective. I am upon the trail."

"The trail of what?"

"One av the elephants up to the circus embezzled all av the hay, and there is fifty thousand pounds, dead or alive, offered for his detection. I have rayson to belave he is hid in the ale-pump."

Hippocrates gave vent to an exclamation of deep disgust.

"Ah, that I had heart to jest!" replied he.

"But the shadows fall on Lockesley Hall,  
And on my heart there rests a pall."

"Faith, a hot whisky would be more soothing," said Muldoon. "Let's have one."

The proprietor had heard the word "detective."

He had heard and read of detectives; in fact, mine host was a reader of detective fiction.

He had long desired to see a real, live detective, particularly one in disguise; and here was one, for certainly Muldoon was disguised.

He came obsequiously forward.

"Beg pardon," said he to Muldoon; "but I overheard your words relative to your being a detective."

"You only heard me confession to that effect."

"Yes."

"No word as to the person whom I am in search av?"

"No."

"Blessed be ye for that!" reflected Muldoon.

"If ye had heard me taffy regarding the elephant, it would have bethrayed me. But I can use ye now."

He took the landlord aside.

"Have ye a private room?" asked he.

"Yes, sir."

"May I have it?"

"With pleasure."

The landlord conducted Muldoon to a little sitting-room, just off of the tap-room. Hippocrates Burns followed.

"Send two hot whiskies, and let nobody enter," ordered Muldoon.

The beverages were brought and the door closed by the obsequious landlord.



Muldoon and Hippocrates sat down by a little table, and Muldoon related his story.

"Now, yez poet, give me yez biography," he said. "Why did yez come into the bar-room and rayquest deadly drinks?"

"I was crushed again," nervously said Hippocrates.

"Did a safe fall on yez?"

"No."

"Wur it a house?"

"'Twas no bodily crush—'twas the heart!"

"Ye wur hit in the breast, thin?"

"Nonsense!" impatiently replied Hippocrates.

"I fell in love with a beautiful maid. She was as sweet as an angel. But my affections were not reciprocated."

"Indade?"

"Nay; she played me false. After she had vowed me love, accepted me presents, and swore to be mine, she ran away with a base clod. He was a tripe-butcher. So I resolved to commit suicide."

"Ye wur served roight," said Muldoon.

"What?"

"Av course ye are. A brand-new widower loike yerself is thrying to go on the mash already. Why, the crape isn't dusty on yer Sunday hat yet."

"But I need female society."

"Shure, there is a mummy av an Egyptian princess up to the British Museum, which ye may love chape. She's ould, but she's good."

Hippocrates gave a scornful sneer.

"You better fix yourself up, and not converse upon this subject any more," said he.

There were towels, basin, brushes, soap and water in a closet off of the apartment.

By the aid of these toilet adjuncts Muldoon was soon fixed up.

He looked altogether a different person from what he was when he entered the room. It was a transformation from vagrant to gentleman.

The proprietor nearly dropped from his seat as he beheld the changed Muldoon.

"How much do I owe you?" asked Muldoon.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Nothing?"

"No, sir. The force, you know, I always consider myself honored in entertaining."

Thanking the man for his courtesy Muldoon started to leave.

Hippocrates was already by the door.

An impulse seized Muldoon to have a final joke at the credulous inn-keeper's expense.

"You have done me a great sarvice," he whispered to him.

"How?" asked the other.

"Ye see the lad wid the cloak who came in here wid a reckless rayquest for death-dealing fluids?"

"Yes, sir."

"He were my birrud."

"Is he a prisoner?"

"Sloightly. It's Red-headed Larry, the Garroter av the Andes. I have thracked him from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from the Caspian Say to the Gulf av Donegal! At last I have captured me prey!"

The landlord was delighted.

Here was romance—here was a living example of what he had read. Here was a desperate criminal, for desperate criminal he must be by the supposed detective's words, brought to bay in his own place. What a romance it would be to tell to his chronies and wife. Why, it would almost make the "White Elephant," for that was the name of the inn, famous for life.

And many a time afterwards did he tell it. Many a time, when the wind whistled bleak, and the rain or hail pattered against the shutters, did the landlord relate the story of the detective and "Larry, the Garroter," the incidents of which tale, as you may imagine, losing nothing by his recital.

Meanwhile, the pair had gone home, where the rest of the party soon afterwards arrived.

"Ye are a nice heeler for a friend, ye are," said Muldoon, reproachfully, to the Hon. Mike.

"Why?" asked Mike.

"Ye niver raised yer fut to assist me."

"Course I didn't. Somebody might hev thought I knew yer. Yer a nice old pill for a s'ciety blood like me ter travel with. Always in trouble."

"I suppose I wur weaned so," said Muldoon, with a sigh. "But, anyhow, I've got the mad poet back."

It was evident he had, and the "mad poet" showed evidences of sanity next morning, by borrowing fifty dollars, or ten pounds, off of Muldoon.

"I will pay you when I get out me poetical masterpiece," said he. "I am at work at it now. It is called 'The Immolated Katy-did.' Shall I read you the first sixteen verses?"

"Yis, if ye want to timpt death," replied Muldoon, but Hippocrates concluded he would not.

As the Hon. Mike, after dinner that day, sat smoking his cigar, a brilliant idea occurred to him.

"What are yer going to do this afternoon?" he asked of Muldoon.

"I was thinking av procuring a bow and arrow, an' go shooting cats," sapiently replied Muldoon. "Have ye a schayme to while away the languid hours?"

"You bet."

"What is it?"

"It's great."

"Then whisper it swately."

"Let's go to the Tower of London."

"Yes," broke in Hippocrates; "let us go. Think of the historic memories which cluster around that old pile. Think of the traitor's gate, where many a noble head went out to death. Of the warden's room, where Gog and Magog, London's two famous giants, reveled and made merry. The frowning fortress which held Lady Jane Gray, Anne Boleyn, the noble—"

"That will do, Hippocrates," said Muldoon, calmly. "When I want history I'll buy it in a book. It is an iligant thing to induce raypose."

Hippocrates Burns shut up, and then the two went to the Tower of London—or at least they got in sight of it, as far as Tower street.

Tower street is a great place for the soldiers.

Redcoats bloom on every corner, and are as thick as huckleberries in August.

There are a surprising number of tap-rooms, or what we would call groggeries, in Tower street.

Into one of these went the three.

Little did they imagine what trouble it was going to cause them.

Sitting at a table was a sergeant of the infantry—a most red-faced, bewhiskered, padded and pompous sergeant.

A sergeant who stood six feet in his socks, and was covered with medals and crosses.

"Ain't he a whopper?" said Muldoon, half-audibly.

The sergeant must have heard him, and his pride was pleased.

"Gentlemen," said he, arising and bowing, "won't you join me h'in a glass h'of h'ale?"

"Thanks," said the Hon. Mike; "but I don't wanter wash. I'll take gin wid yer, cully."

"H'anything—h'anything you please," rejoined the affable sergeant.

They ordered and sat down.

The sergeant was a very pleasing talker.

He told remarkable tales of adventures by land and sea, scrapes and escapes in every part of the world; and would persist in filling up their glasses, while he dilated upon the glory of a soldier's life.

At last our three friends got recklessly full.

They didn't care a copper what they did.

A subdued light shone in the sergeant's eye.

"Ow would you like to join Her Gracious Majesty's h'army?" asked he.

"El jined," hiccupped Mike, "there would be two armies. I'm a whooping old army all by myself."

"I'll join," said Hippocrates Burns; "my girl ran er 'way wiz tripe-butcher. I wanter get killed, goin' be sozzer!"

"If I—hic—can be—hic—drum-major—join myself," said Muldoon.

"You can be drum-major," replied the sergeant, who, as you have doubtless surmised, was a recruiting officer.

In a minute he had pressed the shilling—the queen's shilling, which is a guarantee of enlistment into the British service—into their hands.

They were now soldiers of the crown.

The sergeant continued to ply them with liquor till late in the night, when they were taken by some of the subordinates to the guard-room of the Tower of London, where they immediately fell into a stupid sleep. Muldoon was aroused early by the beat of a drum.

He staggered to his feet.

"Where am I?" asked he. "Begorra, me head feels loike a water-wheel going around."

Just then a corporal came in.

He had three uniforms.

He awoke the Hon. Mike and Hippocrates by the simple process of kicking them.

"Get up and put on these," he roughly said.

"Where are we?" asked Mike.

"In the Tower of London."

"Who are we?"

"Recruits."

The three stared at each other.

Muldoon began to faintly recollect that he had joined the army.

But no time was allowed for reflection.

"Put on those uniforms," thundered the corporal, "or it will be the worse for you."

The uniforms were put on, also bear-skin hats.

The Hon. Mike tried to kick and ask for explanations, but the corporal surlily refused to talk.

He drew them out into the paved drill-yard.

Three other poor devils, who had been enlisted much the same way as our heroes, were already there.

Muskets were given them, and the corporal got them up in a row.

"Bedad," groaned Muldoon, who was at the end of the line, "this is a noightmare, shure. The idea av me, Terence Muldoon, being a soger—a dirty British soger at that!"

#### PART XIV.

TRULY our new recruits presented a sorry sight; a sight which it would not do to put in a picture of the British army; that is, if said pictured British army was meant to overcome any outside countries.

Muldoon, with a head upon him as big as a barrel, and a face expressive of the most poignant woe and suffering, was upon the right end.

Upon the left extremity was the Hon. Mike, and in the middle—the most crushed-looking poet you ever saw—was Hippocrates Burns.

The fire of genius was all out of him.

He could not have made up a rhyme even for a tooth-powder advertisement. His head felt as if it was lead, and he was altogether in that state of intoxication—for he had not as yet recovered from his copious cups of the previous evening—which is defined by those experienced in such topics as a "stiff tight."

Presently the drill-master appeared.

He was red-eyed and pale-faced and cross. It was evident that he had been called up too early for his own personal comfort, and had not had his breakfast.

He glared at the six awkward recruits as if they were his deadly foes.

"Attention!" he cried.

None of the squad had the faintest idea of what the order meant, and they gazed feebly and hopelessly at him.

"Ground arms!" ordered he, savagely.

"Do what?" asked Muldoon.

"Ground arms!"

"Bedad, we have none. We have fire-arms, but no ground-arms. Perhaps ye mane for us to bury our guns, but I see no graves ready."

"No talking," fiercely said the drill-master; "put your guns on the ground."

Muldoon calmly laid his at full length upon the pavement.

"Good riddance to ye," he said.

"Yer hulking fool!" said the drill-master, "pick that up."

"Ye tould me to put it down."

"I said to ground arms."

"Shure, it's grounded now. Wud ye have me put moss on it?"

"Put only the butt down. See—this way," and the drill-master, taking up the weapon, illustrated his meaning, and then handed it back to Muldoon.

"Now, all of you," ordered he, "ground arms!"

The six stocks rattled down upon the stone-paved yard with a bang.

And simultaneously with the action the Hon. Mike jumped up, and gave vent to a cry of pain.

The gawky country lad who stood next to him had let the musket fall with full force upon the noble senator's foot.

"I'm a worm, I'm a caterpillar, I'm a one-eyed old ant, an' anybody kin step on me, an' squash me!" roared Mike; "but I'll be blasted if I'm goin' ter hev my toes mashed off by any farmer's son! I'm an old keg av American gunpowder, I am, an' I only need a match to blow blazes out of this darned old country!"

The drill-master looked sort of paralyzed at this outburst.

"See here!" cried he, "just you be still or you'll go to the guard-house."

"If that bloody duffer next to me don't keep his old gun to himself he'll go the dead-house," replied Mike. "I'm a whooping old weather-cock wot spits at the wind, I am."

"Be still!" yelled the drill-master. "Here, you (to the musket-dropper), change places," and Hippocrates Burns was moved up to the Hon. Mike's shoulder.

"Present arms!" ordered the drill-master.

The Hon. Mike knew something of military tactics, and he was the only one who did it properly.

The rest wobbled their guns about in a most remarkable fashion, and Hippocrates Burns appeared to be trying to place his in his pocket.

"The worst set of numskulls I ever had to do with," growled the disgusted drill-master. "You," indicating the Hon. Mike, "appear to be the only one who has the faintest idea of the routine of a soldier."



"If it was not for temporary absence av moid I could have did it mesill," spoke up Muldoon. "Faix, the Muldoons were sogers for centuries back. Before the battle av Waterloo, didn't General George Washington stop his army an' ax: 'Is Muldoon presint?' 'Yis,' replied me father, who wur a vivandiere. 'Thin let the battle begin!' said General George Washington. He knew he were safe whin he had a Muldoon to contaminate bravery into his troops."

"If you don't keep your mouth shut, my man," said the drill-master, who did not appear to see the point of the anecdote, I'll lock you up! Now, mind me. Carry arms!"

The yokel next to Muldoon tried to do so.

The next second his gun had caught Muldoon a pretty rap under the ear.

The second following, Muldoon's big bear-skin hat was off, and he was dancing wildly about.

"Put a wood-yard on yer shoulder," cried he, to the surprised rustic. "I'll knock it off, ye clumsy divil, an' I'll knock yer head off wid it. Ifiver I hit ye, ye will be hump-backed for loife! Bate me wid yer ould needle-gun, will ye?"

"Oi could no' help it," replied the rustic, speaking in broad, north country dialect.

"Yez couldn't! Well, if I fresco the roof av yer mouth wid yer teeth, it will be accidental also. Take off yer red lobster coat till I dance on yer chest!"

The rustic retreated with a face of chalky whiteness, and the drill-master seized Muldoon.

"Are you a maniac or fool?" he demanded.

"Nayther."

"What are you?"

"An Amerikin!"

"Bully for you!" shouted the Hon. Mike, dropping his musket. "Never go back on the bald-headed old eagle. Whoop! Hail Columbia rules the world. I'm American, down to my toe-nails, and I ain't ashamed av it. Make way for the rushing old American cataract wot's goin' ter drown everybody!"

The drill-master jumped back in actual fright, for the Hon. Mike looked terribly bad and blood-thirsty.

"Guard—guard!" yelled the drill-master.

"Don't yell for one guard; yell for a forest full," entreated Mike, as he went through a sort of acrobatic specialty with his gun; "whoop! I'm an old bear, jest outer a black hole in the side av a hill, an' I ain't got my nails clipped."

"Guard—guard!" repeated the drill-master.

In response, not one guard, but three or four stout, burly fellows, came running out.

"What's up?" asked the first, who, from the stripes upon his arm, was evidently a non-commissioned officer.

"Mutiny!"

"Who's mutinied?"

"Me!" answered the Hon. Mike. "Oh, I'm a hairy old tiger from a leafy old jungle, an' I'm dead outer ther mutiny."

"Well, we're dead onto you," quietly replied the non-commissioned officer; "seize him, men."

Now the Hon. Mr. Growler was prancing around in a very alarming way with his gun, but he had not the slightest idea of using it.

So when he was seized by the guard, he did not make the faintest effort at resistance, but suffered himself to be taken into custody.

"Nuther outrage on an American citizen," he said; "oh, won't England sweat for this!"

"You're more liable to sweat for it," retorted the officer. "Come along."

They started to bear Mike away.

Hippocrates Burns saw the movement from his swelled eyes.

Hippocrates Burns was the victim of a circumstance which frequently occurs among those who dally, not wisely but too much, with the sparkling wine-cup or hilarious whisky.

He had got up, or been forced up, rather drunker than he was when he went to bed, and he was inebriated yet.

Under ordinary circumstances he was not remarkably brave.

Indeed, if a fight occurred, he was apt to be found under the stove or behind a table.

But now he was just full enough to feel brave as a lion; not a very big lion, but just big lion enough.

As soon as he perceived the Hon. Mike being led off, Hippocrates got it into his addled brain that his friend was being led off to execution.

With a wild shout he rushed upon the guards.

"A Burns—a Hippocrates Burns to the rescue!" he cried. "Down with the blood-stained tyrants!"

"For Heaven's sake what's bit ye!" queried Muldoon. "Who's pressing the spring?"

"Ye are a craven!" replied Hippocrates.

"Don't you see that Mr. Mike, the Lily of Nevada, is being dragged to the scaffold? A Burns—a Burns!"

With this war-cry, the same with which knights of the olden time used to announce their presence to their foes (only, of course, they used their own names), Hippocrates began making it pleasant for the Hon. Mike's captors.

He knocked the first one over, doubled up the second with a kick in the stomach, and butted head-first at the non-commissioned officer.

The name of craven had nettled Muldoon.

"It's a liar ye are, Hippocrates," said he, "I am no craven. Begorra, there niver wur a coward where the shamrock grows!" and he sparred wildly at the recruit next to him and knocked said recruit's hat down over his eyes.

The Hon. Mike was also seized with a spasm of bravery.

He danced gracefully up and down and requested somebody to come and get killed.

"Oh, I'm the Lily of Nevada, I am," he bawled, "an' I bloom best over graves. Won't somebody please saunter up an' git chawed an' bit an' gouged an' broke up generally?"

The manifestations of nerve were soon stopped, however.

The guard easily overpowered Hippocrates after they had recovered from the surprise into which his unexpected attack had thrown them, and he was placed by the side of the Hon. Mike, who was recaptured without a blow.

"Oh, if I only had putty in my ears," he groaned, "I'd make a massacre! But when I ain't got putty in my ears I'm N. G."

Hippocrates, however, had succeeded in kicking up considerable of a racket, and attracted by the noise, an officer, high in rank, hurried from the officers' quarters across the yard.

"What the deuce is all this blawsted wow about?" drawled he; "cannot a fellow take his breakfast without being all bwoke up by a beastly noise?"

The guard saluted.

The drill-master explained the cause of the "beastly noise."

"It wasn't our fault, colonel," said he.

Suddenly Muldoon caught sight of the officer's face.

"By Heaven! it is Sir Percy Strothers!" he exclaimed.

"Do you know me, fellow?" languidly asked the colonel.

"Do I!" and Muldoon pushed back his bear-skin cap.

"Deuced if it ain't Muldoon!" cried Sir Percy, with as near a stare of surprise as his lethargic lordship was capable of.

"I belave it is," replied Muldoon.

"But you know—how the day vil did you evah get here?"

"Bedad, I wud loike to have the problem elucidated meself."

"Don't yer know me—me, the Lily of Nevada?" asked Mike.

"Mistah Gwowler!" gasped Sir Percy.

"Yer kin bet."

"How did you get here?"

"Chaw me up for cats-meat if I know. It's a durned old puzzle."

"And this—this—aw—fellow," asked Sir Percy, looking at Hippocrates, "what—who is it?"

"Hippocrates Burns."

"Who's he?"

"Faix, I don't know," was Muldoon's answer.

"Isn't he labled?"

"Is—is it a fwiend?"

"Yes."

"How—how did he get here?"

Muldoon said he did not know. He didn't know how anybody was there. It was a deep, dark, mysterious problem.

"Well," said Sir Percy, "you bettah come ovah to my quawtaws, and we'll try to find out. I've got an awithmetical guide, all about intewest and pwoblems and othah things—deuced good tweatise, you know!"

A word from the colonel, for that was the rank held by the young scion of British aristocracy, was sufficient to set the three recruits at liberty.

They went to Sir Percy's private apartments.

There the mystery, by aid of the recruiting sergeant, who did not look half so pompous when he appeared before his superior officer, was solved.

"It was an outrage—an unwarrantable outrage," remarked Sir Percy. "If the papers get a hold of it there will be the deuce to pay!"

"Hi h'only did what h'I considered my duty," humbly defended the sergeant.

"That's all wight, but you've made a blawsted mistake," said the young colonel. "I guess, though, I can arwange it."

"Hi 'ope the gents don't bear me no h'ill will," said the recruiting sergeant.

The "gents" said they didn't, and the sergeant seemed to regain some of his old grandeur.

"H'anytime h'after this h'I will be pleased to

meet you in a h'unh'official capacity," he said, as he bowed himself out.

"I wather guess I may get you out of this sewape," remarked Sir Percy, as he put on his fatigue cap and left. "Just you wait here for a few moments."

They waited.

But the few moments lengthened out into a few hours before Sir Percy returned.

When he did he looked smiling.

"I've fixed it," said he; "but it was lucky, you know, it was I who fixed it. If it hadn't been for my Uncle Earl—who is in the war office, you fellahs might have been sent to Afwica to fight the horwid savages. Beastly, naked savages, you know."

"And are we free to daypart?" Muldoon said.

"Yes; I have sent for your clothes. The uniforms belong to the queen, and you will have to leave them."

They were only to glad to do so.

Their clothes soon arrived, and they were exchanged, in the privacy of Sir Percy's room, for the uniforms.

After expressing their thanks they left, to get a good square meal.

"Shure, I'm hungry enough to ate horse-shoe nails!" said Muldoon, and they rambled away in quest of a restaurant where they could satisfy their appetite.

Sir Percy looked after them with a puzzled air.

"Those fellahs are deuced queah fellahs," monologued he; "they have the most wemarkable capacity for getting into vows of any fellahs I evah saw. And, baw Jove, it seems to be my mission to get them out of the vows. I got them out of that vow with the court, where they would have got hanged—deucedly unpleasant it must be, too, to be hanged—and now I get them out of the othah vow, where they would have been shot foah wesistance to a supereah official."

"Why, I've preserved their lives. Baw Jove, that would make a good widdle. Why am I like a cork-float? Because I am a life preservah! Oh, I must save that; I'll go in and tell it to the majah. He'll laugh till he gets apoplectic ovah it. I'm deucedly good at widdles. Asked young Hobby what was the difference between me and a jackass. He said there wasn't any, but I don't believe that was the ansah, but I'd forgot the ansah."

So remarking, the simple-brained but good-hearted aristocrat went out to relate his "widdle" to the delighted "majah."

Meanwhile our other three friends had found a chop-house, where they got what the Hon. Mike called a square meal.

They sat down at table; and Mike, all of his old assurance returned to him, now that he had his diamond and his striped shirt, hit the mahogany a welt which made it groan.

"Whoop, waiter!" bawled he. "The red-headed old game-cock of the glorious West has just flopped inter here, and he wants grub. Wot're yer got?"

"Salads, game-roasts, very nice partridges, sir," was the reply of the obsequious waiter, who hurried to Mike's side.

"What's partridge?"

"Bird, sir."

"Does it live in England?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got wings?"

"Yes, sir."

"Kin fly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I don't want any. Any son of a gun of a bird who's got wings, kin fly, an' won't fly out of this blasted old country ter America, I don't want to have nawthing to do with. Gimme some ham, full-hand of eggs, a pair of mutton-chops, and a nice good gin cock-tail. But I mote jist as well ask for an angel's feather as a good gin cock-tail."

"Oh, no, sir," said the waiter, his face lighting up.

"Why?"

"We've got all kinds of American drinks. You can have a gin cock-tail or a whisky cock-tail, or a brandy-smash, or a stone-fence, or a Tom Collins, or a blue-blazes."

"What?"

"Fact, sir."

"Who makes 'em?"

"We've got an American bar-keeper, sir."

The Hon. Mike gave a yell which startled the *habitués* of the chop-house.

"Oh, pards!" he cried to Muldoon and Hippocrates Burns, "rub me wid bear's grease! Soothe me under the chin wid a porkypine quill! Put me on a golden shutter, and let me die easy!"

"Why?" asked Muldoon.

"They've got an American bar-keeper here; a real American bar-keeper. Oh, I'm going to waltz up and tell him he's a liar, and let him hit me over



the nut with a bung-starter, just for old-times-rocks' sake."

It was hardly the tick of a clock before the three men were at the bar.

Sure enough, a real American bar-keeper—a boy who had come from the States—was there.

The gin cock-tail that he made sent a thrill way down into the pits of our friends' stomachs.

"The only decent drink I've had in London. Oh, if the Lily of Nevada was washed by such dew as that all of the time, she'd get to be a hull flower-bed. Let's have some more."

Another round was ordered, and when that was disposed of breakfast was taken.

When breakfast had been put away, the bar-

"Mike, I will waltz away like a leddy gay wid ye!"

Mr. Growler was nothing loath.

He was ready for anything.

Grasping each other, the two began a most phenomenal waltz, while the monkey jumped upon Muldoon's back, probably recognizing a long-lost relation.

#### PART XV.

ANY professor of the noble art of Terpsichore will tell you that there are various sorts of dancing, from the free, easy and acrobatic break-down of "Ole Virginny" to the polished and fashion-

"Go for the cup!"

"Steady, old boys!"

"Forward four!"

"All hands around!"

"Gents chassez!"

"Ladies chain!"

So yelled the crowd, and the dancers tried to follow their advice.

The Italian at the organ played away so furiously that it seemed as if his arms would drop off.

The dancers spun furiously around, and the little monkey, which all the while was perched upon Muldoon's shoulders, had hard work to keep his feet—or rather his paws.



Away went Huggs, heels over head, and the ball flew wildly over the deck. It scattered the nine-pins, gave a bound, and struck Muldoon squarely beneath his coat-tails. The pins flew in all directions, one striking the Hon. Mike plumb in the forehead, and another laying out Roger.

keeper insisted, as they were fellow-Americans, that they must have one—just one—with him, and more cock-tails were "set up."

Hippocrates then ordered more (which, of course, Muldoon paid for). A man of Hippocrates' poetical genius being above such a trifling defect as paying for a bar bill.

Then they left.

They had just imbibed enough to make them feel good.

"Yer ain't goin' home, are yer, Muldoon?" queried the Hon. Mike.

"Do ye not perceive that all av the shops are open?" answered Muldoon.

"Yes."

"Well, it's toime enough to go home when they are all shut up. Hark, baby, hark—there's music in the air."

They listened, and the dulcet melody of a hand-organ could be heard.

It was played by an Italian upon a corner near by, and a small monkey was capering about before it.

The Hon. Mike went up to the monkey.

"How are yer, Muldoon?" he remarked. "How yer have shrunk!"

Hippocrates Burns laughed, and Muldoon felt a little sore; but at that moment the organ struck up "St. Patrick's Day."

"Hurray for the Ould Dart!" cried Muldoon.

able intricacies of the German, as danced by our best society.

The dance, however, of the Hon. Mike's and Muldoon's might have been said to be a wonder.

It wasn't a waltz.

It wasn't a polka.

It wasn't a glide.

Neither was it a Boston dip.

And we are sure that no person, be he in his senses, would have been guilty of calling it a quadrille or the lancers.

What it was, was really hard to find out.

As near as could be judged, it was an artistic blending of the Irish reel, Scottish shuffle, Indian death dance, Spanish fandango and Moorish castanet waltz.

It was a wild sort of prancing and skipping upon the Hon. Mike's and Muldoon's part; a prancing which brought them up against railings and caromed them off ash-barrels; a skipping which nearly knocked over the organ-grinder and very nearly knocked over themselves.

But it pleased the spectators.

Of course such a unique and original performance as the dance of the pair could not go on long, in a crowded street, without gathering spectators.

And a noble and enthusiastic crowd of spectators gathered about the pair.

"Shake der hoofs!"

But he was a game little son of a gorilla.

He hopped about all over Muldoon's form, rattling his chain, and chattering away at a rapid rate.

The Hon. Mike was pleased—aye, tickled.

"Whoop!" bawled he. "I guess I kin dance! I'm a roaring old waltzer from Coffin Creek, and when I waltz corpses git up an' shudder. Hooray fer the ole Lily of Nevada, wot kin bloom onder a coal-seuttle!"

With which remark the Hon. Mike broke loose from Muldoon and executed a series of fancy steps, which evoked more plaudits from the crowd, and caused Muldoon to cease his Terpsichorean gyrations out of sheer envy.

"Dat's der Injun wedding dance," explained Mr. Growler, after he had ceased out of sheer exhaustion. "I've been married to four squaws—bought der hull lot cheap fer a spavined horse—and I guess I kin do it fine."

"I can bate it!" said Muldoon.

"Get out!" remarked Growler.

"Watch me if ye don't belave it," replied Muldoon. "If ye want to see rale ould Tipperary essence, gaze at me."

Muldoon was certainly worth gazing at. And his Tipperary essence, as he called it, was certainly worth gazing at more than Muldoon.

It was a wild series of acrobatic flourishes, gymnastic touches and elevating embellishments. It met with the approbation of the crowd, but



it did not meet with the approbation of a policeman, who chanced to pass by.

He clubbed the crowd away, bounced the Italian organ-grinder, and yanked the monkey off of Muldoon's back.

Yet even then Muldoon and the Hon. Mike persisted in their waltz, they having again joined arms.

The policeman was Irish. His brogue would have convinced one that he was not a Russian or a Prussian, or even the Pinafore Englishman.

"Hould on!" ordered he, catching hold of the Hon. Mike. "Fwhat do ye take this strate for? Do ye think it is a circus ring?"

Mr. Growler stopped short.

At first the Hon. Mike refused to.

"When ther old Lily of Nevada takes root, it takes a whole brigade ter dig him up," he remarked.

"Are ye ther Lily?" asked the policeman.

"Yes."

"Bedad, ye will soon be a weed."

"I will?"

"Yes, sir. I will uproot ye wid me club. We have no use for a lily in this thoroughfare."

The policeman said this so determinedly, and withal he was such a muscular individual, that the Hon. Mike concluded, upon second thought, which, as the old proverb says, always is best, that he would get away.

"Oh, for example. It's galvanized."

"Ye are giving me mud."

"No; yer can look, but you musn't touch."

"Why not?"

"You will find h'out h'if you finger h'it."

"Of course Muldoon was seized with an overmastering impulse to touch it.

He did so.

The next second he was waltzing wildly about, shrieking like some escaped fiend.

"He's turning inter a bald-headed old screech-owl," remarked the Hon. Mike.

"It's jams," said Hippocrates Burns. "I've seen him so before. He was just like that one



Down Rotten Row, London's fashionable drive, Muldoon and the Hon. Mike, mounted on their donkeys, rode with great gravity, the object of universal attention.

"Who are yer?" asked he.

"A policeman," was the officer's reply.

"Yer are?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's a bloody old cold day when an American citizen stops his exercising for a blasted old English cop. Go ahead wid der band!"

The band, however, refused to go ahead.

For the simple reason that the band, as personified by the organ-grinder, had, upon that official's (the policeman's) first intimation moved quietly on, and disappeared down a side street, monkey, organ and all.

The Hon. Mike realized it—after a while.

"Der ain't no organ-grinder?" queried he.

"No," replied Hippocrates Burns, who had been bracing up a lamp-post.

"No organ?"

"No."

"No monkey?"

"None, except Muldoon."

"No nawthin'?"

"No."

"Then," asked Mike, "wot will we do? I'm a double-spoked old water-wheel, an' I want'er keep movin' an' scattering spray. Wot will we do?"

"Ye've said that twice," answered the policeman; "an' if ye don't be after fading away from this locality wid accelerity, ye will be apt to foind out what ye will do. Ye will waltz away to the police-barracks, and spind yer toime gazing at the cock-roaches. Will ye get off av me bate?"

"I'm goin' ter find some old desert," he pathetically remarked, "an' bloom there."

The policeman evidently did not care where the Hon. Mike bloomed, as long as he didn't bloom upon his beat.

So the Hon. Mike, followed by Hippocrates Burns and Muldoon, went to seek a desert.

His idea of a desert, however, was a queer one, or else he concluded that he would put the search off till a more fitting opportunity.

The only desert he got to was a bar-room.

He led the way in.

A long marble counter, backed by a splendid bar, glittering in its array of glasses and decanters, was revealed to their view.

Behind it stood the barkeeper, gorgeous in his checked shirt and diamond, for even our trans-Atlantic barkeepers are up to their American cousins in style.

Upon the marble counter rested a brick.

It was only a plain, regular brick—a red brick—and it wasn't silver-plated; neither did it have velvet tassels upon it.

Yet it looked curious and out of place upon its noble resting-place.

There was nothing wonderful about the brick, yet the first impulse of our friends was to touch it.

Muldoon got his hand the nearest to it.

"Is it a brick?" asked he.

"Tain't h'an h'obelisk, h'is h'it?" queried the bartender.

"No; but what is it there for?"

night before, when he took the bed for a rattlesnake, an' tried to kill it wid his slipper."

"It wur a mane, darty device!" roared Muldoon.

"Wot?" asked Mike.

"I kin woipe a spittoon wid the sucker that di it!"

"Did wot?"

"Touch the brick, ye funny man, an' foind out."

The Hon. Mike did.

A look of anguish flashed over his features, and he wrung his hand frantically.

"Show me who heated that brick," he bawled, "an' I'll show yer a funeral. I'm an old horned mud-turtle from ther bed ov ther Mississippi, an' when any cuss plays any heated-brick racket onder me my horns stick way out. Oh, I'm jammed full of powder, an' dynamite, an' fire-crackers, an' nitro-glycerine! If ever I cough yer will see an explosion! An' I kalkerlate if this brick snap ain't explained I will cough."

The barkeeper laughed.

"H'it was just h'a brick h'in the fire-place which became 'eated h'and fell h'out," said he. "H'it was very chilly to-day, h'and so the master started h'a fire. I picked the brick h'up with h'a pair h'of tongs, h'and placed h'it on the bar for fun."

"Ye placed it on the bar for fun?" said Muldoon.

"Yes, sir."

"Be gob, I should belave ye placed it there for murder. Me finger's will be useless for a week."



"You 'adn't h'ought to touched h'it, you know."

"Anybody would."

"No, sir."

"I say they would," said Muldoon, "and an Irishman niver loies. I will make ye a wager."

"What wager?" inquired the barkeeper.

"Simply for dhrinks for us four."

"What will it be?"

"I'll bet ye that the nixt six men who enter into yer ould death-trap will touch that brick."

"I'll bet they don't."

"Agreed," said Muldoon, and the two shook hands over the nefarious compact.

"But first, be Heavens, I will hate the brick to a tropical temperature. The person who picks it up will foind it not aqual in point av chilliness to a snowball."

Muldoon placed the brick upon the open fire, which was blazing away merrily in the fire-place, and let it remain there until it was heated to a high pitch.

Then, taking the tongs, he removed it and placed it upon the counter, where it would be liable to attract any comer's notice.

Ordering beverages, they sat down at a nearby table, and proceeded to await developments.

The first person to develop was a swell, a regular lah-de-dah boy, with his little red rose in the lapel of his coat, and a feather in his hat.

"Oh, ain't he swate!" remarked Muldoon; "if he only came in blocks I could swaten me tea wid him, instead of using sugar."

The swell, however, did not hear Muldoon's compliment, and consequently was not offended by it.

"Waitah—waitah!" bawled the swell.

"Well, sir?" said the bar-keeper.

"Make me a lemonade. And put a dash of sherry in it."

"Oh, give the kid milk!" wailed the Hon. Mike. "Lemonade! It makes me crawl all over. Buy him a bottle wid a rubber top!"

"Did you address me?" asked the swell, turning around.

"Bless yer, no!" replied Mike, in offended surprise.

The swell preferred to be satisfied with the explanation, and waited for his lemonade.

His eyes soon rested upon the brick.

He touched it daintily with one soft kid glove.

Then he was turned as if by magic into a sort of dressed-up jumping-jack, or at least his actions would lead one to that belief.

"Oh, dem it—dem it, you know!" he wailed; "that bwick was hot, demmed hot, and I have burned the whole demmed fingahs off my demmed gloves. It's a demmed outwage to put hot bwicks on a baw!"

Nobody, however, paid any attention to him, and he was just cooling off, when a grimy coal-heaver came in.

"Whisky," said he, hoarsely, and at once caught sight of the brick.

It occurred to him that bricks did not grow upon a bar-counter, and he started to investigate it.

He touched it.

The amount of profanity let off by that coal-heaver was enough to shock a pirate.

"What the blank—blank do you mean by having blank—blank hot bricks on your blank—blank counter?" he asked.

The bar-keeper was about to make a reply, when three friends came in together for a social nip.

One was a closely-cropped individual, with a pock-marked face—a regular bruiser; the second was a carpenter with a bag of tools, and the third was a short fellow, who held by the leash an ugly-looking bull-dog.

They all beheld the brick.

They all wanted to feel of it, to see, probably, that it was a brick, and not a tomb-stone or a coal-scuttle.

They all did feel of it.

And it felt of them.

If ever three men danced and shrieked, and suffused the air with sulphuric remarks, those three men did.

While they were raising old Cain, a butcher came in, fresh from the shop.

"A mug of 'arf-an-'arf," he ordered, wiping his bloody hands upon his apron.

While it was being drawn from the wood he perceived the brick.

An ardent desire came over him to pick it up and put it in his pocket.

It was a noble scheme.

Yet it failed.

Dismally and totally.

The butcher's broad paw rested upon that brick for just about the duration of a flash of lightning.

Then it was taken away again with electrical quickness.

"Mutton-chops an' kidneys! Hogs' livers an'

pork gizzards!" bawled he, "who the bloody, bloomin' blazes heated that brick?"

The butcher was the sixth man who had entered the saloon since Muldoon's wager.

And just six men had fooled with that brick.

So Muldoon had won.

"Arrah, ye short-sighted gambler," he said, getting up from his table and advancing to the bar-keeper. "I could ye I wud win. Be Heaven, I am an Egyptian sorcerer, an' I can peer into the black depths of futurity."

"What demmed bet was it?" asked the swell.

"Oh, a thrifling wager relative to that brick."

"How?"

"Ye see, I heated it."

"You heated the demmed brick?"

"Yes; an' I put it upon the bar, an' I bet that the first six suckers who come in wud play wid it."

There was a solemn pause for a brief space.

The prize-fighter rolled up his sleeves.

The carpenter got out a big saw and tried it upon his thumb.

The short fellow slipped the leash of the bull-dog.

The swell drew out a fancy sword-cane.

The butcher took off his apron and rolled up his sleeves.

"You heated that blank—blanked brick, you blanked—blanked fool?" asked the butcher.

"Yis," unsuspectingly answered Muldoon.

It was a bad confession for him.

In a twinkling the whole mob was upon him. The prize-fighter slugged him, the dandy tried to sword him, the carpenter sawed at him, the coal-heaver wiped up the tables with him, the butcher walked all over him, and the short fellow set the dog upon him.

When they got through with him, and had had all the fun they desired, they proceeded to pitch him out of the door.

"Yer wanter come around this shanty and heat some more bricks," yelled the prize-fighter. "H'if I ever see yer again I'll paste der rosy smeller off er yer!"

Muldoon was in the gutter when Hippocrates and the Hon. Mike came to his rescue.

They picked him up and put him in a cab.

"Ye are brave heroes," he said, glancing scornfully at them; "ye always assist a friend in necessity. I wur amazed at the reckless bravery wid which Hippocrates crawled under the table."

"I reckon dat I know somethin' about etiquette, even if I was nussed by a she-bear. I never interfere with anybody else's pleasure. I'm a twinkling old star, I am, and I allus prefer ter twinkle by myself, widout bothering wid any other star's twinkle."

"Mister Muldoon, ye misundherstood me motives," loftily replied Hippocrates. "I did not go under the table from any motive of cowardice—it was to get a spittoon."

"Did ye mane to h'ide in it?"

"Nay, I meant to hurl it at your enemies."

"Taffy!" growled Muldoon, and the trio were driven home, Muldoon, however, first stopping at a barber's to get fixed up into slightly presentable shape.

Upon their arrival at the boarding-house, it was discovered that the ladies were back.

Needless to say that Muldoon and the Hon. Mike got it from their wives.

"It is a marvel ye condescended to rayturn at all," said Mrs. Muldoon; "more especially as we have a party to-night."

"What kind av a party?" Muldoon inquired.

"A magical seance."

"Does it float?"

"What?"

"The seance. Is it buoyant?"

Mrs. Muldoon's face assumed a disgusted expression.

"Ye will niver be familiar wid the conversation av polite circles," said she. "I intind to hould a necromantic party. Have ye heard av Signor Flitz?"

"Wur he the wan who got four years down to Rockaway Beach for parricide?"

"He is a Spanish grandee," replied Mrs. Muldoon. "He only does it for amusement. He has offered to appear for the playsure av me guests. He has all av his magical appurtenance, tables, robes and all, in the vestibule now."

"Where did ye foind it?"

"What?"

"The Spanish grandee? Wur he given away wid a pound av tay, instead av a chromo?"

Mrs. Muldoon did not deem it requisite to reply to what she deemed a superfluous query. She passed up-stairs with an expression of contempt upon her features.

The evening came.

So did the guests.

But no Signor Flitz appeared.

Instead, a dainty note came, which stated that

the signor would not be able to appear, on account of the illness of his wife.

Mrs. Muldoon was in despair.

Here were all her guests assembled—guests whom she had invited to witness an exhibition of parlor magic, and no magician.

"Oh, Terry—Terry!" said she to her husband, "what will I do?"

Muldoon considered.

"Bedad, I have it!" he suddenly said.

"Ye have what?"

"A way av extrication from yez society dilemma."

"How?"

"Aisy. Ye have a magician's robe?"

"Yis."

"The remnants av his costume?"

"Yis."

"And the tables wid all av the paraphernalia?"

"Yis."

"Thin, be gob, I will be a magician meself. What the divil did I iver study cookery for?"

Mrs. Muldoon, like a drowning person, was willing to clutch at any straw in hope of succor.

She was, to tell the truth, extremely doubtful of her better-half's success, but still she was willing to let him try.

So it came about, that half an hour after the conversation noted above, Muldoon appeared before a large and expectant audience as a magician.

Muldoon really had a slight knowledge of parlor magic, and might have gotten along very well, had it not been for an accident which gave him a very bad send-off.

Upon the table, which had been prepared for the real Signor Flitz, was a box of chemicals.

Muldoon managed to let it drop.

There was a loud explosion, over went the table, and up in the air sprang Muldoon.

"Bedad, I am assassinated!" he cried, while the audience fled back in terror.

#### PART XVI.

UNIVERSAL consternation followed Muldoon's exploit.

A thick smoke filled the room, and shouts of fear from the gentlemen and cries of terror from the ladies ensued.

"What is it?"

"Anybody hurt?"

"Who's dead?"

"What blew up?"

"Is it a fire?"

But gradually the smoke cleared away, and the Hon. Mike, who had been making desperate efforts to get out of a window, came back a little self-possessed, as soon as he found out *he* was all safe and sound.

"Where's Muldoon?" queried he.

"He must be dead!" shrieked Mrs. Muldoon, with a face as pale as death.

"I belave I saw him going up through the roof meself," said Dan. "He appeared to be in a great hurry."

"I think he wur blew to fragments," consoled Hippocrates Burns. "Do any of you perceive any flesh upon the floor?"

Just here the party was startled by a deep groan.

The groan seemed to be in Muldoon's voice.

"It's a banshee?" wailed Mrs. Muldoon.

"It has a remarkable tough accent for a banshee," remarked Dan. "It sounds loike to the ghost av a mule."

"Help!" came in a groan again.

"If yer a banshee, go help yerself," remarked the Hon. Mike. "If yer don't git out soon we'll make it a hot old place fer a banshee, or a ghost, or any other old skeleton. Go back ter yer graveyard, darn yer."

"Be Heavens, will any sucker come to the aid av a dying man?" interrogated the voice.

At this moment Hippocrates chanced to look under a sofa.

The figure of a man was visible.

"It's a robber!" cried Hippocrates, and the Hon. Mike made a start for the window again.

The figure began to scramble out.

"Ye loie," it said. "I am no robber!"

"Wot are yer?" asked Mike.

"A corpse!"

"Yer dead?"

"Completely."

The Hon. Mike rushed across the room and grabbed the figure by the ankles.

"This h'ain't no cemetery!" bawled the Hon. Mike. "We h'ain't got no use for dead men. Out yer go!"

He was about to drag the self-declared dead man out into the hall and pitch him down-stairs, when Dan interfered.

"It's Muldoon!" exclaimed he.

So it was.

A singed, and charred, and scorched Muldoon, almost paralyzed with fright.



And he had made up his mind that he was going to die.

"Get a pillow for me head, so that I can expire wid aise," he requested.

"Get a brick," said Mike.

"Mr. Growler, whin the day av judgment comes ye will get a hot sate at the fire for yer cruelty towards a dyin' man," prophesied Muldoon. "Dan, are you by me?"

"Yes."

"And ye, Bridget?"

"Yes," wept Mrs. Muldoon.

"And Roger?"

"Shure Roger is ridin' up an' down the pizarro upon his icicle."

"Bicycle, ye should say, Bridget—bicycle," corrected Muldoon. "Faith, me brain-power hasn't lift me yet."

"Shall I call him in, Terry?"

"No. The muscular contortions of his father's dyin' agonies wud not be divartin' for the poor b'ye to witness. Is Hippocrates Burns here?"

"Yes."

"Ax him if he has a poem wid him."

The question was propounded, and Hippocrates said he did have one.

Hippocrates was always the possessor of a poem, at all places and occasions. It was currently reported that he slept with one in his sock.

"Tell him to kape it ready," requested Muldoon. "If I die too hard let Hippocrates read it. The first verse will kill me immediately. Ye are now all gathered about me?"

"Yes," wept Mrs. Muldoon.

"Thin cluster in a circle till I give out me dyin' rayquests."

"Somebody orfer gather about him wid a club," grumbled Mike.

"Will somebody put that lunatic out?" begged Muldoon.

The Hon. Mike said he would like to see anybody put him out. There would be several extra deaths if anybody tried.

"The old Lily of Nevada has took root here," he said, "and it's dug deep in the soil. Oh, it's a cast-iron old plant, an' it'll take six horses an' a derrick to move it."

Muldoon waved him away with a despairing gesture.

"It serves me roight for letting me sister marry west av the Mississipp river. Are ye ready to attind to me requests?"

"Yis," sobbed Mrs. Muldoon.

"In the first place I want a grave."

"De yer suppose yer would be buried in a soap-box?" asked Mike.

"Wid a nate tombstone."

"Put up a lager-beer keg."

"And I want flowers put onto it."

"Milkweeds or onions?" asked Mike.

"Niver moind, ye iconoclast. I want a graveled walk around it."

"We'll put a plank-road," sighed Dan.

"And I want it kept grane."

"Bedad, the fact av yez being in it will kape it grane enough," said Dan.

"An' ye will come and see me often?"

"Yes," answered the Hon. Mike, pretending to be convulsed with grief, "we'll come an' see yer every day, and chuck dice for drinks and play poker, and nice summer nights we will get up bully old moonlight picnics, to come an' serenade yer. Oh, we'll make it pleasant for ther grave."

Muldoon only groaned.

"Raymimber me when I'm gone," he said.

"Yer bet," responded the callous-hearted Mr. Growler. "You owe me jist fifty dollars, an' yer kin bet yer old angel pin-feathers that I'll remember yer. I'll put it down to yer estate."

"Get out, ye avaricious usurer," was Muldoon's retort. "Ye are mane enough to levy on me coffin-plate for a poker debt. Good-bye all."

"Goin' ter die this evening?" asked Mr. Growler.

"Yes; this evening."

"No other evening?"

"No."

"Then, good-evening."

"Bedad, if anything wud rayconcile me to me demise," gasped Muldoon, "it is that ould gag. Thank marcy, whin I'm gone from ye and become an angel rayposing upon a sweaty cloud, an' playing upon an accordion, I will niver hear it."

Muldoon closed his eyes, rested his head upon the pillow which had been brought, stiffened his body and prepared to die.

But death is a fickle as well as a fell destroyer. He refused to come at Muldoon's solicitation. Instead of feeling worse he began to feel better.

It was a solemn scene.

There was Muldoon stretched out upon the

floor, and his friends weeping or pretending to weep about him.

All except the Hon. Mike, who was explaining Muldoon's magical apparatus, and trying to find out the process of converting a canary into a gold watch.

The moments passed.

Still no clammy sweat, no violent contraction of the facial muscles, no ominous death-rattle in the throat proclaimed Muldoon's decease.

"Where are ye wounded?" asked Dan, at last. "Faix, I've got tired av standing up to witness yez dissolution. I'm going to get a buffet an' sit down."

"I'm wounded internally," answered Muldoon. "The murky flame got down me wind-pipe and strangled me bowels. I belave it wur a British plot to desthroy me."

At that moment a terrible crash was heard.

It was followed almost instantly by a jingle of glass, a clatter of metal, and a boy's shout of mingled dismay and pain. The sound came from the exterior of the house.

There was a simultaneous rush for the windows.

The silvery moon disclosed a queer tableau.

Roger Muldoon, Mr. Henry Huggs, a bicycle and a buxom maid-servant, all in a seemingly inextricable heap.

The solution of this tableaux was very easy.

Roger had been, as Mrs. Muldoon said, riding about the piazza upon his new bicycle.

Somehow or another he had ridden off right on top of Mr. Henry Huggs and the maid-servant, who were enjoying a very pleasant *tele-a-tete*.

In the fall his bicycle had struck a large glass aquarium full of fish and marine plants, which stood near the piazza, and broken it into a thousand pieces.

This aquarium was a great pet of Muldoon's.

Indeed, it may be said it was his hobby.

Every fish which it contained, every aqueous plant, he had bought or had given to himself personally.

"For Heaven's sake what is the matter?" he asked, forgetting his pose as a dying man.

"It's Roger," replied Mrs. Muldoon.

"Fhat's he done?"

"Glided off av the pizarro wid his bicycle."

"What into?"

"Yez aquarium."

Muldoon's face was a picture.

"Begorra, if the young spalpeen has hurt a hair av the fishes' head I'll kill him," roared he.

"Ye niver ask if yez boy is hurt," reproved Mrs. Muldoon.

"Why shud I? Any child who can go waltzing around on a bicycle whin he knows his poor father is dying daysarves no inquiries relative to his welfare."

Just here the Hon. Mike, who had been down into the garden to view the scene of the disaster and render whatever general assistance was possible, came back into the parlor.

He was surprised to see Muldoon seated upon a chair and looking decidedly angry.

"Ain't yer dead yet, yer old Irish blizzard?" queried he. "Yer a sweet old gum-drop, yer are. Raising all yer friends hearts wid yer taffy about goin' ter skip der golden rope and den getting well again. Muldoon, yer snide."

"Is Roger hurt?" asked Mrs. Muldoon, as soon as she could get a word in.

"Nixey; only a few scratches."

"And Mr. Huggs?"

"Well, he is a leetle bunged up. He'll walk in a week or two, I guess."

"The servant girl?"

"Dey've got der rudder of der bicycle outer her head, an' now dey're fishin' fer der wheel. But she ain't hurt very much."

"And me aquarium?" asked Muldoon, in an awful voice.

The Hon. Mike gave release to a chuckle.

"Yer orter go an' gun off yer back-yard, Muldoon," remarked he.

"Why?"

"It looks as if a fish-stand had blew up."

"Was the aquarium broke?"

"Broke! Broke is mild for it, pard. Jest yer say smashed, crashed, banged to blazes, eternally flabbergasted, an' you'll get it more proper. The cat-fishes are standin' on their heads on the gravel-walk, the snappin'-turtle's climbed over the fence and got away, yer Brazilian sun-fish is wabblin' in the flower-bed, and the eels—oh, yer orter see the eels! Dey're carving dere names in slime all over der back stoop steps."

"Me Patagonian eels wid a red-chocolate stripe about their necks?"

"Yes."

The gentleman who had announced his idea of leaving this world for a better one got right up, gathered his dilapidated magician's robe about him, and put for the yard.

He crept softly down the stairs.

Roger was conversing with Mr. Henry Huggs, whose appearance did not seem to justify the Hon. Mike's account of his injuries.

They were behind a pillar of the stoop, and did not see Muldoon.

They were talking.

Aye, and actually laughing.

"Didn't I bust the old fish-pond!" laughed Roger.

"H'infernally," replied Mr. Huggs, with his woodeny chuckle.

"The fish flew in all directions."

"They must've been flying-fish."

"Won't pop be mad!"

"H'infernally, 'orridly h'infernally. But they say the h'old h'ass h'is h'about dying."

This was too much for Muldoon.

He burst upon the pair like a sort of amateur cyclone.

"Begorra, the ould ass is aloive, and has holt of ye," said Muldoon, as he grasped Roger and Mr. Huggs by their collars, and proceeded to knock their heads together in a most emphatic and uncorpse-like style, making them see the most phenomenal array of stars, suns and fiery-tailed comets.

"Roger," sternly demanded his irate father, "haven't I always been a koind-hearted progenitor to ye?"

"Yes," sulkily replied Roger, rubbing his head to get the effects of the meteoric display out of it.

"Thin what the divil did yez mane by attempting your pyrotechnical equestrianism wid yer bicycle upon me aquarium?"

"I didn't see it," said Roger.

"Yez didn't?"

"No."

"Thin, bedad, we'll have a pair of telescopic barometers made to fit upon that putty nose av yours to broaden your soight. Come with me, me laddybuck. It is a few moments' refreshing conversation I will have wid yez upon the subject av aquarium smashing."

What followed in that interview has always been a sort of a secret.

Roger was too big to whip.

And he was too big to be kept in the house.

So it is very probable that Muldoon punished him by taking away his pocket-money for that week and doubling it the next, which was the remarkably severe and characteristic punishment which Muldoon usually dealt out to his hopeful son.

For the next two or three days everything was quiet. Nothing occurred to mar the peace and harmony of the Muldoon family, except that one night the Hon. Mike was brought home in a state of hilarious intoxication upon a shutter, and proceeded to pour several pails of water into the piano, alleging that it was thirsty, and hadn't had "nawthing wid der boys."

But as the Hon. Mike was full of those little tricks, his exploits scarce caused a ripple upon the smooth surface of domestic affairs, excepting that upon his arrival at the breakfast table the next morning his face looked as if it had been washed with a curry-comb, which led the family to believe that his coy young wife had been exercising her nails upon his visage.

But, of course, life at Muldoon's was different from life in any other well-regulated family.

Muldoon was born unlucky.

He was always bound to be in trouble somehow.

Put him in a graveyard, and he would have all the corpses resurrected and fighting with each other at least a thousand or two years before their proper time.

And when Muldoon himself wasn't in trouble some of his friends or relations were sure to be.

It happened one night that Muldoon was calmly snoring in his bed, when he was awakened by a kick from his wife.

Now a kick, especially the kick of a cold foot leveled at one's back, is not a very refreshing way of being awakened from a pleasant slumber.

Muldoon remonstrated.

"Be Heavens, Bridget, if ye don't kape that clammy hoof av yez off av me spinal verterbæ, I'll knock ye demoralized."

"Wake up," said Mrs. Muldoon.

"What for?"

"I smell something."

"Bedad, ye will all av your loife—if ye persist in kaping yez stockings hanging over the head-board."

"Nonsense, Terry," said his wife. "It's fire."

"What's foire?"

"The smell."

"Arrah, be aisy," sleepily said Muldoon. "Iver since ye had a celluloid bridge put in your nose, ye hev smelt more things than a cat."

But Mrs. Muldoon was not going to be so easily silenced.



She said she smelled fire, and she was sure of it.

"Do yez want to be burnt to a cinder in yer own bed?" she asked.

"I don't care if I'm burnt to a pile of cinders," answered Muldoon, "as long as I don't fale it."

At this moment a shrill cry was heard from the hall.

It was the voice of Dan Muldoon.

"Get out—get up!" he yelled; "the house is a-fire. Do yez all wish to be craymated?"

Mrs. Muldoon, in spite of what she conceived her perilous position, could not repress an exclamation of triumph at her superior discernment.

"What did I tell ye?" she said to Muldoon, who was scrambling out of bed.

"Sure your tongue always brings throuble," growled Muldoon. "Save all ye can, Bridget. Begorra, I will rescue meself before anything else."

But Muldoon concluded he might as well take a few valuables along with him.

With that remarkable and seemingly unearthly presence of mind so common at fires, he grabbed a rocking-chair, a spittoon and a coal-scuttle, and rushed wildly for the door.

Mrs. Muldoon was not behind in mental coolness.

She threw the looking-glass, two pairs of vases, a water-pitcher, and Muldoon's watch out of the back window, while she grabbed her hoop-skirt, a bolster, and Muldoon's boots, and started to save them.

As luck would have it, the husband and wife came together in a doorway.

It wasn't a very big doorway, not big enough for both of them to pass at once, and the result was that neither of them could get out.

"Sthand asoide," said Muldoon.

"Have yez no perlitiness?" returned his wife. "Ladies first."

"Perlitiness be domned. Wud yez gaze upon the spectacle av your husband being smothered by fiery aroma on account av a point av etiquette? It is a woman's place to follow her husband. Think av what a noted woman ye wud become in the chronicles av Amerikan history if ye allowed me to escape and burnt up yerself! Faix, ye wud be revered aquil to Johanna of Arc in toime."

But Mrs. Muldoon wouldn't have it.

She didn't want to be a heroine.

And even the prospect of being placed, in subsequent history, on a parallel with Joan of Arc had no charms for her. All she wanted was to get out of that house as soon as possible. She had no desire to go to heaven as a burnt offering.

So they pushed, and fought, and struggled in a way that was enough to break the glass over the worsted mottoes of "God Bless our Home," which hung in several places on the wall.

It is probable that if Mrs. Muldoon had consented to let go of the bolster which she carried, and Muldoon had only given up his fond embrace upon the rocking-chair, that they might both have gotten out.

But with that calm, cool, nervy self-possession of which we spoke before, they hung on to those valuable articles as if their lives depended upon their not relinquishing their grip.

At last, however, somehow they both got through. Muldoon reached the hall just in time to be knocked flat by a wash-stand which came tumbling down the stairs, while Mrs. Muldoon was prostrated by a small gas-stove, which followed the wash-stand.

Various other articles came scurrying down those upper stairs.

There were a clock, pictures, a movable shower-bath, a book-case, a couple of trunks, and about seventeen yards of clothes-line.

On top of all came the gentleman who appeared to be the originator of this sudden flight of movables.

It was none other than the Hon. Mike himself, in a breezy and airy *dishabille*.

"Whoop!" he bawled; "look out ferther rocky old land-slide of Nevada! Ye can jist bet yer sweet-scented old socks that the rosy old Lily of Nevada ain't a-goin' ter be burnt up—not if ther aforesaid old flower knows it, and it reckons it does."

The Hon. Mike was followed by all the rest of the household who occupied rooms in the upper stories.

They were in all sorts of comical undress, and carried, as a rule, the most bulky and totally valueless articles that could possibly have been selected.

Of course every one was actuated by a most noble desire to save themselves, without regard for anybody else.

So it happened that they all struck the parlor-stairs at the same time.

Such a scene as those stairs presented!

There was the whole household struggling and pushing to get down first.

"Be Heavens!" yelled Muldoon, "if ye don't hurry up, it is a collection av embers we will be in a minute!"

#### PART XVII.

THE circus upon the stairs still proceeded.

The last one of all the fugitives from fire was St. Patrick, the Chinaman; and it is not too much to say that he was the worst scared one of the lot.

"Hellee cussee!" he cried, "lettee me get down-stairs! Wantee sabe my Joss!"

Sure enough, tightly clasped in St. Patrick's arms was a most hideous bronze figure, the sight of whose ugly, staring face was enough to give a person the nightmare.

"Where did you get that statuette?" asked Roger, who was next to him.

Roger was not much frightened.

True, he smelt smoke, but as yet he had seen no flames, nor any other evidences of fire.

And Roger was not the boy to let his fears get away with his head, not if he could help it.

"Dat my Joss," was St. Patrick's reply.

"Is it alive?"

"Damee, it my god!"

"Nice sort of a divinity that is," remarked Roger. "I could make a better one myself."

"Him great Joss."

"Great humbug, I should say. If he's any good, he ought to save you, instead of your saving him. Chuck him up in the air, and see if he won't fly."

"Nopee—nopee!" frantically answered the Chinese, clasping his precious idol closer to his breast. "Him be in my family lebben-folty-four years."

"How many?"

"Leben-folty-four."

"The old rascal! Why, it's time he had a family of his own. I'd shake him, if I was you, and make a nice, clean wooden Joss out of a shingle."

At this moment a dark figure, which in general outlines somewhat resembled an overgrown chunk of coal, slid swiftly down upon the banisters, and bounded over Muldoon's head.

It was Charcoal, Dan Muldoon's little darkey.

He made for the door.

"Guess dis chile ain't good nuff fo' to be burnt up an' go to Hebben jess yet," said he. "Dah's nuff cullud angels already."

So saying, he tried to open the door.

A howl of despair escaped from his lips as he made the attempt.

"Mas'r Dan—Mas'r Dan!" shrieked he.

"What!" yelled Dan.

"Say youse prayers."

"Why?"

"We'se all kindling-wood."

"How?"

"De door's locked."

One simultaneous yell of terror escaped from the crowd upon the stairs.

"Bedad, ye are roight," exclaimed Muldoon.

"The door's locked inside and the kay is—"

"Where?" queried a dozen voices.

"Outside."

"Who ever put it there?" said Mrs. Muldoon, in accents of despair.

"Me."

"What possessed ye?"

"Ye see Hippocrates Burns wint to a literary mass-meeting, and he said he wudn't be home till late. So I locked the door, tied the kay to a sthring an' hung it out over the back balcony so that he could get it an' let himself in widout any av us being compelled to get out av bed."

Pale faces gazed into other pale faces at the explanation.

The Hon. Mike was so broken up that he got reckless.

It is a strange, but also a well-known fact, that cowards, in time of peril, when they perceive no possible escape from the danger with which they are threatened, are generally the bravest of the brave.

So it was with the Hon. Mike.

He put down the clock which he was carrying, and proceeded to sit calmly upon it.

"Bring on yer old fire and flame and brimstone," bawled he. "If I only had a gin cock-tail and a chaw av terbacker, I cud die happy. I'm a block uv old granite right outer free American soil, and I'm too hard to burn. Whoop! I wish I had my boots on, for it wud please the boys out in Nevada to hear that the Hon. Mike Growler died like a gentleman wid his boots on. Let's have a game av poker to see who gets scorched fust."

"Oh, Mickey—Mickey, ye are goin' out av yez head wid frenzy!" wailed his wife, relapsing into the brogue of her childhood days.

"No, yer daisy; I'm going to flop game," re-

plied her husband, and with that he began to wait quietly for the approaching foe.

But the others had not given up all ideas of escape yet.

"Kick down the door," said Dan.

"Ye moight as well thry to kick down an obelisk," said Muldoon; "it is made av oak an' studded wid iron. If iver I have a house built I will build it av paper, so yer can cut yez way out wid a scissers."

"Yer won't need any house," said the Hon. Mike. "All that will beleft av yez by to-morrow morning yez kin put in a tea-cup."

Hardly had this remark been uttered before a sulphurous smoke issued from the stairs which led down to the kitchen.

It was followed by a bright glare and a perfect spray of sparks.

"Here comes der fire!" yelled Mike. "Oh, if I only had my boots on!"

"Hurray!" cried a voice, a voice which was thick and uncertain. "Hurray fer ther glorush birthday of our nashunal independensh!"

The voice was followed by a series of explosions, short, sharp, quick explosions, like to the distant rattle of musketry.

"Mosh all sissers," said the voice again, somewhat sorrowfully. "Try nozzer pack. Hurray for Wash'ton, Fazzer of his country. Wish I could get hold of the fazzer of these fire-crackers. Teach him how to slick a gemmen on sissers."

A second series of report told that a second pack had been tried.

"Wuzn't a blamed sisser there," said the voice.

"Mebbe if I keep on hurrayin' for Wash'ton there won't never be any sissers. Hurray for Wash'ton—hurray for Mrs. Wash'ton, hurray for all the Wash'ton fam'ly an' zer folks next door."

Then all was silence.

The party upon the stairs looked at each other with wonder and amazement depicted upon their countenances.

"What can it be?" wailed Mrs. Muldoon. "It's a banshee."

"I'm a red-headed old carrion crow, an' I've flown all over the world, but I never heard of a banshee wot amused himself by setting off fire-crackers, an' hurrahing for General Washington," remarked Mike. "If it's a banshee, he's drunk."

Just then there was a whizz! a whirr! and a fiery object, having a long train of sparks behind it, flew over Charcoal's head, and crashed against the front door, falling down upon the marble floor a smoking, glowing mass.

"Oh, I's a dead coon now, shuah!" bawled the little darkey. "Dat's a little debbil, come for me."

"It ain't a devil!" replied Roger, who had pressed his way down to the bottom of the stairs, and was bending over the object which had so scared Charcoal. "It's—why, it's a rocket!"

"A sky-rocket!" ejaculated Muldoon.

"Yes."

"Who the divil set it off?"

"I don't know, an' I don't care," replied the Hon. Mike. "All I want is that fire. If it don't come blasted quick, I'm going up-stairs after my boots."

"An' I'm goin' up-stairs to bed," said Dan. "If I've got to burn, I might as well burn at my aise."

But now the mysterious voice, which seemed to have control over the firework part of the programme, was heard again.

The voice was talking to itself.

"Stiddy, ould boy, stiddy," it remarked. "Guide's roight. Wonder if this pair av stairs goes down-stairs, or up-stairs, or out-stairs? Forward, march! Hippocrates, yer all roight, my son, all roight, only the atmosphere's too—hic—confinin' for yer."

The sound of staggering and uncertain footsteps was heard, followed by a heavy fall.

"Guess somezing must have dropped," said the voice, after a second's pause. "Maybe Muldoon fell outer bed. Must walk up very quiet, 'cause don't wanter wake anybody up."

A brief space, and then a figure reeled into the hall before the astonished gaze of our friends.

It was a blackened, and burned, and begrimed figure—a figure which wore its crushed hat jauntily over one eye, and was painfully uncertain as to the exact location of its legs.

In its arms the figure bore a bundle of Roman candles, while sticking out of the figure's pockets were sky-rockets, fire-crackers, and various other explosives of a pyrotechnical nature.

Tied to one of the figure's legs, and dragging along hap-hazard after him, was a small cannon.

"Be the powers, it's Hippocrates Burns, the mad poet!" shrieked Muldoon.

"Muldoon, ye're a falsifier!" replied the figure; "I ain't mad—I'm sick. Don't you wish yer wash half as sick as I am?"



"How—why—what do you mean?" asked Mrs. Muldoon, in a dazed sort of way.

Hippocrates Burns—for it was he—braced himself up against the wall, and in about two minutes got so that he could view the tableau before him.

"Wash this?" inquired he; "surprish—hic—party? Where's er refreshments? Got any cake?"

Muldoon, who was getting partially over his fright, grabbed Hippocrates by the shoulders.

"What are ye doin' wid the pyrotechnics?" he asked.

"Yer nice ole patriot," reproached Hippocrates.

"Why?"

"Don't yer know?"

"Know what?"

"Yer better go look at a—hic—railroad guide, and find out what zer day of the month. Tomorrow ain't Washitons' birthday, t'ain't April Fool Day, an' it ain't Christmas. It's Fourth of July."

"Fourth of July? ye are a maniac, man; writing bad balladry has turned yez brain. To-day is only the twentieth av June."

"Thash right," replied Hippocrates, with a cunning leer. "Guess I know who I am. Thish is leap year, an' Fourth of July comes two weeks ahead of time. Thanksgiving's coming in August."

"Where in the worruld did ye get yez ray-markable statistics?" asked Muldoon, helplessly.

"To zer clvb. Feller who writes almanacs gave it to me square."

"Sure, he must have gev ye jig-water square, too," said Muldoon.

"Nossin' but medicated ginger-ale," protested Hippocrates. "Terr'ble stuff, medicated ginger-ale. Steals away a man's brains. Hurray for George Wash'ton. Jess stand aside till I fire off my cannon."

"Ye will be fired up to bed yeself in a twinkling," was Muldoon's reply. "How did ye get in?"

"Sposh I came in through the roof?" asked Hippocrates. "Well, I didn't; wash was doors made for—fun?"

As it was afterwards found out by a series of questions, which it would occupy too much space to repeat, Hippocrates had got the door key and got himself in all right. Then, seized with an excess of drunken caution, he had locked the door.

"What did ye do wid the kay?" Muldoon asked.

Hippocrates had not the faintest idea, but advanced the idea that he might have fired it off.

"Bought all of zer fireworks on my way home," he said. "Had a glorash ole celebrashun all by myself down-stairs. Did you hear me?"

"Hear ye!" remarked Muldoon. "Not only did we hear ye, but we smelt ye. We conjectured that the house wur afire."

"Guest yer must smelt my Chinese stink-pot—smelt just like as if a dead cat had busted. Only had one, though, for the man said they wur only good to set off in a vacant lot."

"Well, the nixt toime ye get wan ye better see that a vacant lot goes wid it," retorted Muldoon. "Come along, ye poetical inebriate; can't ye ray-collect what ye did wid the door-key?"

"Spect I must have threw it away so it wouldn't get lost," sapiently said Hippocrates. "Lemme shoot off a big fire-cracker."

"If I done right," replied Muldoon, "I wud shoot ye into a bath-tub and drown ye. Shure it's a noice reputation ye give to us in the vicinity—coming home Fourth-of-July dhrunk on the 20th av June, and attempting to burn up the house wid a display av fire-works. Come up to bed, Hippocrates."

The poet suffered himself to be persuaded at last.

Assisted by Muldoon, and pushed behind by Roger and Sam, he was slowly engineered up-stairs.

He was not, however, exactly content to go to bed.

He wanted to have some more fireworks.

"Jest let me shoot off a bomb-shell," entreated he of Muldoon.

"Never a shoot!"

"Let me bang a torpedo."

"I'll bang yez head if ye do!"

"Then lemme sit down."

"What for?"

"Got er—hic—skyrocket in my boot, an' it hurts."

"Ye will play no game upon us if I allow ye to set yerself down?" somewhat suspiciously asked Muldoon.

Hippocrates looked at him haughtily.

That is, as haughtily as a gentleman chock full of alcoholic beverages could look at a second gentleman.

"The Burnses always keep their word," replied he. "It's—hic—the on'y zing they've goter keep now."

There was no refuting such a positive assertion.

The exhilarated poet was permitted to sit down. By great exertion he succeeded in getting his hand into his boot.

"Coldest sky-rocket ever I felt," he said, as he touched the article for which he was in search. "Guesh it was a cold day when it got made, an' it got—hic—froze!"

Gradually he pulled it out.

As it became visible, a cry of surprise, tinged with joy, issued from Muldoon's lips.

"Be Heavens! it is not a sky-rocket it is. It is the door-kay!" exclaimed he.

Hippocrates gazed at it in intoxicated wonder.

"How'd that get inter my boot?" queried he.

"Could that—hic—medicated ginger-ale 'fected me so that somebody sold me ole brass door-keys for sky-rockets? Medicated ginger-ale mush went to my—hic—head. Never walk in the moonlight again wiz no hat on. Bad for the brain."

"Why, ye loon!" said Muldoon, "that is the kay av our own door, that ye said ye had no ray-membrance av what ye did wid it."

A ray of recollection seemed to pierce through the mists which were obscuring Hippocrates' intellect.

"Sure enough," said he, "I did put it in my boot. Wunnerful, wasn't it? Make a good poem. 'The Concealed—hic—Key; or, The Mystery of the Bootleg.' Gimme a piece of chalk an' I'll write it—hic—on the floor."

"Not much," determinedly returned Muldoon.

"I will waltz ye away to yez rosy pillow, an' let ye go to slumber. Ye will fale more loike cutting yez throat wid a tomahawk to-morrow than ye will av writing a poem. Ye will have to put on yez hat wid a shovel for a shoe-horn."

So he was boosted up-stairs and bounced into his own room, Muldoon first wisely taking away all of his fireworks, for Hippocrates was liable to start a celebration at any moment, if the whim came into his addled skull.

"It's a marcy the fool didn't burn down the house in reality," thought Muldoon. "Be gob, I niver felt so near Purgatory in my loife as I did whin that black naygur said the door was locked."

Hippocrates went into his room, or rather tacked into it, fell over a chair, felt too tired to get up again, kicked over a table, and finally went to sleep with his head pillowed softly and comfortably upon a spittoon.

But the next morning!

Oh, that next morning!

The head of lead, the eyes of fire, the parched throat, and the general all broken-upness.

Suffice it to say, that Hippocrates was not visible all day, and ate water principally.

By confining himself to his room he missed a joke on the Hon. Mike.

It was about twilight that same night—the one succeeding the fire, or reported fire.

The Hon. Mike was seated up in his own room, reading, or at least trying to read, for it was so dark that the letters were scarcely legible.

The book was a deep and obtuse one—"Jack, the Giant Killer," and was about suited to the Hon. Mike's literary capacity.

"Oh, of course," he impatiently said, "if I want to read, it'll get dark an hour earlier. I'm nothin' but a ragged old pie-eater from Dirt Oven, an' the blasted old darkness kin come on jist when it likes."

He did not make a light, for it was very hot already, and the bright gas would render the temperature several degrees higher.

He closed his book somewhat impatiently.

As he did so a voice called to him from down-stairs:

"Mickey—Mickey!"

"It's Mary Ann," said he. "Wot does she want?"

"Mickey—Mickey!" came again.

"Well," answered he.

"I want you."

"What for?"

"There's a man fell down into our area,"

"Tell him to fall up again."

"He can't."

"Why not?"

"I guess he's dead. He don't move a bit. I've been watching him out of the parlor window. Do come down and see him."

"I will," replied the Hon. Mike, angry at being disturbed, for he was just about to light a cigar and settle down for a smoke. "I'll break his lung."

He charged down into the parlor.

His wife was peering out of the half-closed blinds of the front window at an object in the area.

"Look," she said.

The Hon. Mike peeked over her shoulder.

A huddled heap of clothes, bearing vestiges of human occupancy, was to be dimly discerned in a far corner of the area, some space away from the two steps which led to the basement door.

It did not seem to move.

"Who saw him fall down?" queried Mike.

"Roger tould me."

"Why didn't Roger bounce him?"

"Roger said he was afraid."

"Where's Muldoon?"

"Somebody tould him there was going to be an eclipse of the sun at midnight, and he has gone to get a telescope to look at it."

"Where's Dan?"

"Gone rowing."

"And the servants?"

"Out."

"Of course," grumbled Mike; "I have to do all the dirty work in this family; I'm an old mud-eater jist outer the gutter, and I ain't fit for nuthin' but to fire dead men outer areas. But I'll go down. If he ain't dead already, I'll kill him!"

"Don't get hurt, Mikey," cautioned his wife.

"Hurt! me hurt!" was the Hon. Mr. Growler's answer. "Me, w'at waded in blood up ter my gums, an' started more cemeteries than any two duffers in Nevada, hurt by a dead man. Git out!"

With these pleasant and cheerful words, the Hon. Mike went down-stairs.

He opened the basement door.

It was very dark in the area, so dark, in fact, that he could just distinguish the man.

The man lay all in a heap with his back toward Mr. Growler. His face could not be seen.

The Hon. Mike advanced.

"Here, cully," said Mike, "just you quit this diging."

No reply.

"Clear out, I say!" ordered Mr. Growler. "I'm a red flash of forked lightning jist outen a thunder-cloud, an' after I strike corpses air cheap!"

#### PART XVIII.

THE Hon. Mike's statement to the effect that he was a streak of red electricity, and that the marked value of corpses was apt to decrease after he had struck, did not seem to affect the gentleman behind the ash-barrel a bit.

He remained silent.

Never a word did he reply to Mr. Growler.

"Look a-here!" bawled Mike; "yer jist invit-ing early dissolution, if yer ain't stiff already. I'm an old smoke-cloud, jist come from Pittsburg, an' if I ever get wrapped around yer, yer will be suffocated. Get up, yon duffer!"

Yet no answer.

It was growing darker all the while, but the new moon was just beginning to peep out, and a single silvery shaft of moonlight shone down into the area, partially illumining its recesses.

By its aid the Hon. Mike could perceive that the intruder lay as calm and peaceful as ever.

The Hon. Mike got mad.

Was he to be defied by some old vagabond who had chanced to fall down into the area?

He guessed not.

"Yer can't play none uv yer deaf-and-dumb dodges onter this old bird-of-Paradise," said Mike; "I'm nuthin' but an old drab sparrer from Philadelphia, but I guess I kin git away wid a worm like yer."

Even this remark evoked no response from the mass of dirty clothes which was so snugly nestled beneath the barrel.

"I'll give yer jist one more chance to crawl," remarked Mike. "If yer ain't an absentee when I sez three, I'll kick yer ear out uv yer mouth. Listen, pilgrim, the old wild ass uv Heavenly rest is tooting his old bazoo for ther last time. One!"

No movement on the part of the person addressed.

"Two!"

Not the slightest signs of any removal.

The Hon. Mike hesitated for a moment before he pronounced the next word of the count.

He recollected hearing about a wayfarer who, upon being ordered out of a gentleman's grounds, had refused to go, and who, upon force being used to effect his ejection, had turned against the gentleman, and stabbed him fatally with a big butcher knife.

Suppose that the mute figure by the ash-barrel was that sort of a wayfarer?

Suppose he had a big butcher knife?

And suppose that he was only waiting for the Hon. Mike to use force, to get up and carve the Hon. Mike's vital organ?

Mr. Growler shuddered as these unpleasant ideas floated through his brain, for he had no particular desire to join the angel band for a while yet.

With a great effort, however, he at last shook off the feeling of fear which for a brief space affected him.

"Three!" exclaimed he, loudly.



His words had no effect whatsoever.

The moonbeams streamed down into the area, and they fell directly upon the figure which reposed so quietly. By their light it could be seen that the figure was as calm and quiet as if it was part of some picture.

The Hon. Mike raised his right foot.

"Look out for ther cold corpse reviver," said he, as he dealt a savage kick at the bundle of seeming rags.

His foot fell.

It struck the man right in the back of the neck. Without a cry, without a murmur, his head rolled off, and his face was upturned.

It was a ghastly, waxen-looking face, with great, bold, black eyes, which seemed to be staring straight at the Hon. Mike.

To say that Mr. Growler was surprised would be infinitely too mild a verb.

Rather was he paralyzed.

He had not meant to harm the intruder with his kick. He had simply meant it as a quiet hint that his presence was not appreciated.

Yet what a fearful result had ensued!

There lay the head, the moonlight gilding it with a pale-yellow tinge, which only seemed to make it appear more weird and terrible. Beside it was the headless corpse.

The Hon. Mike stood spellbound, gazing at his work for several minutes.

Then, with a wild shriek, he fled.

Right up-stairs into his own room he went, and sank, pale and shuddering, into a chair.

"I've killed him—kicked his skull plumb off!" gasped the Hon. Mike; "and I will be hung sure. They'll hang on principle in this bloody old country to git square on the American revolution. I'm a bald-headed old badger from outen a hay-rick, but I guess I got myself caught now. I'll be jerked up to Heaven with a rope around my neck, sure."

Other pictures, equally agreeable and pleasing, flashed across the noble senator's mind.

He saw himself arrested, brought to trial, convicted, sentenced, and finally executed.

It was a nice programme to gaze upon.

The Hon. Mike had only one resource in all cases of worry or perplexity.

The resource was a small flask which stood upon the shelf, and was labeled: "*Poison*."

There are those who said, however, that the "poison" label was only a brilliant spark from Mike's mighty intellect; that the flask really held the best of old corn-juice, and that the label was designed to keep away anybody who should chance to feel too fresh with the flask.

At any rate, a long pull seemed to reassure Mike greatly.

It seemed also to sharpen up his genius.

"If I could only conceal the corpse, nobody'd know I'd killed him," mused he. "I could tell Mary Ann that he skipped just as soon as I got onto him. I could bury him out in the garden under Muldoon's cranberry bushes. He might give a sort of tropical flavor to the cranberries."

The more he cogitated over this idea, the more feasible it occurred to him.

"I'm a foreigner from New Jersey," remarked he, taking a second pull at the flask, "and it is a very foggy, bad day when I ain't on deck."

He went quietly down-stairs.

He met nobody.

Sounds of conversation and laughter issued, it is true, from the parlor, but Mike had no desire to join in them.

He felt that he was a murderer.

Not a premeditated murderer, but still, in fact and deed, a killer of a fellow-man.

He had no share in conversation or laughter.

He must go and conceal the dreadful evidence of his crime. He must put the body and the decapitated head away from the sight of his fellow-mortals.

It was with considerable reluctance that he approached the area.

He dreaded to meet the stony glance of those bold, black eyes—those eyes which, through his deed, would never more shine with the light of life.

So it was that he looked with a very pale face into the area.

It was now nearly as light as day, because the moon was fully arisen, and her beams were increasing in luster every moment. Every part of the area could be distinctly seen.

The Hon. Mike gave vent to an exclamation.

Not a vestige of his victim could be seen.

The head and body had disappeared.

"Well, this knocks me cold as a piece of ice," said he. "I give it up. I'm nuthin' but an old stink-bug found onter a manure pile, and somebody better step onter me. Somebody's jist clinched onter that corpse, and I'll git hung now—dead cert!"

But to make sure of the headless man's disappearance, he peered into the ash-barrel, looked

behind the door, and even gazed scrutinizingly down a small crack between the area stones.

It was of no avail.

No corpse—no signs of a corpse.

In a dazed sort of a way he went back up-stairs.

They were laughing in the parlor yet.

He could plainly hear the silvery peal of his wife's merriment.

"Poor gal," mused he. "She ain't got the faintest idea that she's the wife uv a blood-dyed assassin, wot knocks heads off wid his hoof. There will soon be crape put around the stem uv ther Lily uv Nevada."

He resolved, however, to go into the parlor.

He hated to be alone, to have no society but that of his own remorseful thoughts.

He went in.

A sight met his eye which caused him to start suddenly back—which forced a cry of terror to his lips.

There was Mr. Muldoon and his wife laughing as if their hearts would break.

Dancing wildly about was Roger.

In Roger's arms was a limp figure, somewhat akin to a big rag-baby.

The Hon. Mike perceived a face.

It was the same face which he had seen staring at him in the area—the face of the wayfarer whom he supposed he had killed.

Roger stopped as soon as he saw Mike.

"Halloo, Mike!" said he, "here's your corpse. Didn't you wonder who had flew away with him?"

The Hon. Mike was puzzled as yet.

"I'm an old stone obelisk an' I can't tumble," said he.

"Why, Mikey, it was a joke," replied his wife.

"A joke?"

"Yis," said Mrs. Muldoon. "Roger got it up. Roger has a great sinse av humor. He inherits me own vein av wit; don't ye, Roger, allanna?"

"But—but the man!" gasped Mr. Growler.

"Oh, he's stuffed," laughed Roger; "but he broke you all up. I never saw such a pale, scaredface as you had on."

"Do yer mean to tell me it's a dummy?" asked Mike.

"That's it, rocks."

"Ain't real?"

"Oh, yes, he's real. Real straw. Set fire to his nibbs and see him burn!"

"But his face?"

"A mask. I got the figure up at a friend's. They had been having amateur theatricals, and he was used for a heavy villain, who fell over a precipice. They had no use for him further, so I took him to have some fun with. Lord! wasn't you scared when you kicked his top-piece off?"

The Hon. Mike was now all braced up. His natural brass had returned to him.

"Roger?" said he, impressively.

"Well?"

"Just say that word, slow. The Lily uv Nevada didn't quite catch it in his old petals."

"What word?"

"The one about me being—being—"

"Scared?"

"That's it, Roger; yer young and fresh—very fresh! Yer new in this revolvin' old globe uv ours. The idea uv me, a red-headed, old, yaller-bellied stork, wot's fed on blood, and built my nest in a grave-yard ever since I was hatched, being scared because I kicked the head off uv a dummy! Roger, if yer was anybody else, yer would be reposing wid yer forehead parted wid a bullet. Me scared?—me, Hon. Mike Growler, Esq., wot helped at more lynchings than there are days in the almanac!"

Roger simply laughed.

"Get out," replied he; "you was scared, and you know it."

The Hon. Mike sighed.

It was a sigh of resignation and compelled calmness.

"Roger," remarked he, "yez are my nephew by marriage."

"You bet," sweetly returned Roger; "I never was born so."

"Yez are Muldoon's son?"

"I believe so."

"And my wife's relation?"

"Yes."

"Therefore yez are safe. But just listen, Roger."

"All right; I'm an ear-trumpet."

"If it wasn't for that yez would have gazed upon yez last sun. I'm a blazing old volcano, I am, and I spit lava. If that lava would ever fall upon yez, Roger, yez would be ashes. My spit, Roger, is death!"

With that the Hon. Mike stalked out of the room, pretending not to notice the laugh which followed his exit.

"If I had that Roger down in Blood Creek I'd

kill him!" soliloquized Mr. Growler. "I never was so broken up in my life."

The joke, though, got about, and Mr. Michael was almost worried into a fever about it.

Muldoon, especially, enjoyed it.

He made sarcastic allusions to the Hon. Mike's courage until that gentleman felt like slaughtering his worthy brother-in-law.

"I'll get square on that flannel-mouthed tarrier," said the Hon. Mike, "if it causes a divorce in my family relations. I'm a hump-backed old porcupine, I am, and when I git bothered I shoot quills."

And the speaker carefully nursed his wrath, and assumed a smiling face. But he was waiting for a chance for revenge. "Allee samee," as St. Patrick would have said, had he known the state of the Hon. Mike's mind.

London at last grew intolerably hot.

The sun shone down with great warmth, and fairly baked the houses, likewise the dwellers therein.

Muldoon felt the hot wave more than anybody else.

"Be Heavens!" he said, one evening, a baking, sultry, not-a-breeze stirring evening, "I will not stand it. I am not a potato, to be roasted."

"How can ye help it?" queried Dan. "Bedad, if I wur a polar bear I wud be happy."

"I intind to fly away from the brick and mortar oven," replied Muldoon.

"Where to?"

"The say—the say, the deep, blue say. I wud give me Koh-i-nor diamond pin for a whiff av saline breeze."

Dan said it was a good idea.

"If I stayed here much longer," remarked he, "I wud nade no burial. I wud degenerate into a grease-spot, and ye could woipe me up wid a rag. Faix, I am perspiring so that me hair is afloat in me hat."

"Don't articulate in regard to perspiration. I have exhumed so much skin-dew that people take me for a sprinkling-cart whiniver I promenade the strate."

"Wot are yer talking about?" asked the Hon. Mike, appearing at this stage of the proceedings in a negligent dress of collarless shirt, pantaloons and very red slippers.

"Are ye hot, me bould prairie rose?" asked Muldoon, disregarding the question.

The Hon. Mike wiped away the perspiration from his brow with a snort of disgust.

"Bless yer, I ain't hot," replied he. "Lord, no; I'm cool, I am. I want to put on a quilt, and go sit around a fire. Don't I look cool and icy and wintry?"

"Not quite," laughed Dan.

"I guess not," answered Mike, dropping his ironical tone. "Boyees, I thought I wur an old clammy icicle knocked off the North Pole, an that I could stand all sorts of weather; but this, boyees, jist lays me out horizontal. I believe I would like to be a stiff old corpse."

"Why?"

"Jist to lay on cracked ice. London be blanked."

"Ye coincide wid my sentiments to an iota," said Muldoon. "Great brains, begorra, actuate their intellectualities in the same channel; will ye join us?"

"In what?"

"Skipping."

"Where to?"

"The foam-crested billowy sea-side. If iver I get there I intind to make application to the marine authorities to be engaged as a lighthouse, and be anchored out in the ocean. I believe it is the only cool place."

The Hon. Mike said he would go.

He was an old sea-gull, born on the bounding billow, and he wanted to skim over the surf.

The proposition was next put to the ladies.

They were willing—nay, anxious—to leave the hot and dusty city for the cool sea-side.

So it was decided that the whole party should go to Brighton.

Brighton is one of England's most popular watering-places, situated up in the English channel, about fifty miles south of London.

It has a coast frontage of three miles and a trifle, and is divided into two parts, one situated upon a range of high, chalky cliffs; the other upon a low and pebbly beach. Two great piers, more than a thousand feet long, extend into the sea, and are the fashionable promenades of an afternoon. In fact, is a sort of cross between our Long Branch and Coney Island.

The next day our characters went there by a morning train.

They arrived about noon.

"Shall we go to a hotel?" asked Muldoon.

"No," decidedly replied his wife.

"Why not?"

"Ye know very well why, Terry. Ye would



niver get away from the bar and billiard-room. We will go an' take private lodgings."

That settled it.

What Mrs. Muldoon said was law.

But private lodgings were difficult to get.

Every house seemed to be filled, or rooms had been engaged ahead.

After an hour's unsuccessful tramp from house to house, Muldoon began to kick.

"Yez executive ability, Mrs. M.," remarked he, "is being manifested in its usual dazzling way. All av the private lodgings we will get will be adjacent to a sand-hill or a station-house."

"There's a house now, with a sign av: 'Rooms to let,'" said Mrs. Muldoon.

Muldoon looked at the house.

It was a low-roofed cottage, dismal and unpainted.

"I wud rather board in a barrel," he remarked. "Shurely, ye will not brace that chateau, Bridget?"

But Bridget would.

And she did.

In response to her ring, a fat, smiling lady came to the door.

Mrs. Muldoon explained her errand.

The fat lady was more smiling than ever. She directed one of her most beaming smiles at Muldoon.

He nudged Dan.

"Did ye get onto it?" he asked.

"What?"

"Me mash."

"What on?"

"The fairy of the chateau. Begob, I have her dead. I niver yet saw a faymale who could resist me captivating carriage. I belave I wur a fairy foundling."

"If yez ould woman hears ye—ye will be a fairy ruin," replied Dan.

"Have ye lodgings to let?" asked Mrs. Muldoon.

The fat lady said "yes."

"I only take the best of people, mum," she said, "and that is the reason my rooms are empty. Yer wouldn't realize, mum, what a crowd of low people—people with no education, has been a-pestering me for my rooms; but I wouldn't have them, mum—no, mum, not for all the wealth of the Ingies. A real leddy, like yourself, can understand my feelinks."

"She raycognizes the royal blood in me woife's veins," whispered Muldoon to Mike. "Me woife was the dayscendant av a king."

"King of clubs!" unfeelingly replied Mike, and Muldoon subsided.

His wife now began to chaffer with the fat lady in the usual feminine way, and Roger got tired of it.

"Say, pop?" remarked he.

"Well?" answered Muldoon.

"Just had a sudden thought."

"What?"

"Let's go swimming."

"Roger, yez brain-jan is 'getting more voluminous every day," said Muldoon. "We will away and play sirens av the dape."

The fat lady said it was a very good notion, indeed.

"The ladies can rest and examine the rooms," she suggested.

So it was decided.

The gentlemen went down to the beach.

Now, a favorite way of bathing in England is not known to us here.

They have movable bathing-houses, which are placed on wheels, and moved out into the waves. The bather undresses in them and dips himself, free from scrutiny, under a sort of awning which extends from the rear of the bath-house. A glance at the illustration will give you a better idea than any printed description.

Muldoon was gone on the snap right away.

He was going to have one, all by himself, or he wouldn't bathe.

So he hired one.

Dan, Mike, Roger and Mr. Henry Huggs elected to go bathing in the usual way.

They kindly volunteered to push Muldoon out themselves.

"Now, don't go far," said Muldoon. "Ye know I am not a water-sprite, and I cannot swim wid-out me feet touch ground."

They replied that they would push him out just a little way, just far enough to bathe with comfort.

The boys began to push.

Meanwhile, Muldoon had got undressed.

He noticed the water was rising in his bath-house.

It got up to his knees.

Finally to his middle.

Muldoon was scared.

He did not dare to go out into the water, for he could not swim.

Still the water rose.

At last, moved to desperation, he with a blow of his fist shattered the weak, rotten roof.

"Ye blagguards!" he yelled, climbing out and shaking his fist at his grinning friends; "do ye mane to extinguish me vital spark wid salt wather?"

#### PART XIX.

MULDOON'S appeal did not appear to have the least effect upon his friends, the volunteer pushers of the wheeled bathing-house.

They continued to push.

They were all good swimmers.

So it was that they could push with one hand, while supporting themselves in the water by aid of the other and their feet.

It was lots of fun for them.

But it was not for Muldoon.

The bathing-machine, it is true, was floating.

But it was three-quarters full of water, besides the weight of Muldoon.

It seemed only a mere question of time, as to how long it would be before it sank beneath the surface of the waves.

And Muldoon could not swim; or at least he could not in the present exigency.

In reality, he had swam, in the days when he was keeping the old boarding-house in New York City, but now he was as ignorant of the aquatic art as a child just born, for want of practice and fear—especially fear—seemed to have deprived him of all idea of keeping himself afloat.

He climbed away out upon the roof of the bathing-house.

"Howld on, ye divils!" he yelled. "Wud ye slaughter me in cowl'd brine?"

"Hey?" yelled the Hon. Mike.

"Do ye not perceive that I am over my head?"

"Then swim out!" unfeelingly replied Mike.

"Push, boys, push!"

Further out went the bathing-house.

Muldoon being upon its roof, very naturally went further out also.

Only the roof of the frail wooden affair was now visible over the top of the waves.

"Ye darty British spies!" he bawled, in a tone of terror. "Ye rascally reptiles from the black north! If iver I git ashore, there will be a sudden death av males in me family. It is a quadruped obsequy which will eventuate. Begorra, I will become a dynamite fiend, and scatter yez bones to the breezes!"

His false friends and relatives only laughed.

They began to allude to him and his perilous position in terms of obloquy and contempt.

"Luk at Robinson Crusoe!"

"Sinbad the Sailor, how are ye?"

"It's a floating island, and Muldoon is king!"

"Muldoon, the Mermaid! Bring out yer harp!"

"Get out! He's a coral insect!"

"It's a waif on a wreck!"

"It's a sea-serpent! It's a blasted, ugly, red-gummed old sea-serpent! Gim me a gun till I shoot it!"

"Begob, I belave it is a freckle on a gang-plank!"

So cried Roger, and Dan, and the Hon. Mike. Even Mr. Henry Huggs cast his quiet satire at the unhappy gent upon the bathing-machine.

"H'I'll be 'anged," said he, "h'if h'it h'ain't h'an h'oyster! H'it's h'an h'oyster with h'its shell h'off!"

Hardly had Mr. Huggs uttered this (for him) very humorous remark, before an accident occurred, which was not expected either by himself or his jocular fellow-pushers.

A huge wave came rolling in.

It surged over the bathing-machine, very nearly dislodging Muldoon, who only by the most desperate efforts kept his position, and rolled with its surf-crest over the merry quartet in his rear.

They all had hold of the handles of the wooden structure upon which our hero was perched.

But the onslaught of the waves was so sudden, so disconcerting, that, hardly aware of what they were doing, they let go.

This action was fatal to Muldoon.

The wave in its recedence bore him out to sea.

When our four friends regained their self-possession and got the salt water out of their eyes, Muldoon was far away.

Fully a quarter of a mile away, floating rapidly out toward where the sea and sky seemed merged in the horizon, he could be seen gesticulating wildly, a sort of human jumping-jack, upon the rapidly receding bathing-machine.

They gazed at each other in fear. It was a most unexpected and unwelcome end to their practical joke.

With blanched faces they gazed at each other.

"Whurra—whurra!" cried Dan; "it is meself who discounts Cain! I have kilt me brother! Why did I not lave me hands wid glue, so that I could have kept a firm grip upon that handle?"

"We 'ave h'assassinated 'im!" wailed Mr. Huggs; "h'unintentionally h'assassinated, but h'it's h'all the same. H'I shall see h'a 'orrible h'and watery ghost h'a saying: 'You h'are h'an h'assassin, 'Enery 'Uggs! h'every night.'"

The Hon. Mike, too, was a victim of remorse.

"I wuz born on a rainy day," he said, "whin it rained and hailed and snowed. My name is Bad Luck, and I come from No-Good Gulch. I own I've been bad—bad way up to my eyes, an' ther pink in my nails is dead-man's blood. I'm a potato bug."

Roger, however, was the coolest of the party.

As our readers have doubtless become aware, Roger wasn't a-going to weep for a dead man till he was sure the man was actually dead. That was the sort of realistic hair-pin he was.

"Pop will fetch up all right," he remarked. "He's a Jonah, he is. You can't drown him."

"But he can't swim," said Dan.

"Then let him walk."

"Roger, ye shock me. There is yer father floating out to eternity, an' ye joking about him."

"Pop's been in many a worse scrape, and always came out ride side up with care. He'll fetch up alive and well somehow."

The Hon. Mike would not have it.

He watched the jumping-jack upon the bathing-house, which was now of but a pigmy size, and a tear, yes, really a tear, coursed down the mottled features of the Lily of Nevada.

"Muldoon is gone!" said he. "'Twon't be long before he's an angel in a pair av red flannel bathing-tights. If I'd a-dropped onter his leaving us so soon, I'd never lent him my gold collar-button."

Sorrowfully the four went ashore and dressed, carefully avoiding, however, the ancient mariner who had hired the bathing-machine to them. He might have asked some unpleasant questions relative to that article's whereabouts.

They dressed and sauntered away.

Suddenly an idea—an idea of a troublesome gender, occurred to Mr. Huggs.

"Mr. Growler?" said he.

"Well?" replied Mike.

"Beggin' your pardon, but what will we give them?"

"Who?"

"The leddies."

"About wot, an' wot ladies do you refer to?"

"Mrs. Muldoon h'and your h'elegant h'and h'intellectual wife. H'it will break their 'earts."

"Wot?"

"The 'ead h'of the family's h'extraordinary h'and h'unexpected h'accident. 'Ow will you break the h'awful h'intimation?"

The Hon. Mike stopped short and poked his cane into the sand in perplexity.

He looked at Dan.

Dan looked at him.

And Roger could only stand and look helplessly at Mr. Huggs, who in turn looked at the sea-waves, which rollicked and frolicked upon the sandy beach just as gayly and wantonly as if Muldoon was not drifting away upon their bosom.

They had never thought of the effect which Muldoon's enforced voyage must have upon his wife and sister.

Mrs. Muldoon will go h'into 'istericks," said Mr. Huggs. "She will be cut up h'awfully, h'in fact, h'infernally."

"You don't mean to give the truth away, do ye?" asked Roger, after a dismal pause.

"Got ter," answered Mr. Growler.

"Why?"

"Yer dad went out wid us, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"He didn't come back wid us?"

"No."

"And there ain't no blasted old probability that he will come back wid us, except by a miracle, an' ther old miracle-mill ain't a working nowadays."

"The next we'll see of Mr. Muldoon," sadly prophesied Mr. Huggs, "will be h'as a 'ideous h'an h'orful corpse, a-floatin' h'in h'upon the tide, with h'an h'heel in h'each h'ear, h'an a cral h'in 'is h'eye."

"I will repeat," said Roger, "that dad will be with us again, bright as a sand-papered penny. He's been in a blamed sight worse fix, and got out O. K. Now, did anybody notice dad sail off?"

Dan replied that he didn't think so. There had been but few people on the beach, and they were all attending to their own affairs.

"How about Hippocrates Burns?" asked Roger. "I forgot he was with us."

"He left before we went bathing," said Dan. "He was afraid he would catch cold if he went in. Besides, he caught a mash."

"Right ye are," corroborated Mike. "I saw him myself, waltzing down the beach with an old she-dromedary in a yaller bonnet. He's for-



got all about us. I'm an old double-jawed alligator, an' I kin chaw more niggers' heads off in one minute than any other double-jawed alligator kin in a day, but I don't want to go home."

"Why?" questioned Roger.

"I'm a married man, Roger—a connubial old Benedictine. The kicking old wild ass uv Heaven's rest is inter domestic traces. Roger, yer aunt is a good wife—I can just paralyze anybody who says she ain't—but some of her ways are very premature and peccoliar. Jest as soon as she hears about Muldoon, she'll swear I did it on purpose, and she'll waft stove-lifters and pianos and chairs at me. I guess I'll go off

"But I do. I will explain Muldoon's sudden absence. Ye will not see him for a week."

"Was he dhrunk again, and sent up for that space av existence?"

"No, Bridget, ye wrong yer noble husband. He wur called away back to London."

"Who by?"

"The Land League."

"Is he a Land-Leaguer?"

"Yis; a big man. He houlds the fate av Oireland in his fist. Did he niver divulge it to ye?"

"Niver."

"I see. He wur bound by an oath av blood to saycrecy. Ye will not repeat what I said?"

Mrs. Muldoon promised not to.

"Do yer mean that blamed old bald-headed she-buzzard yer war walking wid?"

"She is a lady—a lady of rank," dignifiedly replied Hippocrates.

"The rankest lady I ever saw."

"She has a soul for poetry."

"And a mouth for hash."

"She has read me rhymes."

"No wonder she's bald-headed. Your poetry would take the hair off uv a buffalo."

"She has a sympathetic spirit."

"Gin, I'll bet!"

"She has been crossed in love."

"She'd orter be crossed wid a bludgeon!"

"But she's a treasure."



Then the donkeys began a regular circus, kicking, and rearing, and plunging, while a policeman rushed forth and grabbed desperately at the bridle of Muldoon's donkey.

and find a sand-cave, and become a hairy old hermit."

"Nobody wants you to tell your wife. You've got about the thickest head I ever saw," impatiently said Roger. "We'll say Muldoon was suddenly called away to London."

"On Land League business," put in Dan.

"Bully! and we'll say he didn't have time to write, but sent word with us."

So it was agreed upon.

The quartet proceeded back to the cottage.

Mrs. Muldoon had finished chaffering with the at lady, whose name, by the way, was Mrs. Briggs, and had secured almost the whole cottage or the use of her party.

Her wifely eye noticed that Muldoon was not isible.

"Where's Terry?" asked she.

Dan answered by a wink of great mystery.

"Whist!" said he.

"Why?"

"Retire to the privacy av the back stoop wid me."

Mrs. Muldoon obeyed.

Her face was full of wonderment, as she looked up to Dan.

"What is the maning av this raymarkable procedure?" asked she.

"Not so loud," cautioned Dan.

"Why not?"

"There may be a black British spy in the cistern."

"I don't care if there's one in the slop-bucket."

Anything that had a tinge of mystery to it was pleasing to her. And it tickled her self-pride to think that her husband was one of the noble Land-Leaguers.

So she made an excuse to Mrs. Briggs for her husband's absence.

And as the excuse was accompanied by the first week's rent in advance, Mrs. Briggs did not care if Muldoon never appeared again.

Hippocrates Burns came back to dinner—he was never away from his grub—and he was told the same story.

He believed it all the more that his thoughts were running in an entirely different channel.

After lunch he walked out and met the Hon. Mike, who was puffing a big cigar, and thinking about Muldoon.

"The poor old sucker," reflected Mr. Growler.

"Probably he's down—down at the bottom av the sea, wid a darned old shark a-lunching off uv his mug. Ah, Mary Ann—Mary Ann, my rose-bud wife, you didn't know how remorseful I felt when yer gracefully slung the oleomargarine at me at grub time! Little yer know I killed yer brother!"

His melancholy musings were interrupted by Hippocrates.

"Did ye gun me off, Mike?" queried the poet.

"Where?"

"Upon the bosom av the whitey sand. Did you see her?"

"See wot?"

"That nymph."

"If I owned her I'd make a buried treasure uv her, blasted quick. Does she go by clock-work, or is it natural?"

Hippocrates favored him with a glance of pity, not unmingled with scorn.

"Ye may think ye are funny, but ye are not," he remarked. "She is simply a dear. Her name is Lucinda Clara Muggles."

"Lucinda Clara Mud would be better," growled the Hon. Mike. "She has a complexion like an earth-mound."

Hippocrates pretended not to hear.

"I have composed an ode to her," he went on. "The first line goes as follows:

"Fair angel of the lurid sands,  
As soft as pie-crust are your hands;  
Your face——"

Here the poet ceased.

The Hon. Mike took him by the collar and the bosom of his pants, and ran him to the gate.

"Go outside an' give ther rest to ther breeze!" ordered Mike. "I'm an orphan, I am; a quiet, mournful old Nevada orphan, wot gineraly does nuthin' but weep over a lock of his angel mother's wig. But if yer inflict any more uv ther bloody ould puzzle poetry ontar me, I'll riz right up an' change inter a cruel an' fiendish step-father. An' if I do, yer will step farther than yer ever did before. Yer will step right inter a yawning grave!"

Then the Hon. Mike let go of the unappreciated genius, and walked moodily away, chewing at his cigar.



Hippocrates gazed at him scornfully. "Base outlaw! ye have no genius in your soul," said he. "But never mind. Lucinda Clara Muggles, I am gone upon you—and your wealth—I think I will retire to the solitude of me own room and embalm your charms in a stanza."

And he retired.

Now let us go back to Muldoon.

Each wave carried the unlucky Irishman further out to sea, for the current was running rapidly out.

The land finally grew indistinct, and at last faded from view altogether.

Nothing could be seen but water and sky.

fire-works on me yacht at noight. They will take me for a phantom ship!"

Alas for his hopes!

The box was not full.

Not even partially full.

There were just two matches.

And one had its igniting top rubbed off.

"Get out, ye bald-headed son av a gun!" remarked Muldoon, as he pitched it away.

The other one, however, was good.

"Ye're a pet, ye are," complimented he. "I will put ye next to me heart and save ye for an emergency. Perhaps I may desire to set the billows on fire wid ye as a signal av distress."

He put on his vest.

But it was not so easy to go to sleep, though the channel was as calm as a mirror.

He passed the night in short, uneasy naps, and was glad when morning came.

It was a bad morning, too.

A dense fog hung over all, and the water began to be rough again.

Muldoon peered into the fog about him.

"I wish I had a dove," he said. "I wud imitate Noah, and send him to luk for land. Why didn't I put a dove in my vest pocket?"

## PART XX.

MULDOON continued to gaze about him. But, as we said at the end of our last part, it was all



"Ye blaggards!" he yelled, climbing out and shaking his fist at his grinning friends; "do ye mane to extinguish me vital spark wid salt wather?"

"Bedad, I am Robinson Crusoe wid a vengeance," said he. "Whin I wur a boy I always wanted to be shipwrecked, for the romance av the thing. But the divil a bit av romance is there about being shipwrecked upon a bathing-house, wid no attire but a pair av red-flannel bathing-tights, an' nothing to ate but an oil-skin cap."

His reference to his clothes made him think that he had left the more substantial part of his costume inside of the machine.

Even as he thought he saw two articles float rapidly past upon the surface of the waves.

"Begorra! it is me pants and coat!" he bawled; "come back, ye waifs av the wreck!"

They wouldn't, though.

They spun away, until becoming water-soaked, they sank down out of sight.

"I wondher how they escaped?" said he. "I must investigate."

He crawled along the roof and peered over.

The door was open, probably forced so by the action of the waters.

A third garment was just whirling out of the bath-house's interior.

He grabbed it.

It was his vest.

He wrung it carefully out, and examined it.

His watch, diamond-pin, and a box of waterproof matches were in it.

"St. Patrick watches over us Cubans," said he. "I wondher how many torches there are in me match-box. If there are sufficient, I will have

"I will wear me watch-chain around me neck, and pin me diamond in me bathing-pantalettes," explained he. "I may catch a mash upon a mermaid."

His frail support tossed in the rush of the sea, but he was convinced it would not sink.

It was all wood, even to the wheels, and consequently there was no liability of it going down.

"I will be picked up by some ship, anyhow," he thought to himself. "Bedad, if I only had a pack av cards I cud play solitaire for the say-water."

But as he had no cards, it was plain that solitaire could not be played.

Night came on.

The shadows fell thick and fast upon the vast expanse of blue about him, until finally the color changed into a black.

The sea became still.

One by one the stars peeped out and twinkled fitfully above Muldoon's head.

A second search of his vest revealed in an inside pocket a ball of cord.

"I wondher where the ould b'ye I got that?" he said. "I must have meant to turn Thug and strangle Mike. But it will come in very convenient."

With quite commendable ingenuity he succeeded in lashing himself to the bathing-house, so that he could not be washed off.

"I belave I will not pull any quilt over me," he said; "it is apt to heat the blood and curdle the lungs. I will go to slape."

fog. Fog to the right of him, fog to the left of him, fog in front of him—in fact, a misty, impenetrable, damp and dreary fog.

He shivered.

The fog was not at all warm. It chilled his bones, and dampened his skin, and laid a thin but disagreeable coating of moisture upon his bathing-house.

"I betther put me watch and goold chain in me pocket," remarked he. "Even if there was a mermaid, she niver could see me. I would give me fortune for a barren island, full av people, where I cud get something to ate."

No barren island was visible; moreover, in the phraseology of the Hon. Mike, "no nothing was visible"—naught except fog.

To add to his pleasure and keen relish of the situation, he was beginning to grow hungry.

"I wish I was a cannibal," he remarked; "I wud lunch off av me leg. But me fastidious digestion revolts at the dinginess av me toe-nails. It is too much in mourning they are."

He searched in his vest once more.

"I may find a pork pie hid in the lining, or a bologna sausage concealed beneath the velvet av me collar," soliloquized he.

He was bound to be disappointed.

Not a trace of anything eatable was there in the vest.

"Bedad, I will suck a pocket!" he exclaimed. "I raymember wanst I put a candle in the top wan. The taste of the tallow may be brain-sustaining!"



He sucked a pocket.

All he could taste was salt—the salt from the sea-water which had flooded the vest.

"This is a punishment on me," he remarked. "Whin a b'ye in ould Ireland I flung away a biscuit wan day. I wanted ice crame and cake for me supper. The biscuit was so hard that I kilt a dog wid it, but me mother said some day I wud nade that biscuit. Be Heaven, to-day's the day! Me yacht for a biscuit. No, I will take that back. How cud I float on a biscuit?"

Then his thoughts went back to days gone by.

Days when he was a bold and mighty city father—one of New York's noble board of aldermen.

"An' to luk at me now—me who carried the bloody Sixth Ward in me pocket, an' had eight gas-lamps an' a calcium loight put in front av me boarding-house. Me who had a salvo av artillery foired in me honor ivery toime I wint through the City Hall Park, an' passed a bill making the sun roise ivery day at eight precisely. Luk at me now—shipwrecked on top av a darty British bathing-house! Bedad, if I only had a grane flag, I wud take possession av it in the name av Ireland! An' me attoire, too. Faix, it wud break the heart av an old-clothesman wid invy. A water-logged vest, a pair av red flannel bathing-tights, an' an oil-skin cap! Why, I haven't enough upon me to set the fashion for a fish."

He stopped his monologue long enough to look about him for a brief space.

"I wish I could foind a wreck," said he. "All av the castaways I iver read av found wrecks wid eatables an' foire-arms and gold galore into them. I wud be satisfied to foind the wreck av a bakery, or a dime restaurant. But the fog is so thick I could not percaive a wreck if it wur growing roight adjacent to me. Dom the fog! If I only had Mr. Growler's breath I wud be all roight. It is powerful enough to disperse any fog."

So he went on, talking to himself about any and every subject that came into his head.

The hours passed by.

The hunger was increasing.

And the awful agony of thirst was making itself felt.

There was water—water all around, but not a drop to drink.

His situation, it is true, was very romantic, but it was not pleasant.

Romantic situations are very often that way in real life.

"If I wur only in Casey's bar-room down in Mulligan's Alley, wid me feet up against the bar, and the free lunch widin grab, I wud niver lave it," said he. "As for a sup av whisky, that wud be heaven!"

Suddenly, however, the fog began to lift, and a few rays of sunshine began to struggle through the mist.

He could now see a few feet around him.

Suddenly a sound of rustling sails, and the splatter caused by a sail-boat's bow as she progressed through the water under a stiff breeze, was heard.

It was followed by other sounds.

The voices of men in conversation, mingled with snatches of song and merry laughter.

"Saved!—saved!" exclaimed Muldoon, springing to his feet—for he had loosened the cord which bound his bathing-machine. "Boat ahoy—ahoy!"

There was a moment's pause.

Then came back the cry:

"Ship ahoy!"

"'Tain't a ship—it's a floating bath-tub!" yelled back Muldoon.

Again a pause.

Then:

"Bath-tub ahoy! Where away?"

"Anywheres. Pick me up!"

"Are you adrift?"

"Do ye think I am a horse-back? Come to me aid!"

"We can't see you."

"Feel for me, then—feel for me! Luk for me wid a piece av smoked glass—if it's good for eclipses, it ought to be good for fog."

The splatter of the sail-boat grew nearer.

A moment more and it loomed out of the fog, but a few yards distant from Muldoon.

It was a rakish pleasure craft, elegantly rigged and ornamented, with all sails set and bellying in the wind, for quite a breeze had sprung up, although it seemed to be diminishing again.

A party of gentlemen, dressed in blue yachting suits, were aboard.

They had evidently been at lunch, for a snowy-clothed table could be seen upon the forward deck, upon which were visible the remains of a substantial meal.

It was not surrounded, though, by diners.

The excitement caused by Muldoon's cries had

caused the party to jump up and scan the waters.

When Muldoon first caught sight of them, they were all peering intently over the rail.

They beheld him almost instantly.

"There it is!" cried one.

To his great disgust, yells of laughter arose from his new-found neighbors.

They could hardly be blamed, for he was a funny enough sight to make a brass stork laugh.

Besides, the yachters were a merry, reckless set of young scamps out for a racket, and they were willing to laugh at or make fun of anything.

A perfect shower of jokes fell fast and furious upon Muldoon's ears.

"What is it?"

"It's a sea-serpent!"

"It's a demon of the deep!"

"It's an Irish mermaid!"

"Some garbage boat dumped it!"

"'Tain't; it's Davy Jones come up out of his locker. Halloo, Davy, how much for the vest?"

"Are oil-skin caps fashionable down below, Davy?"

"Hey, Davy, what corpse did you steal those pants off of?"

"Got any sea-fairies down below, Davy? Bring 'em up till we have some fun with them!"

"Why don't you shave yourself, Davy?"

"And cover your bare legs, Davy. Oh, fie! you're a bald-headed old reprobate!"

These queries and remarks were cried out in about one-fifth of the time it takes you to read them, and though they might not have been considered by some to be very complimentary, Muldoon was not in a position to stand upon his dignity.

"Pick me up, plaze?" requested he.

"We ain't on the pick up, Davy," replied a yachter. "We're good boys."

"Wud ye lave a human being to die?"

"You ain't human. You're a spirit, Davy."

"Ye dirty suckers!" bawled Muldoon, getting angry; "if ye lave me to perish may the curse of the dead rest upon ye!"

"You won't get left," responded the yachter; "but we've got to tack before we can pick you up. Ta-ta! we'll see you later!"

Muldoon could hear the sailing-master give the order to "'bout ship," and he felt happy. At last he was saved.

Alas, for human hope!

There is many a slip between cup and lip.

Suddenly, a dense fog-bank settled down without hardly a second's warning.

It was thick, dense and impenetrable.

Muldoon could see no yacht, hardly could he see his hand before him.

"Davy Jones, where are you?" came a voice through a speaking-trumpet.

"Here—here!" bawled back Muldoon. "For Heaven's sake, don't lose me!"

Moments passed.

No yacht appeared, to take him on her friendly deck.

Instead there came in faint tones:

"Davy, have you gone back to your locker? We can't find—"

Then all was silent.

Naught disturbed the silence save the splash of the waves over the bathing-house.

He was lost.

Lost in the fog.

The yacht might look for him all day in that gray blanket of air and mist, and not find him.

With a cry more like the snarl of a wild beast than the utterance of a human, he threw himself down flat upon his frail support.

His mental sufferings, added to his physical ones, made his condition almost unbearable.

He was tempted to roll over into the sea, and end his sufferings by death.

Hope, however, restrained him.

"One bed-bug," murmured he, "is the augur of a brood. Perhaps one ship may be the augur of a fleet."

Time flew on, but on leaden wings.

All at once the fog-bank cleared away as suddenly as it had appeared.

The sun shone out in all its splendor, seeming to mock Muldoon's misery with its glorious golden beams.

Far away to the horizon he could see a white sail.

It must be the yacht!

He stood up and shouted wildly, flourishing his vest above his head. He did not think for a second that while he could see the yacht those on board could not see him. He was but a speck upon the mighty waste of waters.

The sail lessened in size, and got lower and lower beneath the water-line.

At last it was gone.

Muldoon was about to give vent to a cry of de-

spair, when his eye caught sight of an object bobbing merrily over the waves toward him.

It came nearer and nearer, until he could make out its shape and identity.

It was a small, wooden box about two feet in length, and an equal number in breadth.

It floated nigh unto him.

Moved more by curiosity, perhaps, than any other feeling, he reached forth and grasped it with his right hand.

There was a card, fastened with nails, or rather large tacks, upon its surface.

There was an inscription upon the card, which, though the action of the waves had dimmed the ink with which it had been inscribed, was yet legible.

It read thus:

"TO DAVY JONES, ESQ.—We've! searched for you, but failed to find you. If this reaches you, all right—if it doesn't, all wrong. Yours, old man,

"THE CREW OF THE 'SWALLOW.'"

"I belave they have sint me a valentine," said Muldoon, as he drew the box up on the boards and began to pry off the lid.

It was not fastened very securely, and the lid was soon off.

What did he see?

A sight more precious than gold or jewels, or all the precious stones in the world. He would not have exchanged the contents of that box for a monarch's diadem.

Inside the box was a flask of water, a flask of brandy, three loaves of bread, a pie and a cold joint of mutton. Literally had the jolly, good-hearted crew of the *Swallow* cast their bread upon the waters, and, by a providential accident, it had reached him for whom it was meant.

Muldoon was never so happy in his life.

"The darlings, the daisies, the yachting angels!" murmured he, between bites of the bread and gulps of the water. "I wish I had them all in New York! I wud foind political posts for thim—ivery mother's son. I wud saycure thim the position av obelisk inspectors, to see that no foreign power sthole our obelisk, wid a salary av fifty dollars a day an' board."

He was wise enough, however, to save the joint of mutton and the flask of brandy.

"I may need it for breakfast," remarked he. "Besides, I dare not ate it. I have devoured enough av fog already, an' too many rich ray-pasts are apt to sit heavy upon wan's stomach. If I had a cigar now, I wud be taken for an ocean nabob."

The repast had raised his spirits.

He was now the same dare-devil, happy-go-lucky, don't-care-a-cent Muldoon as of old.

He floated on placidly.

All he wanted, as he confidentially told the sea, was a black flag.

"If I only had a black flag," expressed he, "wid a skull an' a pair av cross-bones on it, begorra, I wud play the Naked Pirate av the British Channel, an' capthure a shark!"

After a while the night began to fall.

Day was expiring; the red west betokened the setting of the sun. For a second night would our hero be afloat upon the brine.

He did not feel hungry when the sun finally sank to rest, and he resolved to still further postpone the execution of his cold mutton and brandy.

"I will put the mutton insoide av me cap," said he. "Besoides, it being a safe place, the tal-low will polish me bald spot, and sort av put a halo around it. A halo wud have a great effect if I should, by chance, meet savages. They wud take me for a spirit, and perhaps make a god av me."

Accordingly, the meat was placed beneath the oil-skin, and corking the bottle of brandy so tightly that it was sure no water could get into it if by chance he was submerged, he tied it to the bathing-house.

Then he fixed himself as he had the previous night, lashing himself fast with the cord.

This night, however, was in striking contrast to the previous one.

There was no breeze at all; the air was calm and still, and not a ripple disturbed the surface of the channel.

But a strong tide was running, which bore him rapidly away, although he scarcely felt the motion.

The moon, too, was out, and a perfect flood of golden hue lay upon the placid waves. It was almost as light as day.

"If I only had a Dutch band, what a splendid moonlight picnic I cud have," sighed Muldoon. "But I may niver see a band again—not even an Italian wid a monkey."

It was so quiet and still that he soon went to sleep.

He must have slept like a log, for when he was awakened it was by a most tremendous shock.



He started up.  
 "Be Heaven! I must have struck a rock!" exclaimed he.  
 He rubbed his eyes and gazed about.  
 What for?  
 Was he yet asleep and dreaming, or did his eyes deceive him?  
 The bathing-house was hard and fast aground!  
 It was now morning, and by the sun's first beams he could behold, but a little way from him—land!  
 It seemed to be an island, with a sandy, sloping beach, ending in a range of tree-crested hills.  
 Not a soul was visible; no houses, buildings, or habitations of any sort.  
 Neither did any animals make their appearances.  
 The only signs of life were a flock of sea-gulls which were circling about, occasionally dipping into the water in search of their finny prey.  
 Muldoon uttered a joyful cry.  
 "I have sthruken a daysarted island at last," cried he. "Now to luk for a man Friday."  
 He waded ashore with but little difficulty, the water only being up about his waist.  
 The first thing he did was to dry himself in the sun.  
 That done, he scratched his head and reflected.  
 "The proper capah, I believe," remarked he, "is to make a foire. That is the usual procaydure as a shipwrecked mariner."  
 What the use of a fire was it was hard to tell.  
 It was hot enough to scorch almost anybody.  
 But in all the books of shipwrecks, castaways, and waifs of a wreck which he had ever read, the first thing the hero did upon arriving at their desert island (for they always found a desert island), was to build a fire.  
 "I must have a conflagration," soliloquized he, or the "romance will be lacking in me exploits. "Where is me water-proof match?"  
 He recollected that it was safe in his vest pocket.  
 He pulled it out.  
 While gazing upon it a sudden and unpleasant thought occurred to him.  
 Suppose it should go out when he ignited it?  
 He would be fireless.  
 No respectable desert island grows matches, and if that one should fail he would be left—most decidedly left.  
 But another idea came to him.  
 He remembered reading in one of the very truthful accounts of shipwrecks and disasters, that some gifted person had made a fire by the simple process of rubbing two dry sticks together until the friction thus produced had caused them to break forth into a flame.  
 "I will thry it," said he.  
 Two pieces of dry wood were soon procured, for the beach was scattered with drift-wood.  
 He began rubbing.  
 He rubbed them together for almost half an hour.  
 The rubbing was unsuccessful, except to remove most of the skin from his hands.  
 In disgust he threw the sticks down.  
 "The sucker who wrote that fable wur a bloody liar!" exclaimed he. "I cud rub till I wur a skeleton, an' divil a bit av a spark wud I see. I will risk me tenure av loife on the match."  
 He carefully collected a small pile of brush-wood and scratched his precious match.  
 It burst into a good, healthy flame.  
 He placed it beneath the material for his fire.  
 The brush-wood caught, the flames danced from twig to twig, from log to log, and soon a brisk fire was going.  
 "Saved—saved—saved!" cried he; "bedad, I have a beacon. It will be a regular pillar av foire by noight and a caterpillar by day."  
 He squatted down by his fire to enjoy it, though it was difficult to tell where the enjoyment came in, as its heat nearly singed his flesh.  
 Gradually a new enemy appeared.  
 It was in the form of mosquitoes.  
 A perfect cloud of the annoying little pests began to attack Muldoon.  
 He tried to wave them away with a piece of board which he picked up.  
 "Faix!" cried he, as he struck at the mosquitoes with his board. "If I had the man who invented mosquitoes here, I wud massacre him. They knock the romance clane out av me predicament!"  
 The mosquitoes, however, did not care a copper for his words.  
 They knew they had a soft thing.  
 They hummed and buzzed and picked out nice fat places on his anatomy to present their little bills.

## PART XXI.

The mosquitoes still kept up their attack upon Muldoon.

They buzzed and bit, and bit and buzzed in a way which was not at all enjoyable or pleasant.  
 "Get out, ye pests!" ordered Muldoon, as he hit at them wildly with his piece of board.  
 "Have ye no raygard for me situation? This is the first desert island I iver were acquainted wid, where mosquitoes owned the soil. Ye must have formed a land league as yer own to evict squatters."  
 The bothering insects did not appear to care a cent for his reproaches. They went on biting and annoying him irregular guerrilla style. The fire, in fact, seemed to attract them.  
 Muldoon realized the fact after awhile.  
 But it only placed him between the two horns of a dilemma.  
 If he kept his fire going, he must necessarily attract mosquitoes; for it is a well-known fact of natural history that all insects and bugs are drawn toward a light as if by an irresistible force.  
 Yet, if he should suffer the fire to go out, he would have no means of relighting it, and a cast-away upon a desert island, who was not the proud possessor of a fire, was an anomaly not recognized in either fact or fiction.  
 "Ah, ye blood-suckers!" he exclaimed, as he squashed a gore-filled mosquito who had settled upon his cheek, "I will out-thrick ye, ather all. I will bank me foire, and seek for turtles' eggs. Did I not read in 'Five-toed Fred, the Marooned Mariner,' how the Marooned Mariner lived for seventeen years upon turtles' eggs?"  
 He piled up the drift-wood upon the fire until it was certain to burn for from four to five hours at least, barring accident, of course, and proceeded to hunt for turtles' eggs.  
 He was cruelly disappointed.  
 Fate was against him.  
 It seemed as if all the turtles had given the island a shake, for not a turtle's egg, not even the shell of one, was to be discovered.  
 The only article, in an edible way, which he found, was a patriarchal old soft clam, and that was rotten with age.  
 He searched the beach, backwards and forwards, until he came to the range of tree-crested cliffs back of the sandy strand.  
 He was about to climb up their sides, and explore the land which he conjectured was beyond, when a sudden and fearful sound burst upon his startled ears.  
 "Baa-baa-baa-a-a!" it went.  
 Muldoon nearly fell down upon his head, so great was his hurry to escape.  
 "It's the yelp av a woild baste!" cried he. "It may be a red-headed giraffe, or a foive-horned sea-cow. Just my luck, I suppose; begorra, there is a whole menagerie av fayrocious flesh-aters upon me island. Anybody else wud have found a fairy counthry, full av bread-fruit trees and silver-throated canaries; but I, av course, stroike a jungle, inhabited only by man-daystroyers and dead clams!"  
 As he picked himself up, a small snake, a harmless, striped reptile, who was probably scared almost out of his mottled skin, glided away from beneath a stone which lay upon the grassy cliff-side with wonderful alacrity.  
 Muldoon jumped about a foot, and then recovered self-possession enough to fling a stone after the rapidly receding object.  
 "Be Heaven! it's a say-sarpint!" exclaimed he. "I knew it. The nixt thing will be an air-dhragon, or a subterranean flying-fish, or a—"  
 "Baa-baa-baa-a-a!" came again upon the breeze.  
 "Go it, ye divil!" shouted Muldoon, as he made a bee-line for his fire; "if ye come widin a foot av me funeral pyre, I will scorch yez wid a foire-brand. I wish, bedad, though, ye wud come an' ate up the misquatoes!"  
 The beast, or animal, or whatever it was, did not heed his invitation.  
 It must have gone away, for not another roar did it give.  
 Muldoon got tired, at last, of watching his fire and fighting with the mosquitoes. The amusement was apt to pall upon anybody's spirit.  
 "I will do some more exploring," he said.  
 "Perhaps I may find some native potatoes, or a bumble-bee-hive full av honey. I will take me faithful board along as a weapon of dayfinse."  
 He roamed along the beach for quite a while, not caring, however, to venture over the other side of the cliff.  
 "It may be a maniac elephant who baa'd," said he, "and I have no predilection to be impaled upon his thrunk."  
 At last he found a rock which went some little way into the sea.  
 Clinging to its side were a lot of mussels, almost enough mussels for a small boat's crew.  
 "Here is dinner, supper, breakfast and free lunch," he said, as he picked one up. "I will ate me cooked mutton wid rare mussel sauce."

He collected a number of the shelly fish, and was about to retreat back to his fire, when his eye caught sight of an impression in the sand not far away.  
 He hurried to it.  
 As soon as he saw the form and shape of the impression, he uttered a surprised exclamation.  
 "Be Heavens, it's a footstep!" cried he. "A footstep av a cannibel gender!"  
 Yes, it was a footstep. Not only a footstep, but several.  
 "An Irishman can down Robinson Crusoe any day," proudly said Muldoon. "He only found one footprint. Begorra, I have sthruken a whole family."  
 He examined it more closely.  
 "The cannibal who did that had a fut loike a barn-door," he said; "and he wore cavalry boots. Who ever heard av a cannibal wid cavalry boots? I wud as soon expect to see wan wid a red pocket-handkerchief, and his hair done up in spit-curls."  
 Then a brilliant idea occurred to him.  
 "Some poor divil av a horse marine has got wrecked upon the island, and the cannibal has sthole his boots," explained he. "I will follow. Thremble! ye cannibal thaves—thremble! Muldoon, the Bloody Sea Scourge, is upon yez thrack!"  
 He, however, did not follow long.  
 His courage ebbed away very quickly.  
 "How could I foight a cannibal wid only a board?" queried he to himself. "I wud be overpowered and ate meself. I have no desoire to sit heavy upon any cannibal's stomach."  
 Back went he to his fire.  
 He ate part of his cooked mutton, his raw mussels, and took a sup of brandy.  
 After that he felt better, and managed to pass the rest of the day very pleasantly.  
 Night came on.  
 The air, as it always does at the seaside, became a trifle raw as the night shades fell, and the fire was not at all uncomfortable.  
 "It burned brightly, and seemed to make its surroundings quite cheerful."  
 Yet Muldoon was not cheerful.  
 The supposed wild animal which he had heard roaring bothered him greatly.  
 "Suppose it wur a lion?" he soliloquized.  
 "What a pickle I wud be in. The only manes av defense which I have, barrin' the board, is me fists, and I know I have not muscle enough to knock down a lion."  
 Several hours passed.  
 It was now night, a dark night, too, for though the stars were out in places, the moon was behind a cloud. Besides, the firelight being directly in Muldoon's eyes, rendered the utter darkness more dark, if such a sentence be admissible.  
 Suddenly a sound broke the stillness.  
 It was not a reassuring sound.  
 It was a sound—a sound of all others which Muldoon dreaded to hear.  
 It was the roar of the supposed wild beast—the same roar which had startled him the afternoon previous.  
 "It's a lion!" groaned he. "I can tell it by its accents. It is a gory corpse I will be soon, buried in a lion's stomach!"  
 The roar grew nearer.  
 The noise of heavy steps upon the sand was also heard.  
 "The monarch av the jungles scents his prey," Muldoon wailed. "I wud give me propherty for a nadle-gun which wud foire sixteen toimes wid-out pausing for breath. Perhaps the lion has his spouse an' cubs wid him. He may desoire me to be all in the family."  
 There was considerable smoke issuing from the fire, which obscured his sight into the outer darkness.  
 But a puff of wind for a moment drove the smoke in an opposite direction.  
 A dark form was visible.  
 A form with huge eyes and a huge head and a huge body.  
 It was but a few paces from the fire, and was glaring at Muldoon with its red eyes.  
 He sized it up in one glance.  
 "Bedad, it's a horned lion!" gasped he. "I'm a dead Land Leaguer, now, shure! Go away, ye nasty baste!"  
 The beast refused to.  
 Instead, the beast lowered its head.  
 It seemed about to charge upon Muldoon, and impale him upon those awful horns.  
 In desperation, Muldoon picked up a burning brand out of the blazing fire.  
 He flung it at the beast.  
 The aim was good.  
 The glowing piece of wood struck the animal between the eyes, covering it with a shower of sparks and red-hot cinders.  
 The effect was unexpected, but nevertheless decidedly pleasing to Muldoon.



The beast roared, or rather "baaed," as if in great pain.

Then, with a convulsive pawing of the sand, it turned tail and fled.

Soon it was gone from sight, fading away in the shadows.

Muldoon felt like kissing himself with joy.

"It wur a bull's-eye!" he exclaimed. "No wondher I was wanst appointed water-carrier to a rifle team. Come back, ye four-footed fiend, and I'll craymate ye! The Irish niver get left!"

Much to Muldoon's joy and satisfaction, the beast did not come back.

Finally Muldoon went to sleep.

It was broad daylight when he awoke. The sun was high in the heavens, and it was probably about ten o'clock.

No beast was to be seen.

But the print in the beach where the creature had stepped convinced him that the animal was not a myth. Myths never leave material traces behind.

It was a lovely morning.

A gentle breeze ruffled the surface of the sea, and fanned Muldoon's face, while the sky was just sufficiently overcast to prevent the sun's rays from being too burning.

He ate the remnant of his mutton and sipped his brandy with a good relish.

"If that nuisance of a lion wur only dead, I could enjoy being a castaway," he said.

Concluding his meal, he decided to roam for awhile around the island.

He met with no adventure for a space of time.

Finally he made up his mind to climb the tree-crested cliffs.

Their sides were fringed with bushes and crawling vines, and it took him some little time to climb up.

He had nearly reached the top, when, as he was pushing aside a stubborn, low-lying branch of a dwarf oak which obstructed his progress, he was surprised by a cry.

It was a human cry—the cry of a female.

He stopped short, and peered anxiously ahead.

What did he behold?

There, seated in an attitude of fear, was a woman.

She was not a pretty woman.

Never would she have taken first, nor even last, prize at a beauty show.

She was bony.

She was old.

Her face was freckled, and, in some rare places where it was not freckled, it was pimpled.

Besides, she was cross-eyed, and had a mouth about the size of a small cave—not so small a cave either.

That she had been reading was to be perceived from the half-open book which lay with its pages fluttering at her feet.

"Who is it?" she cried.

"It is alive! it spakes!" joyfully remarked Muldoon. "Bedad, I am not alone upon me island. I have a faymale fagot to console me."

"Who is it?" asked the lady once more.

"I will brace it," decided Muldoon. "I may foind out what it is?"

To decide was to act.

"Beg pardhon, me leddy," said he, half disclosing himself.

The fair one gave vent to a most piercing shriek as she beheld the queer apparition in red flannel tights, gaudy vest and oil-skin cap, half revealed through the shrubbery.

She sank down upon her knees.

"Spare me—spare me!" she cried.

"Wid the greatest av playsure," politely returned Muldoon. "I don't want ye! I can spare ye widout the slightest personal discomfort. There is nothing I cud spare so aisy."

His words, however, did not seem to reassure her.

"Do not take my life," asked she.

"I don't want it! I have no use for it."

"Take my jewels."

"Bedad, the only jewels I percaive are a pair of red sealing-wax ear-rings!"

"Take my money."

"Money is av no object to me just at presint. Are ye a castaway, too?"

The lady seemed to regain a little of her self-possession.

"Who are you?" asked she.

"I hardly know meself."

"What are you doing here?"

"I am here by compulsion."

The lady appeared to grow interested.

"Why do you not come forth and fully reveal yourself?" asked she.

Muldoon blushed.

"Begging yez pardhon, me swate wild rose," replied he, "but me toilet is not fit for a *tele-atete*. I would not shine at a hanging."

"This is strange," remarked the lady; "it is also romantic."

"Very romantic," gasped Muldoon.

"I would really like to know," said the lady, with a simper, "who you are, and how you got here?"

"It wur fatality," sighed Muldoon.

"Fatality?"

"Yis."

"How?"

"I am a victim of the waves."

"What?"

"'Tis so. I wur afloat loike a second Noah upon an ark—at least it loked like an ark at a distance—an' so I wur cast away upon this daysert isle."

The lady seemed puzzled at the remark.

"This is not a desert isle," she remarked.

"It is not."

"No; it is—"

At this moment a hoarse voice was heard calling:

"Clara—Clara!"

The lady paled.

"Flee—flee!" cried she.

"Why?"

"Your life depends upon it. Flee!"

"Bedad, I've sthruck a tragedy queen," muttered Muldoon. "But perhaps I had betther make meself unfrequent. Good-bye, Juliet."

"Good-bye," Romeo," responded she, kissing her hand with an affectation of girlish grace, which was sickening in an old hen like herself.

Muldoon disappeared down the side of the cliff again.

He was in a most acute state of perplexity.

"A daysert island, wid a horned lion, an' a shrub-fairy named Clara," he remarked. "Begorra, I am all in a muddle!"

Muldoon, as he said, was in a muddle; and for fear our readers might get into a similar one, we will explain matters a little in advance.

The island was not a desert island.

It was of small size, and was the private property and country seat of a certain Adjutant Blang, a retired old soldier, and it was situated but a few miles from the Isle of Wight.

The wind and strong currents of the Channel had drifted Muldoon upon it.

The adjutant was a fat, puffy and hot-tempered old dog of war, married to a young wife, whose former guardian he had been, but who had seemed to completely reverse her position at her marriage, for it was evident to all of the adjutant's friends that his wife, to use a homely expression, "wore the trousers."

As for the sweet, giddy thing whom Muldoon had seen, she was the adjutant's sister.

And it was her brother's voice which called her, and which caused Muldoon to fade away.

"Clara—Clara!" he called again.

She pressed her hand upon her bosom.

"Sit still, my heart, sit still," said she. "Oh, how romantic! A real castaway—a wreck of the sad sea-waves—a mariner with an ark!"

"Clara!" bawled the adjutant, from the field beyond. "Where the blazes are you?"

"Here," she faintly replied.

The next moment her brother's pury form was visible.

"Why didn't you take all day to answer me?" growled he.

She affected to be overpowered with emotion.

"Such an adventure!" she said.

"With what?"

"A man!"

"A stable-boy, I suppose. I believe you've got to that pass, Clara, that you would encourage a stable-boy. You always were set upon getting a husband somewhere."

"Brother, you wrong me. It was not a stable-boy."

"Maybe the French cook. He writes poetry, I believe, but I'll write out his discharge when I get home."

"Do you think I would stoop to a menial?"

"You would stoop to anything that wore pants, if you thought you could get him in your clutches," replied the adjutant, with brotherly brutality.

"He was a sailor," said Clara, pretending not to hear the remark.

"Who was?"

"The man I met."

"Why the blue blazes didn't he stay upon his ship then, instead of trespassing upon my property? I'll make him sail if I catch him!"

Nettled at this remark, the fair but ancient maiden proceeded to relate her adventures, repeating Muldoon's words almost to the syllable.

The adjutant laughed a laugh of scorn.

"You believed it, I suppose?" asked he.

"Of course."

"Well, you'd believe anything. You would believe you were good-looking, if any fool should tell you so. I'll fix the rascal!"

"Promise me you won't harm him?"

"Harm him—oh, no! I'll kill him!"

With that the adjutant started for the house, Clara following him at a short distance and wringing her hands.

"He will kill him, I know," she wailed, "and just because he loved me—for I know he loves me! I could see it in his eyes!"

The adjutant, upon reaching his house, got all of his servants together.

He armed them with whatever weapons he could pick out in a hurry, and a most remarkable set of weapons they were.

Placing himself at their head, he started out to look for Muldoon.

Clara was seized by a noble impulse.

"I will go with them and save him," she said.

She grasped a poker and accompanied the band.

Their search for awhile was fruitless.

But, when least expected, they came across Muldoon, who had seen them coming, and thinking mischief was afloat, had deserted his fire for a clump of trees.

He was behind a tree when the crowd approached.

"Stand off, ye suckers!" shouted he, dodging behind the tree and waving his faithful beard, which he still preserved. "I will defend me liberty wid me loife!"

## PART XXII.

SEEMINGLY alarmed at Muldoon's words, the motley crowd retreated a space.

Quick to take advantage of their action, he pointed his board at them.

"Stand back, ye Nihilists!" bawled he. "If it ever goes off it will kill every wan av yez!"

"Oh, don't!" screamed the fair Clara, rushing forward. "Don't you recognize me?"

Muldoon looked at her for a second.

"I belave I do," he remarked. "Ye are the Irish fairy that I met in the grove, and wondered if it grew there."

"Don't shoot, for my sake," pleaded she, with what she meant for a most fascinating look.

"For your sake?" repeated Muldoon.

"Yes; would you kill me?"

"Bedad, ye are old enough to be killed," very ungallantly answered he, not so loud but what Adjutant Blang heard it.

He chuckled like a good one.

"Even the wild men know you, Clara," said he. "You will have to go to America, and try your fortune with the Indians."

"Thank Heaven, I am not an Indian!" said Muldoon.

"See here, fellow," said the adjutant, "who and what are you?"

"Begorra, I am the noblest worruk of God," said Muldoon, proudly.

"What's that?"

"An American Irishman, born beneath the glorious stars and sthripes in Dublin."

"But why are you here?"

"By fate, sir, fate."

"Fate?"

"Yis, sor, and the funny business av me blood relations. I wur cast upon the mercy of the say aboard av a bathing-machine."

"Preposterous!" said the adjutant.

"Ye doubt me veracity?" replied Muldoon. "Shure, I have extenuating circumstances to mutely spake in me behalf. Gaze out upon the briny waste of wathers."

The adjutant did so.

The laborers did so.

Even the fair Clara suffered her curiosity to get the better of her anger, and she did so, too.

Her fair eyes scanned the ocean with the rest.

"Do ye behold an object stranded upon the breakers in the near-by perspective?" asked Muldoon.

"Yes," replied the adjutant, rubbing his gold-plated eye-glasses to get a clearer view.

"Ye are visually onto it?"

"Yes."

"What does it look like?"

The adjutant rubbed his glasses again.

"It—it looks like a—a light-house," at last he replied.

"Ye are giving me taffy. Did ye iver see a loight-house on wheels? Ye moight as well spake av a channel buoy wid wings."

"I—I do see now that it is furnished with wheels," said the adjutant, after a second look. "Is it a—a baby carriage?"

"Ye will be saying it is a velecipede or a coal cart nixt!" exclaimed Muldoon, in despair.

"That wur me yacht."

"Your yacht?" gasped the adjutant.

"Yis, sur. It bore me safely over the ocean blue."

"Wonderful."

"But decidedly unpleasant. The nixt toime I get shipwrecked, I prefer to be cast away upon



an ocean staymer wid a nagur cook to wait upon me, and a piano to play upon.

"And you really floated upon that big thing from—from?" asked Miss Clara, suddenly pausing, as she recollected that she did not know as yet where Muldoon had floated from.

There was a strong inclination in our hero's mind to state that he had floated from the North Pole, or the Persian Gulf, or the Isle of St. Helena, or some other far-away and foreign place.

But he knew that sooner or later he would be detected and exposed as a liar, and he concluded to curb his brilliant imagination.

"I came from Brighton," he replied.

"Do you live there?" asked the adjutant.

"Slightly; for I wur not there long. But if I iver get back to the town, and I loike it, I will buy it! I am a New York politician, and I don't care for mcney!"

Muldoon's words, boastful as they were, seemed to impress the adjutant.

But they impressed his gay and giddy sister more. She asked:

"Are you a married man, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Muldoon, me fair coquette. Yis, I am married—if me wolfe has not run away wid the Chinayse before I get back to the villa at Brighton."

Miss Clara's sympathy immediately vanished. She had no use for a married man.

She turned up her lip scornfully; so much so that it seemed almost to kiss her nose.

"If I was you, brother," said she, "I would lock him up. Doubtless he is a tramp, who would murder us all in our beds for the silver!"

"Where wud I carry the silver if I got it?" grinned Muldoon; "me attoire is not as spacious as a Saratogy thrunk. Ye wrong me, swate Christabel."

"My name is not Christabel, and I don't want you to address me again," she replied, with a haughty air. "Brother, you had better do with that thing as I said."

With this advice, the withered and disappointed old maid gathered up her skirts and vanished; not like a beautiful dream, but rather like an antiquated nightmare.

The adjutant laughed heartily.

"Your admission about your being a wedded man, Mr. Muldoon, was not calculated to increase your favor in my sister's eyes. She is very romantic."

"And bony," said Muldoon.

"She has a predilection for adventure."

"And a husband."

"Indeed"—here the adjutant lowered his voice—"I believe she is partially cracked. Just a little bit crazy, I must confess."

"I knew it. That was the rayson she was mashed upon me."

The adjutant laughed again.

"I must confess that you are not very much of a lady-killer in your present state. I know not how you may look when you are dressed up."

"Ye have heard of Adonis, who was an Irish god, I belave, av beauty and jaynius?"

"Yes."

"Ye have heard av Hercules, the ould clubber av Greece?"

"Yes."

"He was a model av physical muscle!"

"So I have heard."

"Be Heavens! whin I am dressed up, both av thim wud pale before me! I am aiquil to both rolled into wan. Ye shud see me in me ulster. Begob, I capthure the bakery an' paralyze a fashion-plate!"

The adjutant, who, in spite of his occasional choleric fits, was good-hearted at the bottom, was beginning to like this new-found acquaintance.

"Stay here, Mr. Muldoon," remarked he, "and I will get you a heavy overcoat. Your present attire is not quite suitable to appear before company, and my wife has at present quite a host of friends, both ladies and gentleman, enjoying her hospitality. I will send up for one. Bob!"

One of the grinning laborers stepped forth.

"Run up to the house, and get my coat. Ask my wife for it."

With a bow, Bob obeyed, and ran off.

Muldoon heard the command.

His face expressed surprise.

"Have ye a house upon this island?" asked he.

"Yes."

"How far off?"

"But a little way."

Muldoon gave vent to his feelings by pulling his hair.

"Will ye take yez cane an' brain me?" requested he.

"Why?" interrogated the astonished adjutant.

"Will ye plaze cut me throat wid a hoe?"

"Are you mad?"

"Yis, I am. A big-headed, jackass-intellected

fool loike meself daysarves to be killed. There shud be a reward offered for me assassination."

"You speak in riddles," returned the adjutant, in perplexity.

"By roight I shud not spake again. If I had been bred an Indian, I wud scalp meself wid vexation. Do I luk loike a fool?"

"Well, no."

"Yez optics are playin' ye false; I am. Do ye know I tuk this for a daysert island?"

"You did?"

"Yis. Where is the island, anyhow?"

"Near Wight."

"An' I thought it wur near the Equator. Have ye a precipice handy?"

"A precipice?"

"Yis. I wud loike to fall off av it. Here I have been starvin' meself to death, atin' raw mus-sels an' playin' 'Sinbad the Sailor,' whin I moight have walked roight up to yez chateau, an' been provided with food."

"I'm afraid you would have been more likely to have been provided with a bullet, and my bulldog with food, if you had come up," said the adjutant, as he cast his eye over Muldoon. "Your appearance, you must own, is not peculiarly prepossessing?"

"I know it," smiled Muldoon. "I loked at meself in a pool av limpid wather yisterday, an' the image I saw reflected wur enough to scare the bald off av a prophet."

So they conversed upon different subjects for quite awhile.

At last Muldoon asked, struck with a sudden remembrance:

"What wild baste is that ye kape tied loose, Mr. Blang?" for he had found out the adjutant's name.

"A wild beast?" repeated the adjutant; "you must be wrong."

"No, sir; I beheld a wild baste wid eyeballs av foire and horns upon it. It rambled to me camp-foire last noight, and wanted to gore me. But, praise the Saints, it wur meself who downed it!"

"Oh!" and the adjutant's face became rippled with mirth. "It was my Alderney calf. It did break loose last night; I recollect now."

Poor Muldoon!

He felt mad enough to kick one of his own lungs out.

All of the romance had disappeared from his adventure.

The island wasn't deserted; it wasn't way off in the sea, near the Equator, and now, to crown all, his wild beast was a calf. Had ever a man who tried to be a hero succeeded in becoming such a perfect fool?

While absorbed in his reflections—very pleasant reflections, it may well be supposed—the servitor arrived with the coat.

Muldoon placed it upon himself, and was conducted up to Adjutant Blang's house.

Luckily he saw nobody, and was taken to a private room, where a suit of clothes was furnished him, and he made his toilet.

He was a very different-looking person after this operation, and Adjutant Blang was surprised.

"You look like another person," he said.

"I feel so," replied Muldoon.

"Shall we join my guests? I have related your adventures, and they feel a great desire to see you!"

Muldoon was flattered.

He went down-stairs with his host to the sitting-room, where a number of ladies and gentlemen were collected.

Almost the first person he saw was Sir Percy Strothers, arrayed in a faultless light flannel suit, and languidly smoking a scented cigarette.

But the cigarette dropped from his hand as he perceived Muldoon.

"Baw Jove!" gasped he, his eyes, generally half shut and sleepy, now wide open.

"What is it, Sir Percy?" asked a lovely blonde, who was paying him great attention.

"It's Muldoon," said Sir Percy, hopelessly, "and in another scwape, I'll be demmed."

"Just out av it," laughed Muldoon. "How are ye?" and he put out his hand.

The young nobleman shook it warmly.

"How the dayvil, you know, did you ever get here?" asked Sir Percy, with a marked accent upon the here. "Didn't know, you know, you knew the adjutant. B'lieve me, though, you know ewerybody."

"I wur cast up by the waves," was Muldoon's answer.

Sir Percy looked at him again.

"You don't mean to say," he ejaculated, "that you are the—the—ah—castaway?"

"Yes."

"I knew it," said Sir Percy, picking up his cigarette and relighting it. "I felt it in my bones. Baw Jove I did. I said nobody but Muldoon would float upon a bathing-machine. Any othah fellah, you know, would have taken a—a canawl

boat or a waft, or the woof of a house. Any othah fellah, too, would have been ate up by the sea-serpents or cwocodiles, or got dwowned," and Sir Percy surveyed Muldoon in genuine admiration.

The fact of Sir Percy—who had come down for a short visit to the adjutant's, whose friend he was—knowing Muldoon, at once vouched for our Solid Man's reception, and removed any doubt which may have existed in the adjutant's mind relative to Muldoon's respectability.

Muldoon stayed at the house for a day or so until he felt himself sufficiently recuperated to go home.

"I wondher what they will be thinking av me?" mused he. "I suppose Mrs. Muldoon has put on black already—she loikes black, and I belave it will partially console her for me death. Probably she has spint all av me money by this toime."

By boat and cars, he finally reached Brighton.

It was night when he arrived—a clear, moonlight night, and all Brighton was promenading upon either one or the other of the famous ocean piers.

Muldoon's first impulse was to go home.

But a second one, more suited to his great intellect, occurred to him.

"I will play 'Enoch Arden,'" reflected he. "I will disguise meself and ascertain how affairs are proceeding since me death."

He went to a small slop-shop in one of the back streets.

He was well supplied with money (Sir Percy Strothers had lent him quite a sum), and soon bought a suit of clothes suitable for a vagrant or a traveling musician.

"Have ye an accordion?" he asked, of the fellow who ran the shop.

One was produced—for the store was a sort of museum of odds-and-ends besides clothing.

"Now, if I only had a wig," said Muldoon.

The obliging proprietor had a wig, too.

"Ye see I want to play a part in a comedy dhrama av rale loife," explained Muldoon, fearing that he might be taken for a criminal attempting to escape justice by means of a disguise.

"Dat vash all right," replied the proprietor, who was of Hebrew extraction, as he fixed on the wig.

"How do I look?" asked Muldoon.

"Vos you gotsh a mudder?"

"She's dead."

"Moses! It vas shust as vell dot she vas."

"Why?"

"She vould die if she vas alive if she could get von look at you."

"Thin ye wud not raycognize me?"

"Recognish you! Holy Aaron, no! If you vas to come in here by de vindow, I vould shood you for some animal escaped from de menagerie."

Muldoon was satisfied—aye, more than satisfied. When he looked into the glass he was surprised himself at the alteration in his personal appearance.

"If I don't prick me name in indelible ink upon me arm," he soliloquized, "I will be atther loking in the directhory ivery second hour to foind out who I am."

Paying for his goods, he left.

He walked down near to one of the piers, and began to play manfully upon the accordion.

The beach was lined with people; a great crowd of humanity surged up and down, enjoying the cool sea breeze and the beautiful night.

"If I don't foind some av the gang here, I'm a liar," remarked Muldoon.

He did before long.

A couple was approaching.

They were man and woman.

The sight of the woman sent a thrill through his body.

It was his wife.

She did not appear very grief-stricken, however. She was gaudily-dressed, and was leaning upon the arm of her escort, a fat, chubby gentleman, with a smooth, placid face. The only funny thing about the fat, chubby gentleman were his eyes. They had a sort of wild, scared look about them, and were continually shifting from place to place, never seeming to rest for a moment upon any particular object.

"The false jade!" exclaimed Muldoon; "there is faymale devotion for ye! Whin she suspects me dead, to be taking a moonlight walk wid a red bonnet and a grane shawl on, wid a sucker who luks loike Punch. Perhaps she may be married to him be this date, an' rendered me loiable to arrist as a bigamist!"

The pair paused for a moment right by Muldoon, so close that he could hear a few sentences of their talk.

"Sweet one," said the fat, chubby gentleman, "I would like to take the stars down from the sky, and weave them into a wreath for you."



"Oh, Mr. Buttermilk," replied Mrs. Muldoon, "you don't mean it?"

"Indeed I do, fair fairy. Would you like the moon to clasp upon your snowy brow?"

"Really, Mr. Buttermilk, I—"

"Don't mention it. You shall have moons, stars, skies, comets, planets, worlds. I am King of the Air."

"But what would my beloved say?"

"Where is he?"

"Gone to London upon Land League business."

"When he comes back, I will kill him with a flash of lightning," gayly replied Mr. Buttermilk. "Then we will wed and be happy as the revolving celestial globes. Would you like to be a celestial globe—a revolving, airy, blazing, scorching celestial globe?"

Before Muldoon could hear his wife's answer, the couple passed on.

He was actually dazed.

"If me coquette spouse hasn't struck a lunatic, I'm wan!" he said. "His conversation reminds me av wan av Hippocrates Burns' poems—only worse. The idea av asking a daycent woman to be a celestial globe. Kill me wid a flash of lightning, will he? Be Heavens, I'll kill him wid a club! But stay."

His wife's words relative to his having gone to London occurred to him.

He cogitated over it for quite awhile, but could not come to a satisfactory elucidation.

While he was yet thinking, the Hon. Mike loomed up.

He was dressed in his usual gay and flashy style, and the usual big cigar was in his mouth. But his face was not the same. A worried, restless look was upon it, as if some secret weighed upon his mind.

"It's the Lily of Nevada," groaned Muldoon, "and Dan is with him."

They passed by Muldoon without a glance.

Obedying a natural impulse, he crept behind them—dogging their footsteps like a paid spy.

"Read the papers ter-night, Dan?" he heard Mike say, in a low voice.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Anything about Muldoon?"

"Nothing."

The Hon. Mike heaved a deep sigh.

"Poor tarrier," plaintively he remarked; "he must be a goner, sure pop. I suppose we've gotter give it away to the women. Generally speakin', I'm a double-clawed wild cat outer a hickory log, an' I'm great-gosh fireworks all av ther time, but this here racket has made me feel meaner nor a bald-headed carrion crow. Shall we put my wife and Muldoon's in mourning?"

"No," decidedly said Dan; "we'll wait till—"

An inebriated gentleman, who wanted a whole piazza to walk in, stumbled between the speakers and Muldoon. He had a most highly-developed knack of staying in the way of everybody, and when Muldoon did finally succeed in passing him, the Hon. Mike and Dan were out of sight.

Muldoon began to smell a rat.

"I see it," remarked he, as he chucked his accordion away. "They have not towld me woife the thrue facts av the case. But I will get square upon the rogues."

He went back to the slop-shop and changed his clothes again; selling the rig which he had bought of the proprietor back at a most liberal discount.

Then he went to the cottage which Mrs. Muldoon had hired.

No one was home but Mary Ann (Mrs. Growler).

She was somewhat surprised to see her brother, but as she knew naught of his adventures, having been told the Land Leaguers' yarn, she simply remarked:

"Halloo! back again?"

Muldoon took her aside.

First making her promise secrecy, he related the whole of his surprising accidents and escapes.

"I knew ye wud be paralyzed," said he, at the finish, as he noted the look of helpless surprise upon Mary Ann's face, "but ye must help me to be revenged upon the bowld conspirathors."

"They deserve it," she answered.

"Ye are correct. Will ye assist me, sither moe?"

"How?"

"I will be a ghost."

"A ghost?"

"Yes. Bedad, I will scare the loife out av the gang. But kape it dark, Mary Ann—do not let it loose."

Muldoon was so full of the project that he determined to carry it out that very night.

Assisted by Mary Ann, he made up, by aid of white face-powder and a pair of sheets, a very respectable-looking ghost.

Hardly had he done so before Mary Ann who was at the window, exclaimed:

"Here come some of the boys now!"

"Who?"

"Mike, Dan, Roger, and Mr. Huggs."

Sure enough, looking out, Muldoon beheld the quartet coming up the road.

Muldoon got out of the cottage very quickly by the back door, and hid in the shrubbery.

The quartet approached, walking in single file.

Suddenly a pale, ghostly figure, robed all in white, confronted them.

Its face was as pale as death, and it stood still as a statue.

"It's Muldoon's ghost!" shrieked the Hon. Mike, falling back into Dan's arms.

### PART XXIII.

"It's Muldoon's ghost!" shrieked the Hon. Mike, as was related at the close of our last part.

As was also related, the Hon. Mike emphasized his remarks by falling back into Dan's arms.

Roger stepped forward.

He peered at the supposed spirit. It was his father; the familiar form and face were not to be mistaken.

But how changed!

The eyes seemed glassy; the face was as pale as death, and his figure was as rigid as if carved out of marble; not a muscle moved.

"Who—who are you?" gasped Roger.

Slowly the apparition extended his arm, and pointed his hand with the bony first finger at the boy.

"I was murdered!" said the voice, which for deepness and bass would have done credit to any well-regulated ghost.

"What are you now?" tremblingly asked Roger, feeling decidedly weak about the knees.

"His spirit!"

"Are you dead?" queried the Hon. Mike, in a faint voice.

"I am," came the awful response. "My bones are bleached on a coral reef."

"Why don't you stay there?"

"Because I have come back to haunt ye to the grave. Ye were my assassins."

The ghost advanced as if to lay a hand upon the Hon. Mike. The action was too much for that worthy.

Uttering a cry of fear, he fled through the shrubbery.

His example was contagious.

The rest of the party turned tail, and, like a flock of frightened sheep, fled, too.

Muldoon stood still till he was sure they were gone.

Then an observer, if one had enanced to have been there, could have beheld a sight which was perfectly unexampled.

It was that of a ghost dancing a most artistic Irish jig.

"Bedad," grinned Muldoon, as he finished his dance with a difficult step, "as a ghost I am a success. I would make a fortune in the business. If any gentleman desires a haunted hall, I could haunt it with perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Didn't I pulverize the rascals? It is in a cowl dew av fright they are now."

Tucking his sheet under his arm, Muldoon made a detour, and succeeded in reaching the kitchen door unobserved.

Mary Ann was there.

"Did you meet them?" asked she.

"Did I? As Cæsar said in pig latin: "'Philapena, verbona, velocipede.'"

"What does that mean?"

"I came, I saw, I conquered. Mary Ann, they are mental wrecks. There was only one thing lacking in the ghost's make-up."

"What was that?"

"Blood!"

"What do you want of blood?"

"To erect a ghastly wound upon me forehead where I was bit by cuttle-fishes. The next toime me apparition appears, it will have blood upon its marble brow."

"Do you mean to play ghost again?"

"Do I? Ye can gamble on it, me fairy sister. Faix, it's more fun than having the maysels."

"Well, you'll catch your death of cold in your bare feet," said Mary Ann. "Come into the kitchen—the servants are out."

Muldoon did so, and took a chair.

He had a cigar and began puffing away at it.

Suddenly the door opened.

Mrs. Muldoon appeared.

Her entree was entirely unexpected, and Muldoon made a bolt under the table.

Mrs. Muldoon gave vent to a scream.

"It's a burglar!" cried she. "Mary Ann—Mary Ann, did ye see it?"

"Sh!" said Mary Ann, hastily advancing and seizing her sister-in-law's hand.

"Why?" faltered Mrs. Muldoon. "Ain't it a burglar?"

"No!" answered Muldoon, appearing from under the table. "It is a ghost."

Mrs. Muldoon was about to shriek again, but Mary Ann luckily checked her.

"It's your husband, Bridget," said she, as she closed and locked the kitchen door.

"Muldoon?"

"Yes."

"The thing in white wid a cigar sthuck in its mouth?"

"Yis, me own darlint," answered Muldoon, getting upon his feet; "come to me arms,"

Mrs. Muldoon rubbed her eyes.

"I belave I am dhraming," said she, "or else I have the nightmare. What is my husband doing wid a sheet on, an' naked fate?"

"Sit down," said Mary Ann, "and I will explain all."

She did so, her story being only broken by her auditor's exclamations of surprise.

"And the b'yes thried to dhrownd ye!" she exclaimed, as she rushed forward and clasped Muldoon.

He beat her off.

"Don't kiss me now," he said; "me face is so covered wid flour that I fale loike a pie. Wait till later—till we retoire to the seclusion of our own room."

Then a consultation was held.

It was decided that it would be but right to keep the four conspirators in suspense for a while.

Muldoon's arrival was not as yet to be divulged.

He was to keep to his own room, and emerge only disguised, or when, at night, he could play ghost.

This being arranged, Mr. and Mrs. Muldoon went to their own apartment.

Mrs. Muldoon went ahead to make a light, and Muldoon followed leisurely, placing the sheet about him for convenience.

As chance would have it, who should he meet on the stairway but the Hon. Mike.

The hall was only illuminated faintly.

The Hon. Mike, as soon as he perceived the figure advancing, stopped stock still.

He glared at Muldoon with eyeballs protruded. Muldoon's mind was instantly made up as to what to do.

He glided past the Hon. Mike.

Then turning, he extended his hand at the almost paralyzed senator from Nevada.

"Ha—ha!" said Muldoon. "I come to haunt ye again. Niver will ye be rid av me. Slaping or wakin'—dhrunk or sober, I will be wid ye. Ha—ha—ha!"

That was sufficient for the Hon. Mike.

He fell down-stairs in a heap.

When at last he recovered his senses sufficiently to act, he looked fearfully up.

No ghost was to be seen.

The stairway was deserted.

Except by Mrs. Muldoon's cat, which, with arched back and tail erect, was looking at him from the landing above.

Slowly and sadly the Hon. Mike picked himself up.

"I am an old cyclone right off of ther sea, an' I kerry dead men's bones in my wake, an' tear open graves," remarked he. "I kin claw more rats than a bull-pup, an' when I swoop down upon a town I'm small-pox an' yaller fever an' the black plague all wrapped in one, but I kain't stand ghosts. Muldoon is dead, he's a salt old stiff on a coral reef, as he remarked, an' that is his ghost. It wilts the old Lily of Nevada every time."

With a palsied gait, and a face as white as chalk, Mike went back to his own room.

His wife was there, singing away as blithely—the pretty hypocrite—as if she had no secrets from her lord and master.

"Why, Mikey," cried she, "what ails you?"

The Hon. Mike made a splendid brace up.

"Why?" queried he.

"You look pale."

"It's the moonlight, Mary Ann. Why, I'm as full of joy as an old robin-redbreast. Hear me trill."

The Hon. Mike attempted to trill.

He sang about as well as a cow, anyhow, and the trill was worse than his usual vocal efforts.

So he concluded to go to bed, but it was hours before he went to sleep.

And when at last he did so, Muldoon's specter haunted him in his dreams.

Meanwhile, Muldoon had gained his own room as quickly as he could.

"Somebody better go down to the foot av the sthairs," remarked he, to his wife.

"What for, Terry?"

"To shovel up a carcass."

"To shovel up a carcass?"

"The repetition is correct."

"And why?"



"I encountered Mr. Growler, and he fell loike lead. A guilty conscience, Bridget, is aquil to a slug-shot. Be gorra, if I appear to him much more he will have the jim-jams."

Then Muldoon related the occurrence, and Mrs. Muldoon laughed heartily.

She brought forth his favorite pipe and a most enticing-looking black bottle, and set them upon a little table.

"There's yez poipe, Terry," said she, "and there's yez whisky. Ain't it nice to be back home wid yez own woife?"

"It's roight ye are, Bridget," said Muldoon, stroking his wife's cheek. "It's twenty years married we are, an' niver a worrud or a quarrel av any account betune us yet. Yu luk as purty as iver, for it is a foine woman ye are yet."

"Mr. Buttermilk thinks so," replied Mrs. Muldoon, archly.

"Is he the maniac I beheld ye wid to-noight?"

"Yes; he lives next door."

"He will live in the cemetery if I catch him thryin' to mash ye. I belave he's crazy."

"Oh, no—he's rale noice. I belave he's gone upon me."

"Why?"

"He pays me all sorts of delicate attentions. It is the sowl av chivalry he is."

As Mrs. Muldoon spoke, a large object came flying in at the open window.

It hit Muldoon and nearly knocked him over. He started up in a rage.

"Show me the sucker who threw that brick, and I'll walk on his back!" yelled he.

"It ain't a brick," said Mrs. Muldoon, picking up the missile which had caused his ire.

"What is it?" asked Muldoon. "Begob, it fell loike a brick!"

"It's a squash."

"A squash?"

"Yes, Terry."

"Who pitched it in? Squashes don't float upon the breeze."

Mrs. Muldoon appeared confused.

"Mr. Buttermilk, I guess, pitched it," was her embarrassed reply.

Muldoon had no chance to make an answer, because a perfect shower of vegetables came through the window at that instant.

There was a second squash, a volley of tomatoes, a perfect spray of potatoes, and a large-sized watermelon.

Upon this last was pinned a note.

Muldoon unpinned it.

It read as follows:

"EMPRESS OF MY AFFECTIONS.—Please accept the few gifts I have sent you as a tribute of my sincere affection. I live only in your smiles, and a frown from you would be death. I will be beneath your lattice at eleven—the hour for the mingling of true souls; and I will sing a psalm of praise and adoration to you, mingled with the rhythm of my bejeweled guitar. When—oh, when, sweet sun-goddess, will you fly with me to the clouds, and ride in the chariot of the stars?"

"Yours always and ever,

"PHILETUS BUTTERMILK,  
"King of the Air."

"P. S.—To-morrow I will send Apollo with a basket full of jewels, rubies, diamonds, pearls, topazes and emeralds for you."

Muldoon's face was a study as he read this curious epistle.

His countenance expressed wonderment, perplexity and anger.

"Bedad, Bridget," said he, "I wish I had a railway guide."

"Why?"

"So that I could read this letter plainer. He will be beneath your lattice at eleven, hey? What does he mane by lattice?"

"Shure, it's a love-term for windy."

"It is, indade! Begob, he'll stay beneath your lattice foriver, thin. I will transfix him wid a dag-gah!"

"Ye won't use violence to him, Terry?"

"Divil a bit. I will stab him so softly that he will niver be aware av it."

"No, ye will not."

"I won't, me leddy?"

"No; wud ye hurt a gossoon who, I belave, is out av his head?"

"He'll be out av the worrud if he pursues ye wid his nonsense any longer. As an offended husband, Bridget, I am a vision av wrath."

Mrs. Muldoon smiled, and made use of all those little feminine arts which women know so well how to use, to pacify her husband.

Need it be said that she was successful?

Marc Antony was a stern soldier—a warrior used to sway the destinies of thousands, but he was as a reed in the soft, brown hands of the Egyptian sorceress. Even Cæsar was ruled by his wife, and Socrates, philosopher though he was, trembled at Xantippe's tongue.

So it was that Muldoon was persuaded to look upon Mr. Philetus Buttermilk and his vagaries as a big joke.

"Do ye suppose the lunatic will really come and play away loike a troubadhour gay beneath the windy?"

"Av coorse."

"Did iver he do so before?"

"Wanst," replied Mrs. Muldoon, with a laugh.

"What occasions yez jocularity?" asked Muldoon.

"He did not play long."

"Why?"

"The Hon. Mike got after him wid a razor. He took him for a Tom-cat."

Muldoon smiled and lit his pipe.

But he felt warm, for the breeze had gone down and the weather was getting warmer.

"Bring me ruffled noight-shirt and me noight-cap," requested he.

Mrs. Muldoon, like a good, obedient wife, obeyed.

Muldoon soon changed his attire, put on his slippers, and sat by the open window, while Mrs. Muldoon, declaring she was all tired out, went to bed.

Muldoon enjoyed himself very much, puffing away at his pipe, and enjoying the beautiful night.

Occasionally he would moisten his throat with a draught from the black bottle.

"Ah, it's noice to be home," he soliloquized.

"It bates floating around in a fog upon a bathing-machine. I will niver lave home again, if I can help it, except I take me home wid me."

While he was thus musing, and smoking, and drinking, he heard footsteps in the yard.

"It must be the king av the air," grinned Muldoon.

He looked out of the window.

His surmise was correct.

Mr. Buttermilk was approaching.

Mr. Buttermilk was dressed in most scrupulous taste, and carried a guitar.

He surveyed the house carefully, and seemed to be confident that he was not observed, for the cottage seemed still and quiet, Muldoon having gotten back out of sight.

Mr. Buttermilk tuned his guitar, an operation about as pleasant to the ear as filing a series of saws.

At last the tuning was completed, and Mr. Buttermilk struck an attitude—some sort of an attitude like you see the champion banjoist in on a minstrel troupe show-bill.

"I wish I had a camera," softly remarked Muldoon. "I wud take his photograph; I wud put it in me chicken-coop to scare eggs out av hens."

Suddenly Mr. Buttermilk commenced to play.

Also to sing.

His playing was bad enough.

But his singing—oh, Lord!

He possessed a voice equal in softness and sweetness to a rheumatic fog-horn.

And what he sang was:

"Fair moon, to thee I sing,  
Bright Regent of the heavens."

Muldoon gave a gasp of despair.

"Pinafore, or I'm a liar!" groaned he. "I'll kill him now, anyway."

Mrs. Muldoon had carefully collected the vegetable tributes which Mr. Buttermilk had favored her with and placed them in a heap.

The heap was contiguous to Muldoon, right within grasp, so to speak.

He picked up a vegetable.

It was a carrot.

With careful aim he flung it at the vocalist.

It hit his guitar, nearly knocking that instrument of torture out of his hand.

The vocalist stopped vocalizing.

He stooped, took up the carrot and gazed at it.

"I wish, be Heavens, it were a Nihilistic bomb that would blow yer head off!" said Muldoon.

After having satisfied himself that the carrot was a carrot, Mr. Buttermilk began to look around to see from whence it had come.

But no person was to be seen. He noticed, however, that Mrs. Muldoon's window was open.

A happy idea came to his relief.

"It was she who threw it," he exclaimed.

"She did it to encourage me. Ah, she is as fair as a milk-white hind. I will make her Empress of the Air; we will ride upon comets, and float airily away upon the simoon of the deserts!"

With this speech, delivered as gravely and seriously as if he was talking about the income tax or the water rates, Mr. Buttermilk resumed his musical and vocal entertainment.

"Fair moon, to thee I sing,  
Bright Regent of the heavens."

He seemed fated not to pose the second line of his Pinafore gem.

A turnip knocked his hat off.

Mr. Buttermilk felt rather staggered.

He had no doubt, in his addled head, that Mrs. Muldoon was thus evincing her affection.

It was a decidedly unpleasant way, however.

If the turnip had gone but an inch or so below, in all probability Mr. Buttermilk would have been minus an eye, or had his nose swelled up to a size altogether too copious for a nasal organ.

"I will submit now," he muttered, "but when she gets to be Empress of the Air, I will slice off her hands. Then she cannot throw vegetables. How sweet—how seraphic—how ecstatic she will look with no hands! She will be a Peri—a wood-nymph—a bird of Paradise."

This idea of future happiness seemed so pleasing to Mr. Buttermilk that he executed a waltz step, and started to sing again.

'Twas the same old song.

Probably 'twas all he knew.

His voice arose upon the still midnight air, harsh and discordant.

"Fair moon, to thee I sing,  
Bright Regent of the heavens."

Three repetitions of this couplet was just about as much as Muldoon could stand.

Suddenly Muldoon appeared at the window.

He let fly a perfect shower of vegetables at Mr. Buttermilk; to that gentleman's great surprise and dismay.

The vegetables roamed all over Mr. Buttermilk.

They danced on his head, and earromed on his face, and bounced merrily from his body.

In fact, his reception was decidedly warm.

Not satisfied, however, with the laying-out he had already given Mr. Buttermilk, Muldoon went down-stairs, carrying a lot of vegetables in his night-shirt, using it apron form.

Opening a parlor window which was almost at a ground level, he began to pelt Mr. Buttermilk again.

"Ye wud come serenading av me woife," remarked Muldoon, flinging a squash. "Bedad, I'll knock all av the music out av yez sowl, ye troubadhour from a mad-house!"

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#### PART XXIV.

MR. BUTTERMILK was completely taken back by the vegetable reception accorded to him by Muldoon.

He wasn't expecting it, and it was not welcome.

He gazed up at Muldoon with eyes as big as saucers.

"Who are you?" he managed to ask.

"A spirit," replied Muldoon.

Mr. Buttermilk's manner instantly changed.

He burst out into a merry laugh.

He rushed up to Muldoon, and seized him by the hand.

"I'm pleased to see you, sir," he remarked. "I am a spirit myself. I am King of the Air. I float on vapors and I ride in the mist. Will you have some hail? I have my pockets full. What kind of a spirit are you? Do you exist in space or density—are you a being of fire, or water, or air? Hurrah for me—let us come and make a night of it. We will go up and see Beelzebub—Beelzebub's a great friend of mine, and drinks sulphur. Let us embrace."

Muldoon listened in a sort of daze to this speech, delivered with great rapidity.

But when it came to the proposal to embrace, Muldoon kicked.

"Go to Beelzebub alone, ye maniac," he cried, retreating and slamming the door to in Mr. Buttermilk's face.

Mr. Buttermilk was surprised.

"He has gone," he remarked. "He may have flown away upon a broom-stick. What did he say? that I was a maniac? A maniac—why, he is mad himself. Ah! nice moon, pretty moon, to thee will I tell a secret. Everybody's mad but me."

This remarkable revelation pleased Mr. Buttermilk so that he danced about, and chuckled merrily.

He suddenly grew sober.

"This will not do," he said. "I must keep on with my song. I will melt Mrs. Muldoon's heart with music!"

He picked up his guitar and began to play again.

The next moment the Hon. Mike's window opened, and the Hon. Mike put his head out.

In one hand he grasped a big navy revolver.

"Saay!" bawled Mike.

"Well?" replied Mr. Buttermilk.

"Do yer wanter die?"

"I can't die. I'm immortal," proudly answered Mr. Buttermilk.

"Well, I'll make an immortal angel outer yer. I'm a meandering old death-dealing bomb-shell, I am; and if I ever wander down your way an' bust, yer can be picked up on a shovel. Do yer savvy?"



"I'm only making night glad with my melody."

"Well, yer ain't making me glad. Yer making me chuck up. Swim out now, or I'll put a sweet little hole right through your lung. I'm an old death-shot from Corpses Creek, and I can knock the hind leg offer a flea at fifty paces."

Mr. Buttermilk was sane enough to perceive that Mike was rather in earnest.

He kissed his hand resignedly to Mike.

"I will go play to the sad sea waves," he remarked.

"If ther sad sea waves will only play wid you, I won't kick," answered Mike. "I wish you'd get drowned."

old land-slide, and I kin bury a mountain. Whoop! I'm a galloping breeze, an' I kin waft the weather-cock offer a church!"

Then his mood changed.

He began to feel ugly.

"I'm a fighter, I am," he remarked. "I was born with a pair uv brass knuckles on each fist an' a carbine tied around my neck. I'm a little tin death-angel on roller skates, that's wot I am! Oh, if I could only see that blasted old ghost, I'd knock the whole ghostly jaw offer him!"

Hardly had he made the remark before the ghost glided out of some shubbery near by.

It stood directly in his way.

With that the Hon. Mike dashed into the supposed ghost.

He tore Muldoon's sheet off.

He blacked Muldoon's eyes.

He knocked over the ghost and dug its nose into the gravel.

He laid the ghost down upon a flower-bed and jumped upon it.

In fact, he used it as a terrier does a rat.

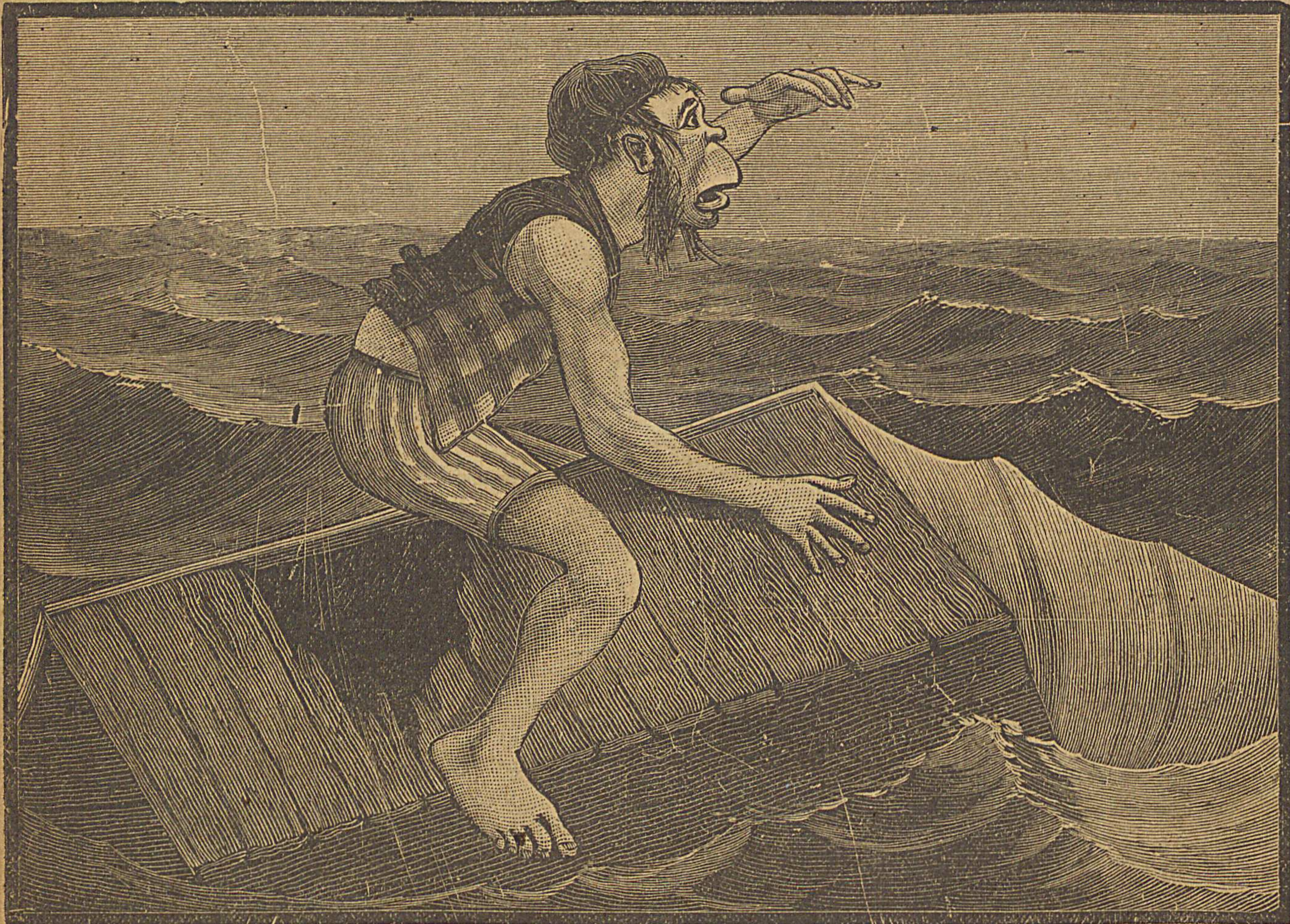
Then, as a last and pleasing act, he turned the ghost over and sat upon its stomach.

"Let me up!" pleaded Muldoon.

"Why?"

"I ain't a ghost."

"Yes, you are."



Muldoon peered into the fog about him. "I wish I had a dove," he said. "I wud imitate Noah, and sind him to luk for land. Why didn't I put a dove in my vest pocket?"

Mr. Buttermilk made no reply, but skipped off, picking away at his guitar as he vanished out of the grounds.

Mr. Growler then shut down his window with a bang.

"Darned ef I wanter live any longer!" he said. "Wot wid ghosts and blanked lunatics life ain't rosy any more for ther Lily uv Nevada. That gorgeous plant is just a wasting away."

The Hon. Mike's troubles, however, were not at an end as yet.

Muldoon's presence in the house was kept a secret, which was very wonderful, considering that there were two women in the secret.

He played ghost every night, and life began to be a burden to Mike, and Dan and Roger—not to speak of Mr. 'Enery 'Uggs.

Mike, though, got a bigger dose of ghost than anybody else.

Muldoon worked the racket on him continually.

At last one night the senator from Nevada got desperate.

He started off on a big drunk.

It was a big drunk, for he got jammed, crammed, rammed full of whisky, gin and beer.

He whooped all over Brighton, and got everybody that he knew just as drunk as he was, even down to St. Patrick, the Chinese servant, whom he left asleep in a gutter.

Then Mike started for home about midnight.

"Whoop!" yelled he. "I'm a wailing old sand-storm, and, I devastate deserts. I'm a rip-tangled

"Ha-ha-ha!" it said, in as ghostly tones as Muldoon could mimic.

For a second Mike was staggered.

But he soon recovered.

He was too full of liquor to feel afraid of anybody or anything.

"Go back to yer grave," ordered Mike. Don't yer dare stand in the way of the old bald-headed wild-cat wot wears pisor on his claws."

"Ha-ha-ha!" repeated Muldoon. "You can not harm me."

"Why not?"

"I am not earthly."

"I know yer ain't. Yer a snide. Yer no good. I could make a better old ghost outer pie-crust. Go wash yer feet!"

Muldoon was surprised.

That was a nice way to treat a being of the other world—to tell a spirit to go and wash its feet.

He resolved, however, to scare Mike again.

"Rash mortal!" he sepulchally said, "tremble. The voice av the dead spakes to ye."

"Pull down yer vest!" replied the Hon. Mike.

"You are my murderher, and I will haunt you forever!"

"Oh, take a tumble!"

"Ye will never be rid av me."

"We'll see about that," responded Mike. "I'm a ghost-killer, I am. I'm hired by the Queen of England to kill spooks. Look out, here comes the Pacific tidal wave!"

"But I ain't."

"Yer said yer was."

"I lied."

"I don't care."

Here Mike pulled forth a very large jack-knife. He carefully opened it, selecting the biggest blade, and tried its edge upon his nail.

"Guess it will do," he remarked.

"For what?" asked Muldoon.

"Yer said yer wasn't a ghost, didn't yer?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll make a real one outer yer."

"How?"

"By cutting yer throat. I'm a fiery old panther wot's thirsty, an' I want to drink blood. Put back yer head, yer snide old goblin."

Muldoon positively refused to.

He managed to wriggle away from the Hon. Mike's grasp.

He gave vent to a most piercing yell.

"Help—help!" said he.

The Hon. Mike was disgusted.

He said so.

"Yer a nice sort uv a ghost!" he criticised; "if I was a ghost, I would be a reg'lar cement-plated, india-rubber ghost, wot a gentleman could have a little fun with. Yer a duff uv a ghost—won't let me cut yer windpipe. Blamed if I believe I will spile my knife outer yer."

Accompanying the words by the action, the Hon. Mike shut up his knife and put it in his pocket.



As he did so, a crowd, attracted by Muldoon's cries, came running out.

There were Dan, Roger, Mrs. Muldoon, Mrs. Mary Ann and Mr. 'Enery 'Uggs.

Their surprise at the tableau presented before their gaze may be but weakly conjectured.

"Pop!" exclaimed Roger, rushing forward and gripping his paternal ancestor by the collar, for Muldoon's sheet had been torn off, the flour paste scratched from his face, and he was otherwise recognizable.

"Yes, it's me," groaned Muldoon, arising from the ground. "Will somebody plaze to put a padlock and chain upon me inebriate brother-in-law?"

"It was old R. E. M.," laughed Roger.

"Wot's he?"

"R. E. Morse."

"Oh, yer too previous," said Mike. "I'm as dry as an old red-herring. Let's go get a snifter." The motion seemed to meet with universal approval, and all hands adjourned to the cottage.

Muldoon went to his room, washed and court-plastered up, and then returned to the parlor, where the party were now gathered.

Hippocrates Burns had been woke up, and was brought down in a state of amazement.

Of course Muldoon had to relate his wonderful adventures all over again for Hippocrates' benefit.

"What a poem it will make!" said Hippocrates.

clothes possible, with his big diamond sparkling in the sun, and remark to the obsequious St. Patrick, who followed respectfully a few paces at his rear:

"It is a great man I am, ye moon-eyed leper. If Queen Victoria iver dies, it is a king I will be. Me personal magnetism is what causes me phenomenal popularity."

To which St. Patrick would meekly answer:

"So be. Muldoon belly glate man. Him be in China him be mandarin, cally two swords—hab-bee four pig-taille."

Then Muldoon would strut, proud as a peacock, and St. Patrick would put his tongue in his cheek and wink softly with his bead-like eyes.



"Faix!" cried he, as he struck at the mosquitoes with his board. "If I had the man who invented mosquitoes here, I wud massacre him. They knock the romance clane out av me predicament."

The inebriate brother-in-law, otherwise Mr. Growler, appeared to be in a sort of daze.

"I'm an old sperm whale," he feebly said, "and when I blow, islands sink; but I'll be cut, hacked, gouged and bit inter bits if I kin savvy to this. Fust it's Muldoon's ghost—then it's Muldoon. Wot does it mean?"

That was what his three friends, who had been concerned equally with himself in Muldoon's enforced voyage across the sea, wanted to know.

It was plain to see that Muldoon's ghost was not a ghost at all.

It was Muldoon—real flesh-and-blood Muldoon—as the bruise upon his face, from the Hon. Mike's handling, showed.

Explanations were now in order, and the truth gradually came out.

When the four conspirators beheld how they had been sold, they felt sick.

But still they were very glad to find out that Muldoon was well and hearty and not dead.

The Hon. Mike was especially pleased.

"Did yer ever feel a lobster a-biting at yer hand?" he asked of Muldoon.

"Yis, wanst, at Tom Rhiordy's fish bazar. A sucker towld me that a lobster had hair upon its stomach, and I wint to foind out about it. Begorra, the lobster gripped me with a bull-dog tenacity, and I nearly lost me left hand."

"Then ye kin jist calculate how I felt inwardly. There seemed to be a sort uv mental animile picking away at my bosom, reproachin' uv me fer yer death."

"I will call it: 'Afloat on the Vasty Deep!' and make four books out of it. I can grasp at the first verse already. It is—

Muldoon caught hold of a chair.

Mike grasped a stool.

Dan picked up a paper-weight.

While the rest manifested great alarm.

"If ye repate that verse, or any verses, it will be yez death," sternly said Muldoon. "If the chair don't kill, I will smother ye wid the piano."

Hippocrates sat down with a sigh.

"Crushed again!" muttered he. "But never mind! The day will come when the fame of Hippocrates Burns, poet, will be blazoned in letters of gold upon pillars of silver!"

The party passed a jolly hour. Wine flowed freely, and song and story pleased the ear.

But all good times must have an end, and at last, in the "wee sma' hours," the family circle broke up.

The story of Muldoon's wonderful shipwreck and escape, of course, leaked out.

It got into the papers.

Muldoon became a very prominent man at Brighton.

He was a sort of curiosity, in fact, being pointed out by guides to visitors, in conjunction with the educated seal, the big pier, and the learned pig.

He was in all of his glory, promenading of a sunny afternoon upon the sands, followed by a troop of small boys yelling;

"Hurray for Muldoon! Hurray!"

He would walk along, in the loudest suit of

Everything was nice as pie for a week.

Fourth of July came, and was celebrated by our friends with a warmth that fairly paralyzed Brighton, and then Hon. Mike came within an ace of being arrested for trying to float the American flag over the Town Hall.

A few days after the Fourth came a rainy, disagreeable night—one of those damp, raw, bleak November nights which occasionally escape from the clerk of the weather, and drop down upon us in midsummer.

It was a splendid night to stay in-doors.

The Muldoon party did so.

Mr. and Mrs. Muldoon were sitting in the parlor, Mary Ann was playing upon the piano, and Mr. Growler was lounging upon a sofa, engaged in the pleasing pastime of drawing bull-dogs upon his cuffs.

The rain beat against the panes, and the wind howled sadly.

"Noice noight," remarked Muldoon.

"For ducks," growled Mike.

"I pity any one who is out in such a storm," said Mary Ann. "God help them!"

As she made the remark, a faint cry reached their ears.

It was the cry of a child.

"Who's that?" asked she, starting up.

"Perhaps Roger is practicing ventriloquistics," said Muldoon. "He bought a book called 'Ventriloquism; or, How to become a Nuisance,' raycently."

The cry was repeated.



It was a pitiful wail.  
It sounded very near at hand.  
"It's at the door!" exclaimed Mrs. Muldoon.  
"I'll go see," said Muldoon.  
He went out.  
Not more than five minutes, scarcely that, indeed, was he gone.  
He reappeared with a basket, and an expression of blank surprise upon his face.  
"Be Heavens, Bridget!" ejaculated he; "somebody's sent us a valentine!"  
"A valentine!" exclaimed his wife.  
"Yis; a loive wan. Luk into the basket."  
Mrs. Muldoon sprang forward, followed by Mike and his wife.  
Cries of surprise left their lips.  
Inside of the basket was a baby—a baby about a year and a half old.  
"It wur layin' upon the stoop," explained Muldoon. "Somebody's had no use for it."  
Mrs. Muldoon snatched the baby up.  
And baby put its soft arms around Mrs. Muldoon's neck, and laid its cold face against her warm cheek.  
"Poor little waif!" she said, hugging it close to her motherly breast.  
"There wur a postal card in the basket," said Muldoon, producing a wet bit of card. It reads as follows:  
"Please take care of baby. I have to part with it, though God knows it breaks my heart."  
"A POOR MOTHER."  
"Wasn't there no gold locket about its neck?" asked the Hon. Mike.  
"No."  
"Ain't it got a monygram av an earl upon its petticoat?"  
"No."  
"There wasn't any five-pound notes wrapped up in its socks?"  
"No, not even a red cint."  
The Hon. Mike gave vent to a whistle of disgust.  
"All uv ther foundlings or left kids I've read about," he remarked, "allers had some jigery like that about 'em, and were recognized later as lost heiresses."  
"But what will we do wid it?" Muldoon questioned.  
"Save it," wisely replied Mike. "It's mebbe a second Charlie Ross."  
"Yes, Terry, let's kape it for a while, anyway," pleaded Mrs. Muldoon; "it's so swate."  
"I have no objection," was Muldoon's answer.  
So baby was made comfortable for the night, and for the next three days.  
Muldoon made inquiries all around, but no one had lost a baby.  
Some poor outcast, probably, full of grief and nearly desperate, had laid the innocent result of her shame upon Muldoon's door-step, trusting in Him above to watch over her baby.  
Mrs. Muldoon grew fonder of the little waif every day.  
A project came into her head.  
"Terry," said she to her husband, one afternoon, "I have a favor to ask av ye."  
"Ask it, ye never-fading beauty."  
"Ye know baby?"  
"I have rayson to. Didn't I pick it up this morning, and somebody had been feeding it wid molasses, or at least the molasses adhered to its hands? Me clean shirt looked loike a porous-plaster whin baby stopped caressing me."  
"But it's a swate pet."  
"Me example, Bedalia, has made it so."  
"Nonsense; but say, Terry?"  
"Say on."  
"Let's—let's—let's—"  
"Av coorse we will. Let's what?"  
"Adopt it."  
"Ye have a grand instinct, Bridget," replied Muldoon. "Yez woman's heart is niver wrong. We will adopt the bye—it's a bye, isn't it?"  
"Yes."  
"And it will be a solace to our ould age, though it is meself who is jist in the proime. Forty-nine is jist right for fun and frolic. 'Tis wan av the ould byes wid a young heart I am!"  
"So ye are, dear," says Mrs. Muldoon, and a hearty smack sealed the question of baby's adoption.  
It was decided to have baby christened next day.  
Muldoon sent for a good father, and all was ready, when Muldoon suddenly stopped.  
"Be Heavens, we've got the christening all ready," remarked he, "but we've got no name to christen the choild wid!"  
"Whurra—whurra, but it's the truth!" cried Mrs. Muldoon. "What shall we call it?"  
"Dinnis," said Muldoon. "It wur me father's name."  
"Call it Frederick," suggested Mrs. Mary Ann.  
"Birdie," said Mrs. Muldoon.

"Scalper," put in the Hon. Mike. "I had a bull-dog once named Scalper. He was a pet, yer kin bet."  
In fact everybody had some name, and the dispute waxed warm.  
At last Muldoon got mad.  
He grabbed baby and made for an open window.  
"I'll name the child Dinnis or no name at all!" he shouted; "if ye won't call it Dinnis I'll pitch it out of the windy!"

## PART XXV.

MULDOON'S action almost paralyzed the lookers-on.  
"Put down the bye, Terry," begged Mrs. Muldoon. "Ye are dislocating av its blue sash."  
"I will be dislocating av its neck," replied Muldoon, "if ye do not let me have me own way."  
The baby began to yell.  
"Yell, ye rascal," said Muldoon. "Ye will yell louder whin ye take an aerial flight out av the windy."  
"Ye wouldn't really pitch the poor infant out av the windy?" queried Dan.  
"Bedad, I will, if it ain't named Dennis."  
"But why do ye want it named Dennis?" asked the Hon. Mike.  
"It wur me father's name, and his great-uncle's, not to spake av his great-grandfather's. All av the Muldoons who have made a mark in history, and are chronicled in song and biography, wur named Dennis."  
"You're right," said Hippocrates Burns. "I know of a verse about a Dennis Muldoon."  
"What is it?"  
"The notorious Dennis Muldoon  
Was hung for sheep-stealing in the month of June;  
Which was not a day nor an hour too soon."  
"Who wrote it?" asked Muldoon.  
"A poet named O'Leary."  
"A bloody Spaniard, I'll be bound. The name gives his nationality away. Oh, ye needn't laugh; he wur probably kilt in a duel by wan av me ancestors, and wrote the poetry afterward for rayvenge."  
"Will ye plaze hould that baby up?" pleaded Mrs. Muldoon. "You will put it into an apoplectic fit. It will die av hurry av blood to the brain."  
"Oh, don't mind," said the Hon. Mike; "it'll die, anyhow, if you name it Dennis. I wouldn't name a pup Dennis. I'm a balmy old zephyr from a tropical gulf, and there's spices in my breath; but if any one named me Dennis, I'd be flabbergasted if I wouldn't turn into an icy old blizzard."  
Muldoon, however, would not yield.  
"Did iver ye see an Irish rock?" asked he.  
"No; don't wanter."  
"Luk at me. Begorra, I am fixed as fast as an Irish rock. The bye will be named Dennis."  
"Ah! name him Mud for all I keer," said Mike, in disgust, as he turned away.  
The rest coincided with him.  
A happy smile overspread Muldoon's face.  
"I have carried me point," said he, placing the baby upon the floor. "It is a man av iron will I am whin I get woke up!"  
Mrs. Muldoon picked the child up.  
"Ye've nearly killed it, Terry," said she; "shure, its face is as black as a nagur's, and ye have forced its waist-band about its neck. Me poor little idol."  
"It wud have been a broken idol if iver I had pitched it out av the windy," grinned Muldoon.  
"Naming it Dennis has saved its loife."  
"It will make it take its loife when it gets old enough," laughed Roger.  
"The name h'of Dennis," solemnly remarked Mr. Henry Huggs, "would h'induce h'an h'angel to become h'an h'assassin. H'I never knew but one man named Dennis, h'and he was h'a parricide."  
"Wot's a parricide?" asked Mike.  
"H'a man what's killed his mother," remarked Mr. Huggs.  
"This child will never be a parricide," said Dan.  
"Why?"  
"He don't know who his mother is, though he may suspect."  
The baptism then proceeded.  
The child was duly named Dennis Muldoon; and Muldoon promised to take care of it, to provide, teach and love it.  
Muldoon celebrated the event by a subdued racket.  
He went off early in the day, immediately following the ceremony, and did not return till nearly night.  
In fact, it was twilight when he got back to the cottage.  
As he braced up along the hall past the parlor, he heard voices.

He listened.  
His wife's voice could be distinguished.  
A man's tones were also heard.  
Muldoon recognized them.  
They were Mr. Buttermilk's.  
"Bedad, the maniac guitarist has flanked me ag'in," Muldoon soliloquized. "I will reconnoiter."  
The parlor door was ajar.  
He softly opened it.  
He was not heeded.  
Right by the door stood the piano.  
He crept under it.  
Peering cautiously out, a tableau which was not at all pleasing met his eye.  
Mrs. Muldoon was reposing upon a sofa.  
Upon his knees before her was Mr. Buttermilk.  
He had hold of her hand, and was gazing up into her eyes with a very lamb-like cast of countenance.  
"Sweet angel," he was saying, "will you not listen to my suit? The King of the Air kneels to the princess of the clouds. Come, fly with your Romeo to the realms of eternal bliss."  
"Be Heaven, he is making love to me woife!" reflected Muldoon. "He must be crazy, shure!"  
Mrs. Muldoon had hid her face behind her fan in affected girlish bashfulness.  
"You golden-haired Venus," went on Mr. Buttermilk; "sweet lily of the vale."  
"He calls her a golden-haired Vaynus," soliloquized Muldoon. "It is a-ravin' he is. She is a carrot blonde. He must have styes in his eyes, and see telescopic."  
"Your rosy lips bid me proceed," said Mr. Buttermilk.  
"Rosy lips!" groaned Muldoon. "Well, he's roight. Faix, her rosy lips cost her a good price. It is fifty cints I pay a bottle for the salve."  
"Will you go with me?" pleaded Mr. Buttermilk. "I have a golden palace, with a courtyard filled with rubies."  
"If I had a courtyard filled wid rubies, I'd replace thim wid cobble-stones," Muldoon murmured. "Rubies are too hard for a human's fate, besides, rubies wud be safer in a pawn shop. If I had a golden palace, as ye say, if I wur ye, I wud rint it an' buy a clane collar wid the proceeds. Yer prisint collar looks as if ye had ironed it wid a lump av coal. Proceed wid yer taffy."  
Mr. Buttermilk did.  
"Won't you away with me, my princess?" asked he.  
"How can I?" replied Mrs. Muldoon. "Oh! it is awful to be the object av such love."  
"Why can't you?" asked her suitor.  
"I am married."  
"To a brute."  
"No—no—he is—"  
"A brute. I know it. I can tell it. But I will fix it."  
"How?"  
"I will order an earthquake. It will engulf him. Hark! I have a cloud chariot outside, driven by dragons."  
"Bedad, ye are a liar!" said Muldoon, softly.  
"The only chariot I saw outside was a coal-cart, an' it wur driven by a Mick."  
"Ye should be ashamed av yerself to ax me to fly wid ye," replied Mrs. Muldoon.  
"Why, fair saint?"  
"I am a dacent married lady."  
"But 'tis not a union of souls," replied Mr. Buttermilk. "Oh, I'm a bee, I am! I sip honey from every flower. Your mouth is a rosebud. Let me sip honey from it."  
The bold Mr. Buttermilk attempted to steal a kiss.  
Whack!  
Mr. Buttermilk reeled suddenly back, and nearly stood upon his head.  
Mrs. Muldoon's hand—and it was not a very small hand, either—descended upon the side of his face.  
"What do ye mane, ye rascal!" asked she.  
"The nixt attmpt at faymaliarity ye make, I will let ye have it worse. Kape yer distance!"  
Muldoon was delighted.  
He rolled under the piano in glee.  
"Arrah, Bridget, but, afther all, ye are a daisy!" he remarked. "Stand the frish Claude Melnotte upon his head, and I will come to yer rescue, and break his neck!"  
Mr. Buttermilk looked up somewhat ruefully. He was plainly surprised.  
"You do not love me, my lady of Shalott?" asked he.  
"I can niver reciprocate yez ardent affection," replied Mrs. Muldoon.  
Mr. Buttermilk danced wildly about.  
"I will drown myself!" he cried.  
"For Heaven's sake do!" requested Muldoon.  
"I will take arsenic!"  
"Do—it's good for rats."  
"I will hang myself!"



"Take a wire rope so that there will be no probability av its breaking."

"If I had a dagger I would stab myself!"

"Bedad, I will lend ye a cutlass, sooner than see ye balked."

"Oh, please don't!" said Mrs. Muldoon. "Think av the scandal it would attach to me."

"I will," firmly replied Mr. Buttermilk, "I will unless you let me kiss your hand. I have a comet in my pocket—I will swallow it and burst in your presence."

The threat was not a pleasant one.

The spectacle of a man bursting in her presence was not one which any lady in her right mind would be apt to enjoy.

So Mrs. Muldoon reasoned.

"Don't," pleaded she.

Mr. Buttermilk was determined.

"I will," said he, "unless——"

"Unless what?"

"You fly with me."

"I can't fly."

"Why not?"

"I have no wings."

The objection appeared to strike Mr. Buttermilk as reasonable.

He considered it.

"I will have wings made," he said. "Nice wings; sweet, downy wings. Wings of flashing luster, studded with pearls and bespangled with stars. Hurrah! I am King of the Air; I can fly without wings."

"Ye will fly wid the aid av me boot in a minute," said Muldoon, beneath his breath. "Faix, he's mad as a March hare. He talks like a drame book gifted wid articulation. I am fatigued, however, wid his ravings. Too much av a good thing palls upon one's sinse av propriety. I will go out into the hall and procure a club wid which to gintly coax him back to his asylum."

He managed to steal noiselessly out into the hall.

The front door was open.

Two men were just ascending the steps.

One was a sleek, smooth-faced gentleman, with a bland smile, and gold-rimmed spectacles.

The other was a big, burly chap, with a heavy cane, who looked like a prize-fighter in his Sunday clothes.

The sleek, smooth-faced gentleman perceived Muldoon.

"Ah! good-day," said he.

"Good-day," was Muldoon's answer.

"Do you know Mr. Muldoon?"

"Slightly—I wur born when he wur."

"Indeed?"

"Yis, sir; I am Muldoon himself."

The other took off his hat.

"Proud to meet you, sir," said he. "I am Doctor Fudd."

Muldoon, of course, knew just as much as he did before.

"Doctor Fudd," he repeated.

"Yes; my friend is Mr. O'Brien."

Mr. O'Brien made a spasmodic jerk of his neck, which was probably meant for a bow, and mumbled some sentence which was lost in his stomach.

"Plazed to see Mr. O'Brien," said Muldoon. "But will ye plaze convey to me the purport av yez visit?"

"Do you know a Mr. Buttermilk?" asked the doctor.

"I know a maniac by that cognomen."

"Fat man?"

"Yes. Porpoise-built."

"Clean-shaved?"

"He has no more hair on his face than an egg."

"Short?"

"Yis—sawed off."

"Roving eye?"

"Correct. A regular pair av thramp optics."

The doctor smiled as if satisfied.

"Have you seen him lately?" was his next query.

"Yis."

"How lately?"

"The previous foive minutes."

"Where?"

"Where he is now if he has not climbed up the chimney."

"Where is that?"

"In me parlor, making violent love to me woife."

The doctor laughed, and Mr. O'Brien's features actually lapsed into what was meant for a grin.

"Same old games, Jim," said the doctor.

"Allus at it," was Mr. O'Brien's response.

"Lord, he's a case—he is."

"Mr. Muldoon," said the doctor, "I wish to tell you something. Mr. Buttermilk is insane."

"I surmised it, sir."

"He was a patient at my asylum, in London; but three weeks ago he escaped. Not till recently did we get upon his track."

"I wish, begorra, ye had got upon his thrack before."

"Has he annoyed you?"

"Wouldn't a loight-headed sucker wid a voice loike a bull-calf who kem around yer domicile at midnight a singing 'Pinafore' on a cracked guitar annoy ye?"

Dr. Fudd confessed that it would.

"I guess we might as well collar him now," he said. "Will you kindly lead us into your parlor, Mr. Muldoon, till we effect his capture?"

"Wid playsure. If ye are not armed, gintlemen, I have a proivate armory up-stairs from which I can procure ye a battalion av rifles, or a handful av Zulu assegais."

"Lord! we don't need weapons," said Mr. O'Brien. "A baby could capture him. He never shows fight. Allus pleasant as pie."

The three went into the parlor.

The room was now lighted.

And a very pretty scene for a love drama was on the boards when they entered.

Mr. Buttermilk had resumed his old position upon his knees before Mrs. Muldoon.

He was pressing his suit with great ardor.

But as soon as he beheld the new-comers a great change came over his face.

He shrank back—apparently in fear, as a dog, expecting to be punished, will slink from its master's presence.

The doctor fixed his coal-black eye on Mr. Buttermilk.

"Well, 'No. 21,' you've been at it again," he said.

"I—I couldn't help it," replied Mr. Buttermilk.

"Why couldn't you?"

"I am King of the Air, you know; and—and the air wanted me. How could the air get along without any king?"

"Impossible!" said the doctor, with a grave face. "But I want you to go back to my house. The Queen of the Sea is there, waiting for you."

Mr. Buttermilk's poor, crazed eye shone with delight.

His whole manner changed.

"Is she, doctor?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Buttermilk executed a caper of joy.

"Let's go right away," requested he. "Let's hurry. Have you a vehiele outside? If you haven't, I will send for a wave. We could float home very quick on a wave."

"I guess a wagon will do," said Mr. O'Brien. "If the wagon breaks down we can afterwards take a wave!"

Mr. Buttermilk's face beamed all over with satisfaction.

"You're right, O'Brien—you're right," he said.

"By and by I will make you prince of the moon."

"All right, cully," unconcernedly responded Mr. O'Brien, not seeming at all agitated at this brilliant prospect. "Much 'bliged, but we better be gittin'."

"Ain't ye going to bid yer charmer good-bye?" asked Muldoon, mischievously pointing to his wife, who sat upon the sofa in a sort of daze of surprise at the foregoing proceeding.

Mr. Buttermilk looked at her contemptuously.

"Pah!" exclaimed he, "she's old, and wrinkled and ugly; she's got freckles, and her feet are big."

"You wretch!" cried Mrs. Muldoon.

"She wanted me to elope with her," rattled on the vivacious Buttermilk. "She wanted me to fly to a coral cell with her and live upon sea weed. But I would not—never would I forsake my lovely Queen of the Sea!"

"Heavens! what a lie!" shrieked Mrs. Muldoon.

"I lie—you lie—we all lie!" said Mr. Buttermilk, with the very best of good humor. "Let us all secure a breeze and waft ourselves to the moon. Shall I ring for a breeze?"

Before any answer could be given to his query, he was wafted himself.

The doctor and Mr. O'Brien did the wafting, and the place into which he was wafted was the interior of a close coach which stood outside.

Before going, Doctor Fudd bid Muldoon a fond good-bye.

"Sorry to have troubled you, sir," remarked the doctor, "but we had to get Buttermilk. He's a patient I couldn't afford to lose."

Then, with a wave of his hand, the doctor got into the coach, the coachman whipped up the horses, Mr. O'Brien yelled: "So long!" from the driver's seat, and off went the vehicle.

Mr. Buttermilk, as Muldoon afterwards found out, was the son of a rich merchant, who, dying, left all his property to said son.

The boy was always weak-minded, and at the age of fourteen received a severe injury from a fall, which completely unsettled his reason and

imbued him with the hallucination that he was King of the Air—besides leading him as a sort of side issue to make violent love to any woman he saw.

Poor Mrs. Muldoon for a long while would not believe that Mr. Buttermilk was insane.

"It is a conspiracy," she said. "Faix, if he wur crazy, he wud not have raycognized me good looks."

But, nevertheless, they had the joke on Mrs. Muldoon for a good while, and her adoration by Mr. Buttermilk long formed a standard subject for fun among her relatives.

A few days afterwards a new craze had struck Brighton.

It was polo.

Every male in all Brighton seemed fired with but one desire, which was to excel as a polo-player.

Muldoon, after beholding two or three games, caught the infection.

He resolved to be an adept at the game.

"Be Heavens, I will be the proide av the polo-players!" said he.

He bought a regular suit of polo goods, and looked more like a gorilla than ever in them.

He hired a polo-pony, a vicious little beast of a mustang.

And he also induced Dan, the Hon. Mike and Roger to form a polo team, which he called the "Big Yankee Four."

Then he issued a challenge, which was posted in all the hotels.

The challenge was soon accepted by a quartet called the "Uniques," and headed by a regular lady-killer, named Augustus Harris, whose father had made a fortune boiling soap.

The challenge was accepted.

The day of the match came, bright, pleasant and breezy.

The grounds were lined with spectators, and all was lovely.

Muldoon won the toss.

He had first whack at the ball.

"Bedad," he cried, as he rode forward with uplifted mallet, "if ever I hit the ball I will dislocate its vertebra. It is a born polo-player I am!"

#### PART XXVI.

MULDOON meant to hit that polo-ball a whack which would send it somewhere about the vicinity of the stars.

He came very near doing so.

Probably he would have—if it had not been for one small and unexpected occurrence.

He did not hit the ball at all.

The force of the blow, however, carried him right over his pony's head, sending him flying upon the ground in an attitude the reverse of picturesque. He looked, as the Hon. Mike said afterwards, "like a flying crab!"

He landed square upon his head, and gracefully rolled over upon the grassy sward.

Down came the other players with a rush.

They were past Muldoon in a trice.

The Hon. Mike's horse stumbled over his prostrate form.

The other horses fell over Mike's Arab steed, pitching their riders headlong.

The result was that, sooner than I can write it, there was a most mixed up and apparently inextricable mass of horses and men piled up in a heap upon that polo ground.

The horses, of course, not being gifted with the power of speech, could not complain.

But their riders did.

"Get off of me!"

"Take your foot away!"

"I'll kick your teeth cut if you don't move your body!"

"Crawl out!"

"Bounce that arm!"

"Move that pony!"

"If I ever get out I'll lick somebody."

So ran the complaints and requests from the novel pile of human and equines.

Muldoon, of course, was down foot.

That is to say, he was at the bottom of the pile.

He was as red in the face as a boiled lobster, and as mad as a turkey-cock.

"Do yez take me," bawled he, "for a foundation? If I iver get up ther will be blood upon me hands. Begorra, I am no corner-stone for a pyramid av flesh an' blood!"

"Dry up!" requested the Hon. Mike. "Wot are yer kicking about? I've got a hoss' leg in one eye an' a saddle in the other, but I don't kick. I'm an old cork-float, I am, an' I bob up serenely every time."

The Hon. Mike's leg was dangling over Muldoon's face as he spoke.

"Is that yez boot?" queried Muldoon.

"Yes."

"Thank Heavens!"

"What for?"



"That ye have yez boot on."

"Why?"

"Bedad, if ye hadn't I wud not be aloive. The scent av yez sock wud asphyxiate me! It is enough to give an obelisk the typhus fayver!"

The Hon. Mike would probably have replied by knocking Muldoon's nose in, had it not been that the polo-pony who was on top of the pile fell off and thus disintegrated the mass, scattering the component parts about upon the grass.

Thus was Muldoon released.

He got up and looked at himself.

The survey was not calculated to please a person in any way fastidious in regard to personal appearance.

His face was scratched till it looked as if it had been gone over by a harrow.

One eye was blacked, where somebody's pony had dipped its hoof.

His nose was ornamented by a splendid flesh wound.

His cheeks were black and blue, and the blood trickled from a cut in his lips.

Besides, his suit—that splendid acme of polo grandeur—was torn, also covered and spoilt by dust, dirt, and green stains from off the grass.

He surveyed himself with a face splendidly fitted to peep out of the mourners' coach at a funeral.

"Be Heavens!" he exclaimed, "it is an allegory av woe I am! As a hospital sign I wud command the plaudits av the worruld. To the divil wid yez polo! Hereafter I play nothing but shinny, or 'button—button! who's got the may-sles!' Me woife will niver belave I wur playin' polo whin she luks at me. She will swear I wur at a wake!"

"Muldoon—Muldoon!" bawled Mr. Growler, who had escaped, and by some species of miracle got onto his pony's back. "Hurry up!"

"What for?" grumbled Muldoon.

"Get inter yer saddle."

"I won't. The last I saw av it, it wur in a ditch."

"Ride bare-back!"

"Do ye take me fur a star equestrian? If I cannot have a Turkish rug beneath me, I will not ride at all!"

The Hon. Mike gave vent to an exclamation of disgust.

"They'll beat us," remarked he. "They have possession av ther ball!"

"Let thim kape it," said Muldoon. "I don't want it. It is not a miser I am."

"They'll knock it over the goal!"

"Divil a bit do I care if they knock it over the moon. What have I to do wid their aerial propensities?"

"Will you get on your pony?"

"I will not. I ate nothin' but birds, dhrink nothin' but wine, and I will roide nothin' but camels. Bhring on a camel, and I will play."

The Hon. Mike retorted effectively.

Not by word, but by action.

He rode full tilt against Muldoon, knocking him flat on his back.

"Fur two cents," said Mike, as he swept on, gently hitting Muldoon's boom with his polo mallet, "I would chuck yer horse on top of yer. Yer an old, wormy bear onter a rotten log, and yer'd run if a puppy barked at yer!"

"Thin bark an' see me run," retorted Muldoon.

"Play away, ye dime-novel hero. I have had enough av polo. I will get a slate and a pinsil, retoire to me back yard, an' play tit-tat-to. Tit-tat-to is not a game which will rack a man's brain wid enthusiasm, but for personal safety it bates yer polo."

Muldoon left his pony to go where it sweet pleased, and put for home.

His wife was in the room when he arrived, watching the baby, which was fast asleep.

"Ye home so soon, Terry?" she asked. "What ails ye? ye luk all bhroke up."

"It wur polo," grimly answered he. "Polo is foine spohrt, Bridget. It wur invinted to sustain morgues."

"Is the game out yet?"

"I belave not. Only half av the players were kilt whin I left."

"Ye are not going back?"

"Not unless I drag a cannon wid me."

"Thin I guess I will go down and see Roger play. Does he play well?"

"Excellent. He is rapidly mastingher the noble amusement. He hit a horse on the head and broke his leg inside av the first foive minutes. He will be a connoisseur av polo very soon."

Mrs. Muldoon, like a fond mother, was proud of her boy, and wanted to see him play.

"Ye moind the baby, Terry," requested she. "It's aslape. Don't wake it up, for it might cry."

"If it does I'll garrote it," was Muldoon's

pleasant reply. "Ta-ta, Birdie, dance the door-sill, ye coquette."

"Good-bye," returned Mrs. Muldoon, going out. Muldoon watched her out of the window, and gallantly pitched a kiss after her.

"Her back luks no more than swate sixteen," he remarked. "But the delusion is spoiled by her face. If I wer her, I wud not array meself in that capacious red shawl, either. I tuk her to a ball wid it on one noight, and the flure manager came up and said: 'Alderman, will ye plaze put the foire out, it blonds the eyes av the dancers.'"

With a quiet chuckle at the reminiscence, Muldoon went to the bureau and pulled out his pipe.

It was not the one he generally smoked, but a black-muzzled, short-stemmed, smoke-begrimed clay.

"Whin the cat's away the mice will gather no moss," said he. "Me patrician bride will not allow me to smoke it whin she is prisint. She says it affends her sinsibilities. She makes me laugh, for the first toime I iver saw her she wur going barefooted to Daddy O'Pake's shebeen wid a cint's worth av gin in a cracked tay-cup. But I love ye, my dhudeen."

He affectionately pressed the short-cut tobacco into the bowl, singing, as he did so:

"'Tis swater thin all honey,  
That iver yet was seen;  
It's taste is milk and roses,  
Me County Cork dhudeen!  
I love a sup av craythur,  
The kiss av me colleen;  
But betther yet I love ye,  
Me County Cork dhudeen!"

"Faix, I sung that with great illegance," remarked Muldoon. "I belave I will join an African troupe, and warble upon a triangle. I will thry the second verse:

"The green-clad hills av Oireland—"

"Yah—yah!" went a wee voice, interrupting the vocalist.

The vocalist, upon hearing it, dropped his pipe.

"It's the baby!" he exclaimed.

He went to the bed.

Baby was awake.

And bad dreams appeared to have left traces upon its temper.

"Yah—yah—yah!" it went.

Muldoon tried to lie down by its side and soothe it back to slumber, as he had often seen his wife do.

The effort was brilliant—brilliant as a failure.

Baby would not go to sleep.

Baby would yell.

Baby did yell.

"Howly Heavens!" said Muldoon. "Ye have the wind av a fog-horn. Anybody would anticipate that I was playing wild Injun and scalping ye."

"Yah—yah—yah!" bawled the baby. "Whoo! zoo—zoo!"

"Spake English," requested Muldoon. "Divil a bit av Japanese do I know."

"Yah—yah!"

Baby made a violent dash for Muldoon's face, and succeeded in leaving four tiny scratches.

"Young Johnny Dwyer," reproved Muldoon, "if ye do that again, I will put thimbles upon yer fingers."

"Gro—le—vala—vala!" yelled the baby, thrashing the bed with his feet and arms.

"If ye don't shut up ye will wilt all av Mrs. Muldoon's window plants wid yer shouts. I will take ye out av bed."

He did so.

Placing the baby upon his knee, he sat down upon a rocking-chair, and began to rock swiftly, singing: "Little Jack Horner sat in a corner."

Suddenly he rocked back too far.

Over backwards went rocking-chair, Muldoon and baby.

Plump—they landed upon the floor, the rocking-chair topmost of the heap.

Muldoon had no idea of personal safety.

His only anxiety was to save the baby from injury, for he dreaded Mrs. Muldoon's wrath in case any harm should occur to the latter.

So he held it out at arms' length, even while he was falling.

The baby was so surprised at the sudden and unlooked-for accident that it ceased to cry.

And when Muldoon, who also escaped unhurt, got out of the debris of the rocking-chair (which was smashed to fragments), baby was gazing at him with big blue eyes full of astonishment.

Muldoon arose slowly.

The baby was still held out at arms' length.

It was yet quiet.

"Bedad," ejaculated Muldoon, "ye are silent, are ye? I wud have smashed an extra rocking-chair an' a bureau to secure yez raypose."

The baby, however, soon got over the sudden fright which had for a brief period lulled it into calmness.

It shut its eyes tight.

It doubled its fists.

It kicked out vigorously with its worsted-knitted socks, and managed to place one in Muldoon's eye.

Then it yelled.

The yelling it had done before was not a marker to what it did now.

It bawled with a forty horse power, a bawl which threatened to lift off the roof, and bring up the cellar to see what was the row.

Muldoon got mad.

He ceased rocking baby, and walked it.

Baby did not want to walk any more than it wanted to rock.

The highest object of baby's desire seemed to be to cry.

"Will ye be quiet?" begged Muldoon; "if ye don't close yez mouth soon, I will close it for ye. I will fill it up wid me boot."

Baby was not to be terrified.

He screeched all the more.

"What will the neighbors say?" soliloquized Muldoon. "They will swear I am killing the kid! It is a foine reputation as a brutal parent I will get if the child kapes up wid his vocalism."

The child did keep up.

A happy idea occurred to Muldoon.

He placed the squalling child into a chair, tied it fast, and got down upon his hands and knees.

"Papa will play for ye!" said he. "Papa will play lion. The characterization av the king av bastes will be rendered wid great fidelity to rale loife. 'Tis meself who has made a study of lions."

Muldoon's study, however, was not exactly one to be indorsed by a naturalist.

He stood upon his hands, kicked vigorously with his feet, and growled one of the most awe-inspiring, horrible growls ever anybody heard. A real lion who growled like Muldoon did would have been kicked out of respectable society by his fellow lions.

Muldoon further carried out his idea of a lion by upsetting several chairs and knocking down a table.

Young Dennis naturally stopped his wail at the spectacle, and looked at the antics of his adopted father in blank surprise. It was enough to surprise a wooden baby or one of wax, much less a real live child.

Muldoon was greatly encouraged at Dennis' cessation.

"Yez father will now delineate a fiery ant-eater from the cycles av the East Pole," he remarked.

The principle occupation of an ant-eater—as illustrated by Muldoon—is to turn clumsy somersaults and chew up carpets.

But baby, never having seen a real ant-eater, was not aware of the libel and looked on in wonderment.

Muldoon felt better.

"If ye will only kape calm and not weep, I will play a whole menagerie," said he. "Will ye have a leopard nixt?"

Baby nodded its head, and Muldoon proceeded to play leopard.

He jumped over several chairs, bit furiously at the bedstead and whirled about upon one foot, acts which, as every student of the traits and habits of the leopard knows, are pre-eminently characteristic of the beast.

Baby was pleased.

Aye, the little Dennis actually suffered a smile to play over its chubby face.

Muldoon was just as pleased—even more so—than baby.

"It is meself that possesses the golden saycret av kapin' an infant plazed," remarked he. "If iver I lose me money, I will publish an astrologer's guide, revealing it. Bedad, the b'ye couldn't be more plazed if he had found a bowie-knife in his sock. Be aisy now, Dinnis, an' yer dad will porthray a gorilla."

If Muldoon ought to have been a success at playing anything, it should have been a gorilla.

Nature had evidently made him up for that role.

His face, as you have without doubt noticed from the pictures, was a very good likeness of a gorilla.

Yet—such is life—he was not a success.

Baby had an intuitive idea that gorillas did not dance furiously about, and try to balance rocking-chairs upon their noses.

Neither did gorillas take occasional nips of whisky from a flask, and yell: "Whoop!" and when he was further informed by Muldoon's actions that a gorilla lit pipes and proceeded to smoke them, a sense of being imposed upon made itself felt in baby's breast, and baby proceeded to remonstrate.

There was only one form of remonstrance known to baby.

That was to cry.



It did so.

A series of most ear-piercing shrieks was issued forth, and baby's face got as red as a red flannel chest-protector, not yet washed or worn.

Muldoon rushed over, grabbed baby and put it beneath his arm.

"Shut up!" he ordered. "No wondher yer mother left ye. Bedad, I would loike to lave ye meself. If I iver did ye would niver be rescued. I would lave ye down a well, wid a cannon ball tied to yer neck!"

Baby doubled himself up and screeched with ten-fold vigor.

Muldoon employed coaxing.

"I will buy ye a little wooden gun," he said, "wid a rale bayonet. If ye will only thry to swallow it and kill yerself, I will buy ye two. I will buy ye a can av nitro-glycerine and bribe ye to bite upon it."

Baby's only reply was a deafening array of shouts.

Muldoon was in despair.

"Be gob," said he, "ye will weaken the foundation av the house and bury us all beneath the ruins. But if ye do I will—"

Here he paused.

A sudden idea came to him.

He had often noticed that Mrs. Muldoon, when Dennis was fractious, calmed the child by that wonderful baby talk which all women are such adepts in, and which seems to be perfectly understood by all babies.

Muldoon resolved to try this species of infantile taffy.

"Oo 'tittle son av a gun—oo precious little sucker," he began. "Oo 'lasses candy swaty—swaty—swate. Daddy 'oves it's precious niecy—niecy nibs. Daddy will buy it a silver ring to thry its whity—white teeth, and if daddy dared he would buy a pretty 'tittle club to mash its pretty nosey wid. Oh, oo 'tittle stick of liquorice—daddy's own b'ye and mammy's loight av loife!"

This great effort of diplomacy, however, was of no effect.

Baby wouldn't have it.

Men haven't any business to talk or attempt to talk baby language, and baby knew it.

He kept up his music with accumulated force.

Muldoon was desperate.

"I belave I behold a squad av police and a fire hose-cart approaching the house now," said he. "I will be arristed, meself and baby, as public nuisances. Dhry up, ye omadhawn, or I'll dhrownd ye in the wather pitcher."

He might as well have threatened to drown the moon for all the effect his words produced.

While he was wondering what on earth he would do, he perceived a nail upon the wall nearby, to which a picture had once been hung.

"Bedad, I'll do it!" he said, answering a question which had arisen in his mind.

There was a red sash, of silk, and sufficiently strong for his fell purpose, about the baby's waist.

In a trice he had the baby suspended by the sash from the nail.

"Now yell, ye young cherub," said he. "I will away and take a bracer. Me narvous system is in a state av complate collapse. I wud rayther take care av foive lion cubs and a mother-in-law thin a baby."

He picked up his hat and went out.

As luck ruled it, right by the garden-gate he met Mrs. Muldoon coming home happy.

The great "Yankee Four," even reduced to a "Yankee Three" by Muldoon's desertion, had succeeded in establishing the supremacy of the stars and stripes over the union jack, by beating their opponents all hollow in the game of polo.

Roger, especially, did noble work, and his fond mother, as a result, was beaming with maternal pride.

"We bate the British, Terry," said she.

"I ixpected it," replied Muldoon. "Yankee blood will tell, Bridget! There niver was a failure where New York City stands. That is—very seldom iver!"

"Ye should have beheld Roger," said Mrs. Muldoon; but suddenly she recollected herself.

"Where's the baby?" she asked.

"Safe," was Muldoon's answer.

"Where?"

Muldoon was afraid to reply for a second.

But he resolved to brave it out.

"If ye hang a horse-shoe upon the wall, Bridget," he said, "it will kape witches away—won't it?"

"Yis."

"An' yez want to kape witches away from our domicile?"

"Yis."

"Well, Bridget, I had no horse-shoe—the blacksmith's shop were broke—so I hung the baby on the wall. Au reservoir, ye Kilkenny crusher!"

## PART XXVII.

THE way Mrs. Muldoon flew up the graveled walk, upon receiving the intelligence of baby's suspension upon the wall, fairly surprised Muldoon.

"Luk at her fly!" he exclaimed. "If I shud iver inter her into the Derby, she wud bate the field! Go it, Bedalia, ye proide av a nunnery!"

Muldoon stopped for a brief space of time to light a cigar.

He had just finished this pleasing operation, when a voice which he recognized very well was wafted to him upon the balmy twilight breeze.

"You brute!" it said. "Baby is most dead!"

He glanced up at the window of his room.

There was Mrs. Muldoon, soothing baby in one arm, and shaking the fist of the other arm at her husband.

"What do yez say?" he bawled back.

"Baby is most dead!"

"Bedad, if he wur completely dead, I wud not weep. What ails him?"

"You fool! The nail broke."

"Good! It wur an Irish nail, an' cud not stand oppressin'. Proceed, me lily-white Bedalia."

"Down went baby."

"Ye did not expect him to fly up loike a balloon, an' sthick against the wall, did ye?"

"And he's awfully bruised."

"Put a brown-paper ulster lined wid vinegar upon his person. It is splendid for bruises."

"It's all yez fault."

"What?"

"That baby fell."

"Mrs. Muldoon, yez wrong me. The nail wur the perpetrator. I wur only the instigathor. I can prove to ye by the rule av rhomboid pyrotechnics that the difference between the two legal terms are—"

There was a sudden slam of the window.

Mrs. Muldoon had retired, in disgust.

"Be Heavens, I wud have gambled onto it!" exclaimed Muldoon, with great self-satisfaction.

"The flow av me eloquence crushes all opposition. Divil a wan can sthand up to me in a vocal foight. What a senator I cud make!"

The idea was a sudden one, but Muldoon found himself in love with it as he went down the road, blowing philosophical clouds of smoke from his Havana.

He met the Hon. Mike coming up home for supper, exalted and puffed up by his polo victory.

"Halloo, Mike," said Muldoon.

"Get out, yer sucker," was the Hon. Mike's reply.

"Who's a sucker?"

"You."

"Bedad, I'm no fish."

"Yer wuss nor a fish. Yer a measly old polecat, and somebody orter kill yer wid a spake. Yer a crawler! Yer crawled right out an' left us ter fight it out alone. Yer was scairt because a little hoss, a hoss wot yer could put in yer hat or blow over a fence, stepped onder yer. The next thing yer will be puttin' on a suit of jingly old brass armor to keep ther flies from eatin' yer."

Muldoon saw Mike was mad, and he resolved to see what effect a little judicious flattery would do.

"I heard yez won the game mostly yerself," he said.

"Who told yer?"

"Mrs. Muldoon."

"Well, she wasn't very much off. I'm a bashful old croton-bug wot hides in cracks ter keep outer folks's way, and I ain't got no little bassoon wot I keeps a-tootin' of my own praises, but I'll give it ter yer straight. 'Twas me did win ther game."

"I wud have sold pools onto it."

"Yer orter. I'm a old horse-killing, grass-blasting, man-murdering old tornado born in a black cloud, an' I jest tornadoed over that polo field. There was four men and four horses against us—wasn't there?"

"Yes."

"Well, dey're goin' around wid baskets now a-picking up the men—and as for ther horses—"

"What av them?"

"Dey're in a barge—dead—a-being floated down to a soap-works to make real oilymargerine."

"Ye are a great mon, Mike," said the artful Muldoon. "No wondher ye were elected senator."

"Dey all loved me so dey couldn't help it."

"I think I will return to New York myself pretty soon and become a senator."

"If yer could get a district full of lunatic asylums yer might be elected," was Mike's sarcastic reply. "So long."

Away went the Hon. Mike, and Muldoon kept on toward the village.

"I will become a senator, bedad, if I have to

cater to the Chinayse and kiss ivery naygur baby in the ward," he soliloquized. "I will wrote to Alderman Lobscouse and Mulcahy to-morrow."

To anticipate, he did so.

How the letter was received, what reply was sent back, and what progress Muldoon made in his senatorial schemes will be seen in future pages.

The following morning a disussion was held at breakfast.

"Hadn't we better be going somewhere else?" asked Hippocrates Burns. "I am fatigued wid Brighton. They do not appreciate me."

"I tell ye how I could make a fortune," laughed Dan.

"How?" asked Roger.

"By buying Hippocrates at everybody else's appreciation and selling him at his own."

Everybody laughed except the poet himself.

"If I ever had a cage full of monkeys I would put Dan into it to learn them tricks," he retorted. "For real wit Dan is as funny as a corpse."

"Arrah, be aisy wid your comicalities," put in Mrs. Muldoon. "Where shall we go?"

"Venice—lovely Venice," said Hippocrates; "the beautiful isle of the sea; isle of hoary marble palaces and soft-swelling waters; Venice, renowned in story, sung in song, praised in poetry, and—"

"Go hire a park and tell the rest to the benches," interrupted Muldoon. "Venice be hanged! I wud rather own the Fourth Ward av New York. It may not have hoary, marble palaces or soft-swelling waters, but, begob, it hassnug gin-palaces and swate-smelling gutthers, in which the dead cats drift gently down to the sewer."

"But I wud loike to ride in a gondola," said Hippocrates.

"On a gondola," corrected Muldoon.

"What do you take a gondola for?"

"A basté, av coorse."

"What ignorance! It's a boat."

"Do ye suppose," asked Muldoon, with dignity, "that I don't know what a gondola is? It's a baste wid no tail."

"It's a boat."

"I'll lave it to Mike. What's a gondola, Mike?"

The Hon. Mr. Growler, who was picking his teeth with a fork, bobbed up serenely in answer to the query.

"Yer are wrong, both of yer," he said. "A gondola is a bird."

"Phew!" whistled Hippocrates.

"I say it is a bird," said Mike decisively. "I've shot dozens of 'em. The woods used ter be full of 'em at Coffin-lid Canyon. I'm a totterin' old hickory tree, and if anybody says a gondola ain't a bird I'll totter right inter 'em."

That settled it.

"I tell you where we'll go," said Roger. "Somewhere where we ain't been before."

"To church?" asked Dan.

"Nonsense—to the Aquarium."

"Be gob, it's so, we haven't been there!" ejaculated Muldoon. "I wud loike to go meself."

The whole party expressed a similar idea.

Soon coats and hats were donned, and the procession set out, Muldoon leading, in a wealth of summer ulster and a halo of high hat, while St. Patrick and Charcoal, arm in arm, followed on behind.

The whole family presented a spectacle which attracted the Brighton small boy.

They also puzzled said small boy, for he could not just make up his mind as to the purport of the pageant.

"It's a circus."

"Tain't: it's wax-works."

"Say, mister, give us a hand-bill."

"Where's your tent?"

"Why h'ain't yer got a band?"

"Why don't yer ride in kerriages instead of walking?"

"Dey're a Sunday-school."

"Is it a picnic, mister?"

"Ain't you got a monkey?"

"Hey, Billy, look at the nigger!"

"An' see the Chinese! Hurray!"

To anybody else but Muldoon such visibly expressed admiration might have proved troublesome, but with Muldoon it was different.

He took it as an unsolicited tribute to himself and his popularity.

"Fly away, b'yes," he said, good-naturedly, as he distributed a handful of farthings amidst his eager followers.

He threw the farthings as far away as possible, and while about fourteen different fights for their possession were going on agmong the boys, the Muldoon cortege managed to escape.

The Aquarium was soon reached.

It is a very large and spacious building, divided into several apartments, which are filled with numbers of the finny tribes, from seals down to



jelly-fishes, besides many rare and curious specimens of water-plants, both of salt and fresh water botany. In fact, beside the great iron piers, the Aquarium is one of Brighton's proudest boasts.

Muldoon paid the admission fee, of course.

That was what Muldoon was for.

They walked along until the first case was reached.

A big, ugly fish, principally all head, was swimming around.

"What is it, Terry?" asked Mrs. Muldoon.

Muldoon had not the faintest idea. Fishes were an unsolvable problem to him.

He was not going to own that such was the case, however.

"That," he remarked, "is a Peruvian turtle."

"A Peruvian turtle!" Mrs. Muldoon exclaimed.

"Yis."

"But don't turtles have shells?"

"Av coorse."

"Thin where is this wan's shell?"

"Bedad, Bedalia, I am ashamed av ye," said Muldoon. "Wud ye have me interfere wid the proivate affairs av aven a turtle? Faix, I—I am too much av a gintleman for that. What difference does it make to us where his shell is? Perhaps he may have ate it, or is carryin' it around wid him in his pocket. But he is a very fine specimen av a Peruvian turtle."

"Say, sir," asked Roger of a very respectable old gentleman who was standing by, observing the proceedings with an air of amusement, "what is that fish?"

The old gentleman laughed.

"I can assure you," he replied, with a chuckle, "that it is not a Peruvian turtle."

"It isn't?"

"No."

"What is it?"

"Simply a very large specimen of the salt water cat-fish."

Roger smiled serenely.

He told the rest, and a general grin was visible upon all of the surrounding faces.

Muldoon felt hurt.

He hastily moved on to the next case.

A magnificent eel of remarkable size was reposing lazily upon the bottom of the case.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Growler of her husband.

"A sea-serpent," was Mr. Growler's reply.

"A real sea-serpent?"

"Yes."

"You are wrong, Mike," put in Muldoon. "Be Heavens, it is a wather-snake!"

The glance with which the speaker was favored by the Hon. Mike was expressive of the deepest scorn.

"I'm an old sea-fairy," remarked he, "wot has been intimate with water-snakes all of me life. Home, in old Nevada, I've got four water-snakes wot can climb trees, walk tight-ropes, stand on their heads and dance the lanciers. But my pet is Billy."

"Billy who?" queried Dan.

"Billy nuthin'. Do yer s'pose I was goin' to give a water-snake a second name?—ef I hed he'd a-been votin' against me next election. I'm a paralyzed old cripple, I am, but it's a blasted cold day when I can't ketch der train. But yer orter seed Billy."

"What could he do?" asked Roger, anxious to encourage his uncle in a yarn.

The Hon. Mike softly expectorated a copious spirt of tobacco juice.

"Wot could he do?" repeated he, "yer orter ask wot he couldn't do. One day he got away from his salt-box—I kept him in a salt-box so's he wouldn't git too fresh—an' he wriggled down to Jack McDonnell's, who kept the 'Angel's Home,' the biggest saloon in all Graveyard Flats."

"Billy went up to the bar, and waved his tail. That meant 'drinks all around.' Jack knew wot Billy was after, for Billy was solid wid Jack, and Jack set 'em right up."

"All of the boys drank except a white-faced, biled-shirt son of a prairie dog from Philadelphia. He refused."

"Why?" asked Roger.

"He said he'd sunk pretty low since he left Philadelphia, but he'd be shot if he'd drink with a water-snake."

"Well, what followed?"

"In five minits he was dead."

"Who?"

"The white-faced, biled-shirt son of a prairie dog from Philadelphia. Billy just slunk along the bar, crawled down that fellow's throat, and it wasn't an hour before he was buried, the coroner's jury rendering a verdict of 'justifiable strangulation,' and acquitting Billy. Billy wuz my pet, he wuz, an' I'll stake money onter it."

This yarn sort of paralyzed the crowd. They proceeded forward without any words of comment, while the Hon. Mike followed with the air of a man who would not lie for his life.

The stroll through the Aquarium was one highly interesting to any one who was fond of fishes and rare specimens of water-plants.

To those, however, who were not admirers or students of said branches it was apt to grow monotonous.

So it occurred that Muldoon, Dan and the Hon. Mike began to feel that the expedition was growing monotonous.

"Bedad, I'm sick av it," remarked Muldoon. "The next time I want to peruse fishes I will go to a fish-stand and see dead wans. It will be chaper, and afford more opportunity for a deliberate survey."

The Hon. Mike agreed in this brilliant observation.

"Blast fishes," said he. "I want to eat fishes, not to look at 'em."

Dan was also a malcontent.

"We have already seen fifteen hundred fishes," said he, "in wan row, an' I belave the ante is raised in the next. I wud rayther go look at a row of barkeepers. It wud be more intellectual."

Muldoon and Mr. Growler both coincided in his remark.

They knew there was a hotel not far from the Aquarium.

To this hotel was attached a tap-room, or bar, in which, as a sign, prominently displayed, informed a longing public: "All sorts of American drinks sold here," which sign, by the way, as was related several weeks ago in an account of an adventure of the Hon. Mike's, is generally a glaring and palpable lie, framed to entice the silver of thirsty Americans into the pockets of the mercenary sons of Great Britain.

To this place the trio resolved to go.

But how could they escape the women folks?

The real object of their wandering away could not be disclosed, for well they knew that a petticoated veto would be placed upon it at once.

A consultation was held upon the subject.

Dan could think of no plausible excuse.

Muldoon's brain was equally unfertile.

It remained for the Hon. Mike to develop his brain power.

"I have it," he said. "Yer wish a drink, don't yer, pard's?"

"Yes."

"Then follow me lead."

He walked along in silence by his wife for a few minutes, pretending to be deeply absorbed in the array of crabs and lobsters which occupied that tier of cages.

Suddenly he gave vent to a cry of surprise, and peered away in the distance.

"I'll be blasted!" cried he.

"What for?" naturally asked his wife.

"There's Death's-Head Dick."

"Who?"

"Death's-Head Dick, my old pard from Stone Gulch."

"Where?"

"Right over there. There, he's just gone behind the corner. I've got to see him."

"Why?"

"He saved my life once."

"How?"

"By not taking it. Muldoon—Dan!"

"What?"

"Come with me; I want to introduce yer to Death's-Head Dick. Follow me."

With an agility which did him great credit, the Hon. Mike dashed around into another corridor, doubled up a narrow passage, turned a second corner, and stood breathless by the side entrance.

His companions were soon by his side.

"Where's Death's-Head Dick?" Muldoon asked, speaking with a wheeze, for the hasty pace had almost winded him.

The Hon. Mike gently pulled down the lower lid of his left optic, and remarked:

"All in my eye."

"Ain't there no such pleasant-named gint?"

"Nixey, cull. Didn't yer fall inter ther gag. It wuz jest a ruse ter git away from our women-folks. 'Twur strategy, pards, strategy. I'm a rough-coated old hyena bust loose from a jungle, but I'm blazes wid strategy."

The pair complimented Mike upon his strategic powers, and he was so flattered by their warm encomiums, that when they arrived at the hotel before-mentioned, he readily "set 'em up."

Muldoon was not generally behind in that part of friendly etiquette, and when the beverages were disposed of, he repeated the action.

Then, of course, it was Dan's turn, and Dan responded nobly.

It is needless to elaborate upon this part of my story.

The three jolly good fellows and true stayed there for a full hour, during which the barkeeper was kept fully employed.

At the end of the period spoken about, they

began to feel the effects of their injudicious potations.

"Twelve o'clock," said Muldoon. "Time to get back."

"Ain't never—hic—going back," said the Hon. Mike. "Whoop! take off my coat. I'm a—hic—wailin' old gale from Nova Zembla, and I want to sweep this place out. Hand me the—hic—bar-keeper till I break glasses with him."

"Mike, ould man," said Dan, with tipsy gravity, "yez are my best friend."

"Yer right."

"Tis meself who lovest ye loike a bruzzer."

"I'm a ragin' old—hic—telescope, an' I kin see it wid me—hic—glass out," replied Mr. Growler, highly affected at this declaration.

"Mr. Mike—consequence of this bruzzerly love, it pains me to see yez in such a state. Mike, ye are dhrunk—dhrunk as a biled owl."

"Me drunk—me who kin drink up a hull distillery? Dan, yer—hic—wrong me."

"Ye are roight," said Muldoon, bracing up like a little major. "Dan, ye are full yerself."

"So 're yer," said the ungrateful Mr. Growler. "Both of yer is—hic—full, except me. I'm a sieve—I am—and yer kan't—hic—get me full. Le's go see the gals?"

Meanwhile Dan had stolen a part of a feather-duster, and stuck it into the Hon. Mike's hat.

The Hon. Mike, however, was perfectly unconscious of the additional embellishment to his personal fascination.

He started for the Aquarium.

"Where we're going?" asked Dan.

"Back to the Aquarium."

"I ain't goin'."

"Where are yer—hic—going?"

"Sleigh-riding."

The Hon. Mike and Muldoon were so convulsed at this remarkable statement, that when they got through their fit of laughter Dan was gone.

"He's skipped!" said Muldoon.

"Lem' him skip," replied the Hon. Mike; "we'll go see the—hic—wimmen."

By devious paths they reached the Aquarium.

They got into a back entrance somehow, by that blind luck which always accompanies gentlemen who are intoxicated, and roamed into a small room just off the main Aquarium.

There was nobody at all in the room, it not being one of general interest, only a few fishes of the common sort being there kept.

There was also an empty tank, which attracted the pair's notice.

"Le's git inter it," said the Hon. Mike.

"What for?"

"Le's be fishes."

"That is good," said Muldoon, with inebriated philosophy. "Fishes dhrink—an' we dhrink—le's be fishes."

They got into the tank.

There they sat regarding each other, until sleep overpowered them.

Soon they were fast asleep.

There they sat, snoring away in blissful unconsciousness of either past, present, or future.

Presently a bevy of sight-seers came into the room.

The sight of the tank and its novel occupants surprised them for a second, but their surprise soon gave way to mirth.

With broad smiles the spectators regarded Muldoon and the Hon. Mike, who still slept on, utterly oblivious to all remarks, occasionally snoring melodiously.

## PART XXVIII.

THE spectators, as we stated at the close of the last part, gazed at the unconscious Mr. Growler and the snoring Muldoon with broad smiles of amusement visible upon their faces.

It was a sort of relief from the fishes; for fishes—even rare and unfrequent fishes—are apt to grow monotonous after you have seen several hundred of them. There is, as a careful observer will note, a vast degree of similarity in fishes.

They began to make comments upon the novel spectacle presented to their gaze.

"What kind of fish are they?" asked one.

"Bottle fish, I should judge," replied a second, with a laugh.

"Sin fish, more probably."

"Well, they look decidedly *scaly*, anyway."

"What ails them?"

"Sun-stroke, I guess."

"Or a fit of despair."

"Or a spell of fatigue."

So the spectators went on, merrily gibing the slumbering inhabitants of the tank.

Somehow it appeared as if everybody who was in that Aquarium desired to visit that particular room. The crowd was constantly augmented by new arrivals, until fully half a hundred people must have come into the small apartment.

Suddenly the manager of the Aquarium appeared.



He was a red-faced, irascible Briton, fiery as red pepper.

"Eavens!" exclaimed he, looking aghast at the tank, "what h'is h'it?"

"Tell me, old cock, and you can have it," said a merry young fellow. "What kind of fish are they, anyway? I never before saw a fish with a feather-duster in his hat. Why don't you put labels onto them, so's folks can see what species of the finny tribe they are?"

"H'I don't h'understand h'it," said the manager, looking perplexed.

"Nobody else does."

"H'its h'an h'outrage."

"Of course."

"They're h'intoxicated."

"Who, the fish?"

"They h'ain't fish."

"Oh, yes, they are," replied the joker. "Don't you see the sign? It says: 'Don't poke the fish.' If they ain't fish, take your old sign down. You can't impose much on me, I guess!"

"H'I tell you h'it's an h'outrage," said the manager. "Those h'intoxicated h'inebrates 'ave roamed h'into the h'Aquarium h'an' 'ave gone to sleep h'into h'an h'empty tank."

"And they ain't fish?"

"No."

"Men?"

"Yes."

"Ain't good to eat?"

"No."

"Can't swim around in globes and live on bread-crums?"

"No," growled the manager, "h'and h'I want to remark, young man, you're too h'infernally fresh, h'as the h'Americans say. H'I'm running this h'Aquarium."

"Well, if I were you, I would run those two fellows out. Or do they pay board?"

The manager made no reply.

He was so mad at the chaffing he had received, that he did not feel like getting any more.

He grabbed a stick from a gentleman near by and began poking at Muldoon and Mr. Growler.

"Wake h'up!" bawled he.

The cue was speedily taken by the crowd.

"Change cars!"

"Ten minutes for refreshments!"

"London!"

"Look out for the locomotive!"

"All aboard!"

"Low bridge!"

"Dublin!"

"Take a carriage for Hyde Park?"

"Place is shut, sir!"

"Time to go home!"

So they yelled, until at last an opening of the eyes-lids and a lazy shudder of the body denoted that Muldoon and the senator from Nevada were waking up.

The manager continued poking with his stick.

"Thash yer, Muldoon?" asked Mike.

"Yis."

"Where're we?"

"Bedad, it is a problem to meself."

"Who're we?"

"I will niver tell ye."

The Hon. Mike rubbed his eyes, and tried to collect his scattered ideas.

He gazed about him.

He dimly comprehended the fact that he was in a tank; a glass tank, and that a crowd of people were eying him very curiously.

"I've got it, Muldoon," at last he remarked.

"We're—hic—fishes."

"Fishes?" repeated Muldoon.

"Yes—fishes. I don't know—hic—what yer are—but I'm a—hic—old sperm whale wid a red-head an' a—hic—electric tail. When I wave my tail, I raizer—hic—tide—four feet. Whoop!"

The Hon. Mike, in his assumed old sperm whale character, conceived it incumbent upon himself to wave his imaginary tail.

In fact, he waved the whole of him.

The wave was a great success.

He could not create more consternation if he had been a real whale.

The Hon. Mike's feet flew out.

So did the Hon. Mike's arms.

The tank was but glass.

And glass, as everybody knows, is not especially calculated to stand any excessive amount of pressure; particularly muscular pressure.

So it was that there was a grand crash!

The splintered glass flew in all directions, and one big piece, a piece with sharp, jagged edges, flew against the manager's cheek, causing a slight wound, or perhaps scratch would be more appropriate, for the injury was almost too trivial to be dignified by the appellation of wound.

But it was sufficient to scare him.

"Eavens!" exclaimed he, starting back. "H'I h'am h'assassinated!"

The Hon. Mike, who was covered with a debris of glass, seemed pleased at the news.

"Whoop!" he cried; "didn't I say I wuz a—hic—old sperm whale wid an—hic—electric tail? See me wag it agin!"

He carried out his words.

And he also carried himself onto the floor.

The series of acrobatic feats which he started to execute required at least a whole plateau to be performed upon in safety.

The tank was not the largest space possible—it was not even a circus-ring—and over it went the Hon. Mike, Muldoon and all.

The spectators scattered.

Muldoon and Mike rolled over in a surprised sort of way.

But Mike was not at all discomfited.

"The old sperm whale's broke—hic—loose," remarked he. "Wait till ye see him—hic—stan' on his head. I—hic—stood on my head for six weeks in a circus an' never got—hic—bald. Didn't lose a single hair."

With that the spectacle was presented of a senator—a senator from Nevada—attempting the difficult but intellectual feat of standing on his head.

Alas, it was not a success!

It was a failure.

Mr. Growler rolled ignominiously over in a most ungraceful style.

"Floor's too sweaty," he said. "Gimme a new floor, an' I bet—hic—fifty against the field I'll—hic—do it!"

Just as he was about offering these tempting odds for any person who felt speculatively inclined, he felt himself grabbed.

The grabber was a stout, round-shouldered constable, who plainly, by his grip, meant business.

"Leave go of me," suggested Mr. Growler; "I'm a—hic—old bumbshell, I am, an' when anybody handles me, I'm—hic—liable ter blow up. Who're yer—hic—anyway?"

"You'll find out!" was the grim reply, "I'm an officer of the peace."

"Piece of—hic—wot?"

"Never you mind. Come along."

"Nothing—hic—wrong, I s'pose?"

"Well, you'll find out. Get up!"

The officer enforced his words by a yank which lifted Mr. Growler off his feet.

There was a second constable paying his attention to Muldoon.

His hand was upon Muldoon's collar in a steely grasp.

"Take yer fist off!" exclaimed Muldoon. "Do ye know who I am?"

"Naw!" gruffly replied the constable.

"I am Terence Muldoon."

"What of it?"

"It is meself who is an American sovereign."

"An American what?"

"Sovereign."

"You look more like an American lush. Come along."

"Where to?"

"Jail."

"What for?"

"Being drunk and disturbing the public peace."

"I niver did. The sucker who says so is a liar, and I can bate the breath out av him!"

"That will do," said the constable. "No back talk. I knows my duty."

"Bedad, I'm glad av it. Nobody else does."

The only answer of the other was to pull Muldoon violently along. The Hon. Mike was being forwarded in the same style.

Muldoon felt his temper rise.

By a dexterous twitch he succeeded in tearing himself away from the constable.

But he did not try to escape.

He simply laid flat down upon the floor.

"Be gorra," said he, "if I have to go to jail I will go in stoile. Divil a fut will I walk. I go to jail in a carriage or I will not go at all."

Mr. Growler heard the remark, and beheld the subsequent action.

Mr. Growler considered it a noble example; an example worthy of being imitated.

He succeeded in upsetting his captor, which brilliant feat being performed, he laid at full length upon the boards, almost parallel with Muldoon.

"Now bring on yer old—hic—vehicle," said the Hon. Mike. "Twist forth yer old velocipedes and yer old carryalls. I'm an old pilgrim, I am, w'at's—hic—tired. Nuthin' but a chariot, a red-wheeled chariot wid—hic—sculpture upon the shafts, will do for me. Whoop!"

The constables were surprised.

The populace—for considerable of a populace were now gathered—watching the proceedings, applauded.

"Stay there!"

"Don't budge!"

"Make 'em get barouches!"

"Or wheelbarrows!"

"Order a railroad built!"

"Send for a yacht!"

"Go to jail in balloons, or nothing!"

So advised various of the populace, which, as is always the case in every country or clime, is invariably against the guardians of the public peace, and upon the side of the culprit.

The constables were in a dilemma.

They threatened to use force upon the two malcontents.

"Go ahead—do it!" requested Mike. "Club me—whack the old Lily of Nevada over the stem. He's a—hic—handy old plant—he is—an' he never wilts. But for every whack it will cost yer blasted old—hic—monarchy about a million dollars. Bang me—go ahead. I'm a young eaglet, yer bet, an' ther bald-headed old American eagle never—hic—leaves young eaglets. Whoop! Bust in my free Nevada jaw with a royal pile-driver!"

The constables paused, and looked at each other questioningly.

The Hon. Mike's words, and his determined demeanor, seemed to affect them somewhat.

The manager, however, was as mad as a bull who has just been presented with a shot-gun charge of salt.

"H'I'd 'it 'em," said he. "H'I'd 'it 'em 'ard. H'it h'is your prerogative h'if they resist h'arrest to 'it 'em 'ard."

"Faix, if I wur ye I wud go lease a hall," said Muldoon. "We are not resisting arrist, are we, Mike?"

"No," said Mike.

He wanted to be arrested. If he could not be arrested he was liable to expire in a fit of disgust. His chief ambition was to go to jail. But he was very high-toned; very elevated in his ideas.

He was not plebeian enough to walk to jail.

He was a patrician.

Noble blood flowed in his veins.

He would ride to jail or he would not go at all. That settled it.

The manager was in despair.

He cogitated over the subject for a while, while Muldoon and the Hon. Mike lay tranquilly upon the floor, peacefully awaiting the course of events.

The manager at last had an inspiration.

"H'I will get h'an 'and-cart," said he.

"A wot?" asked Mike.

"H'an 'and-cart."

"Shall we—hic—ride in a hand-cart, Muldoon?" queried Mike.

"If they dhrape the wheels wid silk an' place flags upon the handle, perhaps we may," replied Muldoon.

"Well, I won't," decidedly answered Mr. Growler. "I'm an old king-bird, I am, an' I fly high. I've got ter hev a brass band in fronter me—or I won't ride."

The manager, however, had not stopped to listen.

He had given an order to an assistant, who presently returned with a hand-cart.

It was not a gaudy hand-cart.

It would not have figured with much glory in a pageant, but it would have proved exceedingly useful to carry coal in, or it would have made good material for a bonfire.

The Hon. Mike and Muldoon were not at all pleased with its personal beauty.

"It's a hearse," said Muldoon.

"It's a bloody old ark on wheels. Take it away," requested the Hon. Mike.

"Get h'in," requested the manager. "Such h'obstinacy h'I never beheld. H'it's h'awful."

"Got a—hic—basket?" asked Mike.

"What for?"

"To pick up the 'h's' yer've dropped. Get out, yer bloody Briton! We licked yer in—hic—'76 and 1812, an' we kin do it again. Go pick yer nose."

The manager's face, naturally purple, got purpler still.

"You will be 'ung," said he. "Constables, do your duty."

"Come, boys," said the head-officer, coaxingly. "Get into the vehicle. It isn't very pretty, but it's good and comfortable."

Then he said, in a whisper to Muldoon:

"I don't want to arrest you, but I've got to do it. No doubt but what you will be released all right. Please give me no unnecessary trouble, for I do not wish to use force with you."

Muldoon felt that the officer's words were sensible, and that it would not be right to make any further trouble. The constables were in the right, and if they used physical persuasion, the law would sustain them.

"Ye're roight," said he. "Mike!"

"Well?"

"Get into our wagonette."

"Is it all—hic—right?"

"Yes."

"Yer contented?"

"Yes."



"Then I won't kick. I ain't a mule ef I hev big ears. Climb in, Muldoon, an' I'll foller. I'm blazing on follerin'!"

Muldoon got into the hand-cart.

The Hon. Mike followed.

The hand-cart was just about large enough to accommodate the both of them with a little squeezing.

The crowd surrounding was extremely pleased at the sight. It was better than one could see gazing at fishes for a year.

In fact it was a new and novel, not to say agreeable addition to the Aquarium.

They expressed their delight audibly.

"Hurrahy!"

A hundred queries flew about from mouth to ear, as to the reason of the procession.

Some of the wildest theories were advanced.

It was variously stated that Muldoon and Mike were fire-bugs, murderers, parricides, but the rumor which gained the greatest credence was that they were Fenian conspirators, who had been detected in an attempt to blow up the Aquarium by nitro-glycerine, said nitro-glycerine being contained, it was alleged, in a bomb.

This rumor seemed to make the culprits very popular. To be an idol with the masses, as has been proved by history, over and over again, a man must be either a great hero, or a great vil-

"Wha' for?"

The constable seized the figure by the shoulders, and attempted to cast him to one side.

The figure, however, had caught sight of the occupants of the hand-cart, and the figure seemed to intuitively understand that they were within the power of the law, as exemplified or represented by the blue-coated constable.

"Bedad!" gasped the figure, "do me eyes deceive me? Is it me brother Terry and Mike? It is thim who are arrested?"

The idea seemed to fill the figure with holy indignation.

"Place yez fist off av me!" he requested of the foremost constable.



"Gentlemen an' leddies," said Muldoon, while the passengers looked on in wonder, "I thank ye for these beautiful flowers. It is proud I am of the place I occupy in yez sympathies!"

"Bully for the Americans!"

"Make 'em get horses to draw yer."

"Yell for chairs."

"They ought to give yer mattresses."

"Order sofas to sit on."

"Make them put down a carpet on the floor of your vehicle."

"Where's your coachman?"

"And footman?"

"And guard?"

"Wheel them along."

"Carry the tank as evidence."

"Ain't there any baggage?"

"Squeeze up and make room for a trunk."

"I'd have a giraffe to draw me or I wouldn't go."

"I wouldn't go anyhow."

"Screech for elephants as a propelling power."

"Or camels."

"Or hippopotamuses."

"Or goats."

"Or whales."

Then, amid merry shouts and shrieks of laughter, for the spectacle was, without exaggeration, decidedly funny, the hand-cart was wheeled off, the two sturdy constables, who, in spite of their official gravity, could not help smiling, pushing on behind.

They went through the Aquarium and out of the principal exit.

Their appearance upon the street was the signal for a mob to collect.

lain. And, as a rule, the great villains are the most popular.

Muldoon and the Hon. Mike were looked upon as great villains.

*Ergo*—they were popular.

The attending multitude yelled and shouted at them.

"Hurrahy for the Fenians!"

"Hurrahy for nitro-glycerine!"

"Hurrahy for the bomb!"

"Yer orter blowed up the Aquarium!"

"And the manager!"

"And the fishes!"

So it was, attended by a whooping and yelling crowd of ragamuffins, the refuse of the town, the Hon. Mike and Muldoon continued their progress, both as proud and happy as lords.

They were nearly to the lock-up when a figure appeared.

It was a curious figure.

It was a male figure.

It was a decidedly broken-up figure—a figure covered with dirt and resplendent in dust; a figure with a black eye, and a nose which bore evident marks of having met somebody's fist, or some other hard substance very recently.

The figure planted itself right in the way of the hand-cart.

"Whaz zis?" queried the figure.

"Clear out!" ordered a constable who was making clear the way.

"Wha' for?"

"Stand aside."

Said constable refused to do so.

"Will yer get to one side?" he said.

"No, sir."

"Why?"

"Do yez perceive the two jintlemin in the hand-cart?"

"What of 'em?"

"Begob, their blood flows into me veins! It is all in the family! I will rescue thim!"

"You're just about as full as they are," remarked the constable, losing his patience.

He tried to push the figure away.

The figure would not have it.

Quick as a flash the figure drew back and hit the constable a whack under the ear, which sent him gracefully to grass.

"It is meself who niver goes back on a friend!" yelled the figure, proceeding to dance upon his recumbent foe.

Muldoon started up.

He looked at the pugnacious figure.

"Be Heavens!" exclaimed he, "it's Dan!"

Muldoon was right.

It was Dan.

But Dan's praiseworthy efforts for the release of his friends proved futile.

He was overpowered, and, with his relations, carried to jail.

That night they were arraigned at a special session of the court, convened for that purpose by the magistrate, who was a friend of Muldoon's, and was, so he said, shocked to see our hero in such a fix.



Nevertheless, no matter how much he was shocked, or professed to be, it did not prevent him from letting the prisoners off with a reprimand, or ordering coaches, in which they were conveyed home.

The episode was a lesson for Muldoon.

He solemnly swore never to drink again; pure, sparkling water would be his beverage thereafter.

Soon after he went shooting, all alone by himself, upon the meadows and marshes surrounding Brighton, though what he could shoot beside himself was a conundrum.

He took lunch along.

Whether it was the lunch, or whether it was the

It was several hours before Muldoon awoke.

He sat upon the wheelbarrow and looked around in complete amazement. A lost goat was staring curiously at him, and a donkey brayed by his side.

"Be Heavens!" groaned he, "where am I? I belave I have struck a menagerie."

PART XXIX.

To say that Muldoon was surprised when he woke up and looked around him would not express his state of mind clearly enough.

He was more than surprised.

He was paralyzed.

He recollected after a while, after his mental

and oyster cans, with great relish, and a brick-yard is a goat's ideal of proper pasture.

So the goat kept on at Muldoon's shirt-sleeve.

Muldoon repulsed the animal, from a sense of duty.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," said he. "If I allow yez to lunch off av me shirt, yez will be licking the bald off av me head nixt. Get thee gone, girl!"

The goat, however, was stubborn, and it was not until Muldoon had got up and flung the wheelbarrow at it that it consented to move away.

And when it did it was with a slow gait and a vicious toss of the horns which seemed to say:



Suddenly a pale, ghostly figure, robed all in white, confronted them. Its face was pale as death, and it stood as still as a statue. "It's Muldoon's ghost!" shrieked the Hon. Mike, falling back into Dan's arms.

bottled ale, which formed an agreeable accompaniment to the viands, certain it is to say that Muldoon fell asleep under the shade of a leafy oak.

Said oak was upon the property of Squire Hardtack.

Squire Hardtack was a man who never had any fun himself, and did not want anybody else to have any fun.

So it was, that chancing to stroll about his grounds with a servant, and finding Muldoon sound asleep, he was wrathful.

"James," said he to his servant, "haven't I forbidden trespassing?"

"Yes, sir."

"There's a sign to that effect upon my grounds?"

"Yes, sir."

"This person is trespassing?"

"Yes, sir."

"There is a wheelbarrow in the next field?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get it and convey this—this person to the pound."

James obeyed.

The wheelbarrow was procured.

Muldoon was placed upon it.

Strange to say, he did not awake, and James, obeying his master's orders, wheeled his slumbering burden to the pound, placing him inside upon the wheelbarrow, which he also left.

Then James faded away, a broad grin playing upon his face.

powers got into good working order, of having laid down beneath the pleasant shelter of a leafy tree, for the purpose of taking a quiet nap.

He also recollected of dozing quietly and pleasantly off to sleep.

Further than that he did not recollect at all.

A curious idea occurred to him.

Perhaps he had gone from sleep into death.

This idea soon found expression in words.

"Bedad!" exclaimed he, "I belave it it resurrection day, an' I am first man up."

Just then the donkey, who was staring at him, brayed furiously.

The bray seemed to say: "Who the deuce are you, any way?"

Muldoon looked curiously at the animal.

"Do ye take me for yez long-lost brother, ye Irish lion?" asked he.

The next moment he felt a pull at his sleeve.

He turned about.

A goat was placidly nibbling away at his shirt-sleeve.

"Ye take me for a free lunch, do ye?" queried Muldoon. "Ye better be careful. Me shirt is colored—it contains poisonous substances—an' if ye swallow it, ye will be apt to perish from a spell av dyspepsia, brought on by injudicious gluttony."

The goat did not seem to care a copper.

The stomach of a goat, as a rule, is made of brass.

A goat can eat old bottles, rags, hoop-skirts

"Just you stoop down to pick up a pin, and I'll show you some butting."

After having driven the goat away, Muldoon proceeded to take a survey of his surroundings.

He was in a square, boarded lot, about double the size of an ordinary back-yard; but the fences were nearly twice the size of an ordinary back-yard fence.

Around him were grouped all sorts of animals.

There was a crushed-looking yellow dog, with a sore back, upon which a party of flies were having a feast; a stolid hog, several chickens, a one-eyed rooster, and a saucy duck that waddled about, and quacked impudently at a very small black-and-white pig of very tender years, that sat sadly in a corner.

He also beheld on the top of the fence evidences of humanity.

The humanity was in the shape of several very dirty small boys, who were enjoying Muldoon's dilemma with keen relish.

They soon made their presence felt.

An egg struck Muldoon, sent from the hand of one of the small boys.

It was a ripe egg.

It was a perfumed egg.

But its perfume wasn't nice at all—it would have smelled bad even on a dumping-ground.

It hit Muldoon.

It broke and scattered its nauseous contents all over his person.

The small boys testified their delight by loud yells.



Muldoon advanced toward them.

A tomato—a dropsical tomato—caromed upon his nose, and bursting, spread itself over his face, giving his visage the aspect of a Polynesian savage upon the war-path.

The small boys shouted more jubilantly.

It was a perfect picnic for them, a regular Fourth of July in December.

"Stop it!" bawled Muldoon.

"Yah!" was the reply.

"B'ys, will ye answer me? Where am I?"

"In the pound," replied the boys in chorus.

"What pound?"

"Brighton pound."

"What for?"

"Find out! Hurray!"

A shower of eggs, tomatoes, small pebbles and other missiles took Muldoon's breath away.

He grew wild.

"Be careful, b'ys," said he. "Do ye know who I am?"

"Nobody. Hurray!"

"Me name is Muldoon."

"Yer name is Mud. Hurray!"

"Me friends will punish ye."

"Yer ain't got no friends."

Bang! biff! came a second deluge of all sorts of projectiles.

"Begob, me hot Hibernian blood begins to boil," said Muldoon. "Cease yez insults."

"He's crazy," said the dirtiest boy of all. "Hit 'im agin!"

"Ye young border ruffian," replied Muldoon, making a dash for the fence. "I'll pick up the goat presintly and dash out yez brains wid that bird!"

He looked so fierce as he made the threat that the small boy felt affrighted.

He concluded it would be just as well to get down off of that fence.

He started to do so.

There is a proverb which declares that there is a destiny which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may.

That destiny shaped the small boy's ends in a way which was unpleasant for the small boy.

It shaped him off of the fence, by reason of an unlucky stumble.

It shaped him right down amid the inhabitants of the pound, the last place in the world where the small boy would have willed it to have gone.

He fell flat.

In a trice Muldoon was upon him.

"The angels are good to the Irish," said Muldoon, as he collared the small boy. "Now I've got ye—ye sawed-off assassin. Be gorra, I will clane me teeth upon your backbone!"

The small boy believed it.

He broke into a cataract of tears which actually washed part of the dirt off of his face.

"Boo—hoo!" bawled he; "leave me alone!"

"Of course," answered Muldoon, tightening his grip. "I'll lave ye alone when ye are fit to be buried."

"I didn't do nawthing."

"I know it. Ye didn't hit me wid a jockey-club egg, did ye?"

"It slipped."

"Av coorse. Me hand will slip presintly and choke ye to death!"

"Please don't kill me!" the captive wailed.

"I'm an orphan!"

"That is just why I should kill ye. The woods are too full av orphans already. They grow too fast."

The small boy, at this, burst out into fresh tears and entreaties.

Meanwhile his friends upon the fence were profuse in their advice to their unfortunate comrade.

"Bite him, Bill!"

"Kick him!"

"Mash der old bloke in der jaw!"

"Butt der belly outer him!"

"Spit in his face!"

"Gouge his eye out!"

But the prisoner had no heart to do either.

Probably it was just as well, because he could not, if he had all the heart in the world, for Muldoon was holding him with a bull-dog tenacity.

"Please lemme go!" begged he. "I won't never do it agin!"

A sudden idea occurred to Muldoon.

"Ye premature Jack Sheppard," said he, "I will raylease ye from me grip av iron upon one condition."

"What?"

"Will ye answer the questions I will put to ye?" asked he.

"Yes, sir."

"Truthfully?"

"Yes, sir. Crosser my heart."

"All roight. If ye loie I will put an ind to ye."

This awful prospect forced the boy for once to speak the truth. It was tough upon him, but he had to do it. Circumstances was master.

"Now, me son," began Muldoon, "ye said, I belave, I wur in Brighton pound?"

"Yes, sir."

"Waat is a pound?"

"It's a place, sir, where we put all of ther goats and pigs and hosses wot stray away."

"Am I a goat?"

"No, sir."

"Do I resimble a pig?"

"N-no, sir."

"Have I the family thraits av a horse?"

"No, sir."

"Thin why wur I put into the pound?"

"Squire Hardtack put you there, sir."

"Squire who?"

"Hardtack."

"Who's he?"

"Der boss of der place."

"The boss?"

"Yes, sir. He's a beak."

"A beak? Ye don't mane to tell me he has a horned extremity projecting from his mouth loike a bird? What is a beak?"

"A magistrate, sir."

"Thin beak is English *patois*—it is meself who is acquainted wid Frinch—for magistrate?"

"Yes, sir."

"Be Heavens, no wondher Oireland wants to be free whin the bloody Sassenachs call a magistrate a beak. It is enough to excite revolt in a clam!"

The small boy did not understand a word of what Muldoon was saying, and most likely it would not have done him any good if he had.

"Squire Hardtack," resumed he, "is a beak; as I said, he owns all the land about here, an' he rides to the 'ounds."

"Bedad, he'll roide to jail for loife for the insult he has put upon me," grimly prophesied Muldoon. "Go ahead, me b'y."

"Yer wur put here, sir, because yer wur found a-trespassing upon his farm."

"That's a bare-backed falsehood!"

"Wot?"

"The allegation that I wur trespassing. I wur not; I wur only slaping. If iver me an' Squire Hardtack mate, the rivulets will run blood!"

"He'll be here soon," said the boy. "He's coming to lock yer up for a year."

"Let him thry it," said Muldoon. "I will lock him up for loife. I will lock him up in a grave, an' I will see that nobody kapes it grane."

"Kin I go now?"

"Yes—git!"

The boy got.

Muldoon had the magnanimity to help him over the fence.

Then Muldoon went and sat down upon the wheelbarrow—a prey to reflections of many sorts.

Now we will retrograde in our story for awhile.

Muldoon, as we have previously stated, had gone upon his shooting expedition alone.

"Avil communications correct good morals," he had said to the Hon. Mike and Dan. "Whin I walk out wid ye fellows I am aither taken for a dhrunkard, a foire-bug, or a bird."

"A bird?" said Dan.

"Yis a jail-bird! Over the ferry!" and Muldoon had walked away with shouldered gun.

The Hon. Michael Growler and Daniel Muldoon were consequently left in each other's society.

They walked down to the village.

A smart dog-cart rattled past them. It was driven by a neatly-dressed young fellow, and a trim and smirking footman sat behind.

He cast a glance at Mike and Dan.

A sudden smile covered his face, and he bawled out:

"Whoa!"

The vehicle stopped almost immediately, and the driver called out to the pedestrians:

"Halloo! Where the dayvil, you know, did you fellahs walk from?"

They looked up.

Dan was the first to catch sight of the driver's face.

"Faix, do you know it, Mike?" asked he. "Do ye recognize his nibbs?"

"The dog-cart driver?"

"Yes."

Mike took a good look.

"Bowie-knives and bowie-knifesses!" exclaimed he. "It's Sir Percy Strothers."

"You're right, deah boys, you're right," said the driver. "Glad to see you—blarsted glad! Where's Muldoon?"

"In all probability he's a cowl'd corpse!" said Dan.

"A shot-riddled stiff," corroborated Mike.

"What?"

"Fact. The old cuss haz gone shootin'! The idear of such a blessed old flannel-mouth as him a-going out shootin' wid a real gun. He orter hev went wid a club. He'll blow his head off—sure."

"Just like Muldoon," said Sir Percy. "Baw Jovel he is weally the most wemarkable man I evah met. Always in twouble. What did he mean to shoot?"

"Book-agents, I guess," laughed Dan. "Where ye going?"

"To visit a friend—get in—come along. We'll have a wacket."

The Hon. Mike and Dan were always ready for a racket.

The smirking footman was bounced from his seat, and sent back to his master's hotel, and the three friends drove off.

They reached Squire Hardtack's place just as the squire had returned from having Muldoon locked up in the pound.

The squire received them very politely.

"You look sawt of wed-faced, squire," remarked Sir Percy.

"Been mad!" laconically replied the squire.

"What at?"

"A trespasser. I found a fellow asleep with a gun in one of my fields, with the *debris* of a dinner scattered about. I have expressly prohibited all trespassing—placed signs all over my property to that effect—and the spectacle of this fellow making a regular picnic ground out of my field got me mad. He'd been shooting."

"Shooting?"

"Yes—a gun was beside him, which I took care of."

A horrible suspicion flashed across Dan's mind. He looked furtively at the Hon. Mike, and beheld the same suspicion reflected in that gentleman's eyes.

Dan was first to express the suspicion.

"Wur it an ould man?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the squire.

"Good-looking?"

"Heavens, no! He was my beau ideal of a gorilla."

"How dressed?"

"Very flashily. He had a big checked ulster on, which he had been using for a table-cloth. I took that, too. The man looked as if he had just escaped from a wax-works' show or a lunatic asylum."

Dan felt his heart sinking.

"Wud ye moind showing me the ulster ye got from the man ye impounded?" requested he.

"Certainly not," was Hardtack's response, as he rang a small hand-bell upon the table.

A servant responded—the same servant who had wheeled the sleeping Muldoon off to the pound.

The squire told him what was required.

He disappeared, but soon returned.

In his hand was a garment.

Dan's worst fears were realized.

It was Muldoon's ulster!

Dan gave a sigh.

"What ails you?" asked Sir Percy.

"Me conjectures are correct," said Dan. "Me brother's ulster and this are simultaneous."

"Simultaneous?"

"Yes."

"You mean similar."

"Perhaps so. Anyway, they are just the same."

Sir Percy saw it all. He was not such an innocent as he sometimes seemed.

"Then it was Muldoon was impounded?" said he.

"Yes."

Sir Percy turned to Squire Hardtack, whose face wore an expression of perplexity. He did not exactly comprehend the way in which affairs were going.

"Is the fellah whom you arrested in the pound yet?" asked the young nobleman.

"Yes, Sir Percy."

"He must be got out. He's a friend of mine, you know, and I nevah—no, nevah—go back on a friend."

"Yer jest bet he must," said the Hon. Mike. "If he don't I'll make this blasted old queen-ridden island shudder. I'm a raging old earthquake, borne along on a whirlwind, and I eternally smash, crash, blow-up and convulse anything I go for. If Muldoon ain't let out I'll beat yer old island clean outer the map, and go fishing for whales where London once was!"

Squire Hardtack was more surprised than ever.

"Is the vagabond I locked up known to you?" asked he.

"Me brcther is not a vagabond," replied Dan, sturdily. "He is worse; he is an American politician, a man who carries New York in his pocket, and owns foive piers in the Brooklyn bridge."

Squire Hardtack began to perceive he might have made a mistake. And he was convinced he had when Sir Percy took him aside and stated the case.

"Humph!" said Hardtack. "I was too hasty."



I will go down and apologize, and free Mr. Muldoon."

The squire was as good as his word.

The whole party soon reached the pound.

The squire had a key which opened the gate, and they went in.

There sat Muldoon upon the wheelbarrow, a statue of misery.

If a party of angels had suddenly appeared, Muldoon could not have been more surprised than he was at the unexpected entrance of his friends.

He could only gasp in astonishment, "Where did ye come from?"

"All over," laughed Sir Percy. "Mr. Muldoon, this is Squire Hardtack."

"I believe I have heard av the sucker," said Muldoon. "He is the tyrant who placed me in me prisint pleasint position."

"I hope you will bear me no ill-will, Mr. Muldoon," said Hardtack, advancing and putting out his hand. "If I had known of your identity I would never have acted so rashly. I beg your pardon, humbly, sir, for the *contretemps*."

Muldoon saw it was no use acting ugly.

He accepted the extended hand.

"What can't be avoided must be forgotten," said he. "Hereafter I will wear a tin sign, stating me name, age and date av vaccination upon me breast."

All laughed, and the squire asked the whole party to come to dinner at his residence, which invitation was accepted.

Muldoon forgot all of his troubles at the well-spread table of the squire who, like a great many other people, could be very pleasant when he so desired.

Wine was circulating freely—very freely, in fact.

And it happened that our four friends, after leaving the squire's and driving back to Brighton, didn't feel a bit like going home.

"We'll wait, you know," said Sir Percy, "till every othah place is shut up."

It was voted a splendid idea.

Various hotels and taverns were visited, and various more bottles of wine cracked.

At last our friends got decidedly "full."

Arm-in-arm, the whole four started down a street, singing:

"In the morning by the bright light,"  
at the top of their voices.

A policeman soon appeared.

"Gentlemen," said the policeman, "you will 'ave to stop your noise."

"Whizzer mazzar wis yer?" replied the Hon. Mike. "I'm an old warbler from Nevada, and I'll warble all I blamed please; look out, or I'll stan' yer upside down."

### PART XXX.

THE policeman was not satisfied with the Hon. Mike's statement.

"You're making too much noise," said he.

"Noise?" repeated the Hon. Mike; "it's wrong you are, old blue-belly. 'Tain't noise—it's melody. Oh, I'm an old sweet singer outen a forest, I am; and when I sing the nightin'gale wilts. Hear me sing."

The Hon. Mike proceeded to sing:

"In the morning—in the morning,  
In the morning by the calcium light."

Sir Percy burst into a loud laugh.

"Baw Jove! you are wrong," said he. "'Tain't hic—calcium light at all; it's bright light."

"Did you ever stag a calcium light?" asked Mr. Growler.

"Do what?"

"Stag it."

"What the—what the dayvil is stag?"

"To gun off."

"I'm ignorant yet."

"Oh, to git onter. Did yer ever git onter a calcium light?"

A faint perception of Mike's meaning began to pervade Sir Percy.

"You mean did ever I see a calcium light?"

"That's what I've been chirping about."

"Yes, I have."

"Ain't it a bright light?"

"Yaas."

"Then wot's der difference?"

"No difference," said Muldoon, with intoxicated philosophy. "Be rob, Mike is roight; a calcium loight wud be better. It wud give a more poetical flavor to the lyric."

With this sound logic, he proceeded to yell out:

"In the morning—in the morning,  
In the morning by the calcium loight,  
When Gab'el blows his fish-horn in the morning."

The policeman caught hold of Muldoon.

"Will you be quiet?" asked he.

"Who are ye?" asked Muldoon, in return.

"An officer."

"Av what—a target squadron?"

"Of the law."

"Shure—the law must be hard up to have such an officer as ye. I wudn't make ye head book-keeper upon a manure wagon."

"I'll tell you what I'll make you," said the officer, angrily, his face becoming scarlet at Muldoon's compliment's.

"What?"

"Head occupant of a cell. Come along."

"Where to?"

"Jail."

"Not much," quietly replied Muldoon. "It is mesilf who is toired av jail. There is a monotony about it which palls upon a well-educated intellect. I wud rayther go to a beautiful isle av the say an' fish for mermaids."

"You're drunk," was the officer's reply.

"Dhrunk!" exclaimed Muldoon, with great dignity. "Faix, if I wur ye I wud buy a pair av electric telescopic spectacles, and gum thim over yez eyes, so's ye could maintain a straight vision. Dhrunk—well, yez lying tongue runs away wid ye. I am not dhrunk. 'Tis only a touch av apoplexy."

"I'll give you a touch of my club if you don't come along," was the reply Muldoon got.

Of course, such a scene was not to proceed long without spectators.

The usual crowd of lookers-on were collecting, every moment adding to their ranks.

Muldoon appealed to them.

"Jintlemin an' ladies," said he, "I appeal to ye. Am I dhrunk, or do I show any signs av inebriation?"

He wobbled around like a cork float as he spoke, and nearly fell over, but nevertheless the sympathies of the crowd were all upon his side.

"You ain't full."

"You're perfectly sober."

"Trim as a rivet."

"But you're fatigued."

"And sun-struck."

"And consumptive."

"And paralyzed."

So said the crowd, and Muldoon, turning to the officer, remarked:

"Didn't I tell ye ye wur laboring undher a hallucination. I may appear a throifle vacillating in me gait, but I slept out in a hammock lasht noight, an' the moonbeams shining upon me face produced vertigo in me legs."

The officer, however, was not to be beguiled by any such taffy.

"You've got to go with me," he said.

"Then you've got to take me," said Dan.

"An' me, baw Jove!" said Sir Percy. "I—hic—nevah—no, nevah—go back upon a friend."

"An' me," chimed in Mr. Growler. "I ain't nuthin' but a hairy, wall-eyed old mummy, dug out a pyramid and galvanized inter life; but I never get left. It's a darned big leap when this old mummy loses the ferry-boat. Pard—yer've got to scoop in ther hull angel band, for we all play our little harps tergether."

The officer was in a dilemma.

He was willing to make one prisoner, but he did not want to make four.

Sir Percy, however, solved his difficulty in a novel way.

"Officer," said he, with a bland and smeeet smile, "you can hardly arrest four, can you?"

"No."

"Wather a gigantic task, you know?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll solve it for you. I've got an ideah. Deuced seldom I get ideahs, but when I do they're gweat. This is vewy gweat—wather makes me pwoud."

"What is it?"

"We'll arwest you!"

"Arrest me?" gasped the astounded guardian of the peace.

"Of course. You are dwunk—hic—decidedly dwunk. Mr. Growler, will you smell his bweath?"

Mr. Growler, owing to the alcoholic beverages which he had imbibed, could not have smelt a skunk.

But it made not the faintest difference in Mr. Growler's reply.

"His breath is full uv rot-gut, tangle-foot an' fusillie," said he. "I wud rather go hunting wid his breath than I would wid a gun. It would kill quicker."

"That settles it," said Sir Percy. "We must arwest him."

No sooner said than done.

Our four merry men could not have acted with more precision and simultaneousness of movement if the plot had been agreed upon days before.

The Hon. Mike banged the officer's hat down over his eyes.

The Hon. Mike put a good deal of muscle into that bang.

So much, that the hat went away down to the policeman's mouth, completely hiding the upper part of his face.

Dan seized his club.

He threw it far away—down into an area, upon the opposite side of the street.

Muldoon pinioned his arms, while Sir Percy danced about in glee.

The crowd roared with delight, and apparently itched to have a hand in the circus themselves.

One of them, a rough-looking fellow, whose antipathy to the police was particularly evident, and was doubtless founded upon good cause, produced from a pocket a ball of stout twine.

"Tie him!" he suggested.

"Good!" said Muldoon; "bedad, we will make a parcel out av the frish. Wot a splendid acquisition he wud make to a grab-bag?"

The policeman was perfectly helpless.

The hat, firmly fixed over his eyes, prevented him from seeing. And a sightless man is to a great degree as bad off as a ship without a rudder.

He could only say bad words, which were muffled in his hat, and strike wildly out.

"Be quiet, ye jumping-jack," advised Muldoon. "Ye are as unquiet as an eel wid a fork stuck in its head upon a skinning-board. Be aisy, or I will put a fork in yer head, an' take ye for an eel."

So saying, he tripped the poor policeman up, flattened him upon his back upon the ground, and keeping the prostrate man in position by kneeling upon his breast, took the ball of cord, and proceeded to tie his arms and legs fast.

"How purty an' quiet ye luk," remarked Muldoon, gazing in delight upon his work. "Wot a pity I have not a private art gallery. If I had I wud place ye upon exhibition as the only rale an' genuine petrified peeler, wid a label as big as a horse plastered swately upon yez back!"

The object of his remarks could not reply.

He was bound as stiff and as rigid as could be. A poker was about as movable (by its own volition) as he.

Sir Percy was perfectly happy.

His scheme, so far, was perfectly successful.

But how was he to get the now incapacitated officer to the police-station?—for to that extent did the ruthless young aristocrat resolve to carry out his joke.

Sir Percy, however, was not destined to long worry over the question.

An empty ash-cart came rattling by.

The driver saw the crowd, and very naturally paused to see what occasioned it.

Here was Sir Percy's golden opportunity.

He embraced it.

"Heah, you!" cried he to the cart-driver; "I want to borrow your cart for awhile."

"What for?" was the driver's natural reply.

"I want to went it."

"Rent it?"

"Yes; I'll give you a sovereign for it for half an hour."

The sovereign was not to be sneezed at. Probably the driver had not seen such a coin for a year.

"Ye can have me cart," was his reply.

Muldoon could not see what Sir Percy was driving at.

"What do ye want av the cart?" asked he.

"A second bwight idea," was Sir Percy's reply. "I'm going to place the policeman in it, you know. Wide him to the station-house."

"Good," said Muldoon.

The two seized the bound policeman and bounced him into the cart, as if he was just so much rubbish.

"Shure, ye shud have a few dead cats and a daycomposed dog or so surrounding ye to make ye fale at aise. A barrel av ashes dumped upon ye wud add very much to yez piethuresqueness."

Just here a stout-faced old gentleman came up. His actions were expressive of horror.

He grasped Sir Percy.

"Young man," said he, "do you realize you are committing an outrage?"

"How?"

"The law is represented by that poor fellow you have so brutally treated. He was but the agent of the law—when you attack him you attack the law."

"Demn the law," was Sir Percy's reply. "Who're you?"

"Joshua Craddock, sir—a respectable householder of Brighton. I will stop the disgraceful proceeding. I will—"

But Mr. Craddock got no further.

The crowd was not to be cheated out of their



fun. Loud cries arose in reference to Mr. Craddock.

"Bounce him?"

"Chuck him in the cart!"

"Stand him on his head!"

"Biff der old rooster!"

"Tie him up, too."

"Make a pair of 'em."

Not content with expressing their feelings verbally, the crowd began to go further.

They pushed against Mr. Craddock, and hustled him considerably. He began to secretly wish he had not been quite so "fresh."

He wished so more than ever about a minute later.

The Hon. Mike pulled out a big navy revolver. It was not cocked, but Mr. Craddock, of course, was not aware of that fact.

He turned pale as a ghost, his lips quivered, and his knees knocked against each other.

"For Heaven's sake, man, what would you do?" asked he.

"I," remarked the Hon. Mike, carelessly, "am a wild and whooping old hyena from Hellgate, wot drinks blood outer skulls, and picks his teeth wid corpses' backbones. The wild and whooping old hyena feels sad ter-day; he feels rusty and somber. It will sorter brighten his old claws ter blow yer head off. Do you see this pistol? This gentle little persuader?"

Mr. Craddock did.

He could not very well help seeing it, as it was protruded squarely in front of his eyes.

"Why—why do you direct that horrid weapon at me?" asked he.

The Hon. Mike's face assumed an expression of malevolence mingled with determination.

"That 'ere wepping," said he, "is to put a bullet plum through yer gizzard ef yer don't do ez I say."

"What shall I do?"

"Yer see that cart?"

"Yes."

"Yer also behold a seat?"

"Yes."

"That seat is generally s'posed to be the place where the driver reposes hisself?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want yer ter okkerpy thet seat. It air a nice, elevated place; yer kin view all of ther scenery as you ride along, and git a good breath of air."

"But I don't want to drive," remonstrated Mr. Craddock.

The revolver's cold muzzle was placed against his head.

"Drive, or die!" hissed Mr. Growler. "I'm B A D—wicked—I am. Jist yer waltz yerself up or that seat."

Mr. Craddock looked about.

It was plain to see that he had not a friend, for the surrounding spectators were looking approvingly on.

He realized that the Hon. Mike, or the Hon. Mike's revolver, was master of the situation.

With a very ill grace he climbed up on the ash-cart to the driver's seat, inwardly cursing his luck for ever having been such a fool as to interfere in matters which did not really personally concern him.

The reins were placed in his hands by the Hon. Mike, who had also whispered a few words into the ear of the driver of the ash-cart.

The driver grinned, pocketed a piece of silver, which somehow passed from Mike's hand into his own grimy one, and strolled away, whistling.

Then Mr. Growler, with his revolver still very prominently in sight, climbed—a staggerly sort of climb—into the cart behind the fated Mr. Craddock.

Once more was the cold, shudder-inspiring mouth of the weapon placed in contact with Mr. Craddock's neck.

"Start off!" ordered Mike.

"Where to?" queried the driver, perforce, who was beginning to wonder whether he was alive or awake.

"To the police-station."

"Where?"

"I told yer once, to the police-station. Don't yer give me none of yer gum games, or yer liable to flee away very sudden from this 'ere vale of tears. I'm an old, middle-aged turkey buzzard, I am, and I jist want ter feed upon carrion. Do yer drop? It yer do, jist start up yer old racer."

Mr. Craddock obeyed.

"Get up!" bawled he at his ash-cart steed.

The horse, which was an unusually good one for such a position in equine life, started off at a right good pace.

But still its progress did not appear to suit Mr. Growler.

"Lick him!" cried he.

"I have no whip," was Mr. Craddock's answer.

The pistol pressed more closely upon his flesh.

"Lick him wid the lines!" fairly hissed Mike.

There was no course but obedience.

Whack—whack! descended the ends of the reins upon the brute's back.

He broke into a gallop.

The ash-cart whirled away at a rate of speed it is doubtful if ash-cart ever went before.

Blocks were passed.

The crowd, which had started out to follow at a lively pace, were now left behind.

Mr. Craddock at last perceived the station-house, with which he, as an old resident of Brighton, was, of course, familiar, but a few yards off.

A grim smile began to play upon his features.

"These villains have stupidly run their heads into a trap," he soliloquized. "Once under police protection, I have no cause for fear. I will denounce them to the proper authorities; they will pay dearly for their drunken escapade!"

He drew up in front of the police-station.

The sergeant himself came running out.

With a rapid glance he surveyed the whole spectacle. The sight of the subaltern, bound and helpless in the cart, naturally attracted his notice.

What did it mean?

He was a policeman both by occupation and instinct.

Therefore his first impulse—and the one which he followed—was to grasp Mr. Craddock.

"What means this?" he asked.

"I will explain later," said Mr. Craddock; "meanwhile, arrest that ruffian with a pistol."

"What ruffian?"

"The one in my rear."

"Man, you're crazy."

"Me crazy?"

"Yes, sir; there is no ruffian behind you at all."

Mr. Craddock was stupefied.

He looked behind him.

The only person in the ash-cart was the policeman.

There were no signs whatsoever of the Hon. Mike or his pistol.

"I—I," stammered Mr. Craddock, "I—"

He got no further with his "I's."

The sergeant pulled him off the cart.

"Lock this man up," he ordered, to a second policeman, who had appeared on the scene.

Mr. Craddock protested.

"I won't move a step," he said.

"Yer won't," said the second policeman; "we'll see. If yer don't step lively, I'll club the whole body off of yer. Move on, yer desprit willian!"

And poor Mr. Craddock was locked up in a dungeon cell, while the bound and tied policeman was rolled out of the cart and taken into the police-station, where he was untied, his hat pulled with much difficulty from his head, and his story related.

The sergeant was horror-stricken when he heard it. That such an insult should be put upon the police force of Brighton. It was awful!

But he was partially reconciled by a pleasant thought.

"We've got one of them, Jones," he said to the maltreated officer.

"Which one?"

"Old party."

"Bald head?"

"Yes."

"Side whiskers?"

"Aye."

"Drunk?"

"Blind," replied the sergeant, with that pure sense of truth which so often animates our worthy custodians of public morals.

Jones, from the chief's description, thought it was Muldoon who was in custody.

"Keep him locked up till to-morrow," said he, "and I will make it hot for him," and he obtained leave to go home for repairs.

Meanwhile, where had Mr. Growler disappeared to?

The solution was very simple.

He had only ridden in the ash-cart for about one block, and then jumped out, Mr. Craddock being so scared that he did not notice Mike's desertion.

Mr. Growler soon rejoined his friends at a hotel near by, where they had fled, after seeing the ash-chariot gracefully under way.

A high old racket was in progress, and Mike joined it.

How all parties got home they never knew themselves. But they did somehow—a special angel watches over drunken men and fools.

Muldoon awoke with a head on him like a barrel the next morning, and a thirst—oh, what a red-hot, parching thirst!

He had just staggered out of bed, and was

swallowing the contents of the water-pitcher, when St. Patrick, his Chinese servant, came in.

A bland and child-like smile was playing upon the Celestial's face.

"Muldoon uppee?" asked he.

"Yis," was Muldoon's reply, accompanied by a groan.

"Outee last nightee with gang—allee boys? Heapee drunk?"

"Be Heaven, I should say so!"

"Mucheer headee? Biggee as flour-ballel. Muldoon allee blokee uppee."

"If there's anybody knows it, it is mesilf. What do ye want, ye babboon face?"

"Man downee stails wantee see you."

"Who is it? If it is the Fool-killer, bring him up. Faix, I will give him a job."

"No knowee man. He wishee you comee light down. Belly gleat business."

Muldoon dressed, assisted by St. Patrick's nimble hands, and proceeded down.

A gentleman whom he had never seen before was seated in the parlor.

He arose as Muldoon came in.

"Mr. Muldoon?" he asked.

"Yis."

"I have a message for you."

"Who from?"

"Count Foscarie."

"I am not at all acquainted wid him."

The gentleman bowed, shrugged his shoulders, and handed Muldoon a note.

"Muldoon opened it.

It read:

"Your insult of last night can only be wiped out in blood! My friend, Captain Horsy, will confer with your friend and arrange place of meeting, weapons, etc. Please make it this afternoon, if possible.

"Yours most truly,

"ANTOINE, COUNT DE FOSCARIE."

Muldoon was stupefied for a second. What was it, anyway? He did not recollect insulting any Count Foscarie the night before; in fact, he did not remember anything about last night at all.

At that moment Dan came in, accompanied by Mr. Growler.

Without a word, Muldoon placed the note in Dan's hand.

Dan read it, with a face of great anxiety.

"I was afraid of it," said he.

"Of what?" queried Muldoon.

"Wur ye so full ye cannot recollect?"

"I must have been. I recollect not an atom about it."

"Ye grossly insulted Count Foscarie in a saloon. Ye said Italians were too prematurely previous, and pitched a glass of wine in his face."

"I did?"

"Yes."

"Thin I will apologize."

"Count Foscarie will accept no apology," said his message-bearer, Captain Horsy.

"Ye will have to foight," said Dan, in a whisper. "Ye dare not decline; for they wud call ye a coward, an' that name wur niver yet applied to a Muldoon."

Muldoon was equal to the occasion.

"I will foight," said he. "I wur born in Oireland, an' I tell ye there niver wur a coward where the shamrock grows. Dhrunk or sober, I sthick up for me actions. Dan, ye second me. Spake to Captain Horsy."

With that Muldoon strode out of the room.

He did not look back.

Had he done so, he would have beheld the Hon. Mike, Dan and Captain Horsy writhing in agonies of laughter. Why was it?

An hour later, Muldoon was informed of the result of the conference between Dan and Captain Horsy.

The duel was to take place that afternoon; the weapons, swords.

At the time and place appointed, Muldoon was there. So was the Count Foscarie, Dan, the Hon. Mike, Captain Horsy and a grave surgeon, who displayed with great serenity a huge box of surgical instruments.

Captain Horsy produced a pair of swords. The first choice of the weapons was given to Muldoon.

He selected one.

The Hon. Mike got up on a fence.

"I'm umpire!" cried he. "Time!"

"Weady?" asked Count Foscarie, speaking with an English drawl, really curious for an Italian count.

"Yes," replied Muldoon.

"Go it, yer cripples!" bawled the Hon. Mike, and the swords clashed in the air together, Muldoon trying to force the fight.

## PART XXXI.

The swords flashed and crashed in the air.



Bright sparks flew out from both of the keen blades. In fact, it was a regular duel, and don't you forget it.

Muldoon was not, it must be confessed, a remarkable swordsman. He handled his weapon as if it was a cart-rung, or Obelisk shaft.

It was a perfect wonder that he did not knock himself down with it, so clumsy were his maneuvers.

The Count Foscarie wielded his sword very gracefully, and seemed to be a complete master of fence. He parried Muldoon's savage thrusts with perfect ease.

He was apparently contented to act upon the defensive—to play with Muldoon as a cat plays with a mouse.

Several times he might have easily run Muldoon through.

But it appeared as if he desired to put this agreeable act off until the future.

Muldoon hacked, and cut, and stabbed away, in a style which must have been very perspiration-starting.

It was of no use.

Count Foscarie, with a bland and gentle smile upon his face, calmly resisted Muldoon's most strenuous efforts.

"You aire what zey call too impulsive, sare," said he, successfully fending off a wild thrust of Muldoon's.

"Impulsive, bedad, I am bloodthirsty," said Muldoon, who was getting decidedly out of temper at his failures; "if iver I do put me sword through yez body ye can dhrove an ox cart through the wound!"

"If you do, sare," was the count's answer; "but as ze provairbe goes: 'Nevaire count ze chickens before ze eggs are hatched.' On guard, sare."

"Time!" bawled the Hon. Mike.

Both duelists lowered their swords.

"What is ze mattaire?" asked Count Foscarie.

"This here old cock-fight is too sultry," was Mike's reply.

"Too sultry?"

"Yes. It's too derved dry. Too long time atween drinks. I'm an old oasis out in a desert, I am, an' if I ain't liquored up occasionally my green all fades. Anybody got any liquor?"

The surgeon advanced, smiling.

"I've got some very fine arnica," said he; "or shall I make you a chloroform cocktail? I'll put a little lint in for sugar."

"You go scratch yer head wid yer toe," growled Mike. "I ain't no arnica drinker, I ain't. The idea uv a gilded, white-breasted, old Rocky Mountain vulture like me, wot kin fly over a mountain peak wid a sheep in his arms, a drinking arnica! Mebbe yer take me fer a jackass rabbit, wot walks on crutches? H'ain't anybody got no gin?"

"I am afraid not," replied the surgeon.

The Hon. Mike's face indicated deep disgust.

He climbed back upon the fence again.

"Go ahead wid yer old butchery," he said.

"I'm so dry that I would like to see some blood."

The swords were crossed again.

Click—click! went the steel.

Suddenly the count very carelessly, as it seemed, uncovered himself.

Here was Muldoon's chance.

He caught on to it.

Quick as a flash he thrust his sword forward.

It was a fatal blow.

The sword sank up to the hilt in the count's body.

Uttering a cry of despair, he threw up his hands and fell backward.

A moan or two issued from his lips, he gave a few convulsive twitches of his face, and then rolled over, face downwards, upon the ground.

"Dead!" said the surgeon, starting forward.

Captain Horsy, the count's second, hurriedly knelt by his principal's side.

"Dead, surely," repeated he. "Mr. Muldoon, you must flee. The duel was conducted perfectly honorable and in accordance with the code, but the law calls it murder."

*Murder!*

The word seemed to form itself in blood-red letters before Muldoon's eyes.

He stood as if dazed.

The Hon. Mike meanwhile had got down, and was examining the supposed corpse.

"He's a stiff, sure," remarked the senator from Nevada. "Dead as a smoked herring. Yer stuck him straight, Muldoon."

"Dead!" gasped Muldoon.

"If he ain't yer kin call me a liar an' put dirt in my ears."

"Bedad, I niver meant it," said Muldoon. "It war only a flesh wound I meant to mark him wid."

"Well, you've killed him, anyway," replied Mike, "an' you'd better get away. If yer don't

yer will have a flesh wound about yer neck yerself—made by a rope neck-tie. They'll strangle yer on a gallows, sure's I'm ther Lily of Nevada. Mind what I say, Muldoon, and skip."

"But—but—"

"No buts—go!"

Dan caught Muldoon by the arm.

"Come," he said, "I will take ye to a quiet hotel, where ye can raymain for a whoile till we are acquainted wid the upshot av the throuble."

Muldoon suffered himself to be led away like a child. He was in a sort of mental stupor.

He and Dan got into a carriage near by, and were rapidly driven to the hotel spoken of, Muldoon registering under an assumed name.

The corpse of the Count Foscarie lay perfectly still and quiet upon its grassy resting-place until Muldoon was in the carriage, and the sound of the retreating wheels denoted that each moment he was traveling further and further away from the fatal spot.

Then occurred a most miraculous occurrence.

The dead came back to life.

The corpse of the Count Foscarie deliberately arose to a sitting posture.

Said corpse proceeded, with an air of the utmost ease, to take off his hair, which in reality was nothing but a jet-black wig.

Then he removed a false goatee and mustache.

As he did so, Muldoon's sword, which previously had appeared to be stuck into his body, fell out.

It lay, large as life, upon the sward.

Strange to say, there were no stains of blood upon its bright blade, such as one might reasonably expect to see upon a blade which had been buried to the hilt in a human body.

What did it mean?

Was Count Foscarie some fabled spirit, who, like the heroes of old lore, could not be killed.

But Count Foscarie's words dispelled the illusion.

"Give me some watah," said he. "I want to get the blooming dye off my face—it's deuced unpleasant, you know."

A wet sponge was produced by the surgeon.

The count passed it over his face.

In a moment the dark, olive complexion had disappeared.

The ruddy skin of a young Anglo-Saxon appeared in its stead.

The Hon. Mike roared with laughter.

"Yer done it bully," said he. "I couldn't have played it better myself. Yer've scared Muldoon till he will be bare-footed all over his head. Whoop! it was a reg'lar circus. I feel as happy as a gay old cock-sparrow wot's built his nest outer dollar-bills. Hooray!"

"I must confess, Sir Percy," said Captain Horsy, "you proved yourself a fine actor."

"How did I act?" asked the surgeon, throwing off his blonde wig and a pair of blonde whiskers, and kicking the green goggles which had ornamented or disguised his eyes over the fence, disclosing the grinning face of Roger Muldoon.

"Gweat—by Jove!" replied Count Foscarie, who was none other than Sir Percy Strothers. "I'll wager a thousand, and go yout wice, that Muldoon is most scared to death."

"Scared!" repeated Mr. Growler. "I'll bet he's paralytic. He's hid under the bed, sure."

"Or in the closet!"

"Or the chimney!"

"Or under the door-mat!"

"Or down the cellar!"

"Or on the roof!"

"Maybe he's disguised himself as a weather-cock, and been fastened onto some church steeple!"

"Perhaps he's blacked himself up and been raffled off as an eight-day stove!"

So laughed the merry party as they fixed themselves up and started away in a second carriage, which was waiting.

Now for a word of explanation.

Doubtless, as our readers have already guessed, the whole affair was a put-up job on Muldoon, put up by that rascally and undutiful son of his, Roger, and heartily coincided in by the rest of the graceless gang.

As I said before, Sir Percy personated the supposed Italian count.

The sword which Muldoon wielded was what is known as a "double-up" sword, in theatrical parlance.

This weapon is made with a very long hilt, and the blade, when pressed against a hard or resisting substance, simply slides up into the handle or hilt. Thus it was that Muldoon was deceived.

Now we will go back and call upon Muldoon.

As soon as Dan and he reached the hotel they went at once to their room.

Muldoon was a picture of dismay and a chromo of fright.

He sank down into a chair, while Dan lit a cigar, first locking and bolting the door.

"What have I done—what have I done?" wailed Muldoon.

"Kilt a man!" was Dan's reply.

"I know it but too well."

"Shure, I wudn't feel so bad about it."

"Why not?"

"He wur nothing but a dirty Italian."

"But he wur a fellow-being."

"Yis, that is so," replied Dan, reflectively. "I suppose in law an Italian is as good as an Irishman."

"Aven a haythen Chinee, wid eyes loike button-holes, is a man in law," responded Muldoon, nearly crying.

"Have a cigar?" requested Dan, as if desirous of brightening up his brother.

Muldoon refused.

"The idea av a person in me present dilemma enjoying a cigar! Ye moight as raysonably presint a dhrounding man wid a bouquet av roses and ixpect him to dayrive gratification from its odor. Bedad, have ye a cutlass about ye?"

"No—why?"

"I would loike to sever me juggler vein and commit suicide."

"Nonsense. Hope for the best. He may not be dead."

The words brought new life to Muldoon. They acted as a tonic upon his shattered nerves.

"Do ye suppose there is any probability av such a chance?" interrogated he.

"There may be," answered Dan.

As he said so he unlocked the door.

"I will lave ye for awhile," he said.

"Where are ye going?"

"Home, to ascertain the particulars av the situation. Don't ye sthir a fut; I will be back soon."

"Ye won't give it away to me wife? Raymimber, Dan, she is av a nervous pedigree, and the shock moight break her lungs. Kape it shadowy. Give her a ghost story relative to me enforced absence. Tell her I have been unexpectedly called to confer wid Quane Victoria about the attitude av Ameriky to Oireland."

Dan promised.

The door shut and he was gone.

Muldoon was alone.

Two hours passed.

Probably they were the two most dismal, wretched, conscience-stricken hours Muldoon ever passed.

Every voice outside of the hotel, every foot-fall upon the stairs, caused him to shudder and turn pale, for he feared they proceeded from agents of justice about to cause his arrest.

"I fale worse than Cain," he soliloquized, "although Cain killed his brother, and I only killed an Italian. Remorse is ating up me vitals."

He looked frequently at the brassy, impudent little clock which was ticking away upon the shelf.

Its very tick seemed to say:

"Hang him—hang him—hang him!"

Would Dan ever come back?

Just as Muldoon was despairing of ever seeing his brother again, a knock came at the door, which Muldoon had fastened after Dan's exit.

He felt his heart leap into his throat.

Suppose it was a policeman?

The knock was repeated.

Muldoon had no weapon of defense.

He realized that he might as well open the door at once.

He did so.

To his great pleasure Dan was upon the outside.

Dan was not alone.

The Hon. Michael Growler, Roger, Sir Percy, and Captain Horsy were along.

So also was St. Patrick, the Chinaman, bland and smiling as a summer's sky.

He, however, was the only one who was smiling. The rest had a general expression of anxiety and sadness visible upon their faces.

They filed in as solemnly as if they were mourners—come to take a last look at the clay of some departed relative or friend.

"Well?" asked Muldoon, eagerly.

Captain Horsy advanced.

Captain Horsy would have made a splendid bas-relief for a grave-yard gate, so somber was his general appearance.

"I have come upon a painful errand," said he.

"The count's dead!" said Muldoon, pale as a sheet.

"No."

"He's alive?"

"Just. But he may die at any moment. When, upon the dueling ground, I pronounced him dead, I was wrong. But I fear for only a few hours. He is dangerously low."

"Thin he will die?"



"So I fear. And now, Mr. Muldoon, a word with you."

"Ye may have a crate-full."

"I was the count's friend."

"Yes."

"His second."

"Yes."

"Naturally, I would have preferred to see Fosearie victor, and you die."

"Bedad, I wudn't."

"I suppose not. But, as I was about to say, your conduct was that of a brave man."

"The bravest of the brave, begorra!"

"You wounded—doubtless, to anticipate—killed your adversary in a fair fight. But it is a serious affair. The Count Fosearie has very influential friends. If he dies you will doubtless be hung; you will expiate your act upon the scaffold."

"The prospect is raymarkably plazing," groaned Muldoon. "'Tis a rosy future, in fact."

"The reverse, I should judge," said Captain Horsy, gravely. "Now, Mr. Muldoon, you are, as I said before, a brave man and a gentleman."

"The Muldoons wur all born so. 'Tis a family thrait."

"I do not wish to see you hung."

"I agree wid ye complatly, captain, dear."

"Therefore I have counseled with your friends. We have agreed to save you."

"You must be disguised—and leave England."

"I will do it wid volubility. What disguise shall I assume?"

Captain Horsy bit his lip, and a merry sparkle might have been seen by Muldoon, had not Muldoon been so agitated, in the captain's eye.

"You must be disguised as a mummy," he replied.

"A mummy?" gasped Muldoon.

"Yes."

As he made the above remark the captain's feelings seemed to overpower him, and he turned away and buried his face in his handkerchief.

Probably grief—could it be merriment?—was the reason.

Roger bobbed up serenely to the breach.

"Yes, pop," said he. "I know all. You must do as Captain Horsy says."

"But why as a mummy?" asked Muldoon.

"I will tell you, dad. We cannot, or you cannot, I mean, sail away from Brighton, because all of the vessels will be watched. We, having you in charge, will have to make our way to some out-of-the-way sea-port, where we can ship you to France. Now, I will tell you our project."

"What?"

"Mr. Growler and Sir Percy will assume for a while the roles of traveling showmen. I will be the lecturer. And you—you, pop, will be the show!"

"I am to be the show?" repeated Muldoon.

"Of course. We're going to call it the great mummy show. You will be the mummy. We'll call you Ptolemy the Fifth, just dug out of Pompeii."

"I'll be hanged if I'll be a mummy," said Muldoon, stoutly.

"You won't?"

"Niver a bit. It is bad enough to be a murderer, but it's betther than a mummy."

"Muldoon," remarked the Hon. Mike, "yer a fool; yer were born so, and yer can't help it, I s'pose. Luk at me. I'm a gay, crested peacock, with a yaller and red tail, but if I killed anybody and had a good prospect av being strung up like a sausage, I'd turn inter a one-eyed chippie-bird if necessary. That's logic fer yer!"

The rest of the crowd all got at Muldoon.

They talked him, as the saying goes, almost to death.

Constant drippings will wear away a rock; constant arguments will convince the most stubborn, and Muldoon was at last led to believe that it was necessary for his escape to become a mummy. And he consented.

"Now ye are shouting sensible," approved Mr. Growler. "Roger, git the box."

Roger went out into the hall and soon returned with a box.

It was a long, coffin-shaped box, with a smaller box inside.

Roger took out the smaller box and opened it. Various articles needed for Muldoon's disguise were in it.

We will not dilate upon this stage of our story. Muldoon was soon turned into a mummy—or what his joking friends imagined was a mummy.

suffice it to say that such a mummy as his would have broken up a catacomb.

Muldoon looked at himself in the glass.

"Byes," said he, sorrowfully, "will ye stick a label on me so that I may know what I am?"

"Oh, we've got one," replied Captain Horsy. "Here it is."

He held up a placard on which was inscribed:

"3,000 years old!"

"That's the sort of a chest-protector you'll wear," laughed he.

"But what do I do next?" queried Muldoon.

"Get into the big box till we put a lid on you."

"Do you mane to bury me alive?"

"No—only carry you off. You see there are holes in the box to admit the air."

Muldoon kicked again.

"I'll be dommed, aven if I am a mummy, if I'll be put in a box like a sardine," said he.

"You've got to."

"Why?"

"How can you leave the house?"

"Walk out."

"That, deah old boy," said Sir Percy, decidedly, "is cwaziness—wank insanity, you know. You would look pwetty—dooced pwetty, pwomen-ading out, wouldn't you? You'd be arwested sure—arwested for your shape."

Muldoon was at last brought to see the force of the argument.

He got into the box, and the cover was nailed down.

His friends carried the box down-stairs, bumping it against every wall they came to, and jolting Muldoon as much as they possibly could.

"Be aisy," begged he.

"Be still," replied Roger. "There's a copper by the door. He's watching us very suspiciously."

That shut Muldoon up.

The box was placed upon a cart and driven four or five miles away, to a house owned by Sir Percy, a sort of bachelor retreat.

There it was opened, and Muldoon, about half dead from his ride, was released.

"How do you feel?" asked Roger.

"I have no feeling," growled Muldoon. "I am a mummy."

"Well, it's just as good, I suppose, that yez are becoming identified wid yez character," laughed Dan. "Yez will have to appear to-morrow."

"Yes," said Roger, "the show's all ready. We've got a tent pitched upon a vacant lot."

"How's the count?" asked Muldoon.

"Falling," said Sir Percy, seriously.

That was enough for our hero. All his old fears returned. He ate a very light supper, and passed an almost sleepless night.

Next day he was boxed up again and carried to the tent.

It was a gaudy affair, ornamented with flags, and covered with big posters, which said:

THE GREATEST MARVEL ON EARTH!

THE SIGHT OF A LIFETIME!

MAY NEVER BE BEHELD AGAIN.

A REAL EGYPTIAN MUMMY!

DUG OUT OF THE CATACOMBS.

Endorsed by Press, Pulpit and Public!

COME IN! COME IN! COME IN!

Admission only ONE PENNY, which places the Mummy within the reach of all. Clergymen, half-price.

Dan stood by the tent-door and invited the populace in.

A small wooden stage had been erected inside of the tent, and upon this the box was placed on one end and the lid taken off. A green curtain hid the stage from sight.

Roger peeped through it.

About a dozen people were inside the tent inside of ten minutes, having paid their admission fee to Captain Horsy, who acted as treasurer.

"Now, pop," said Roger, "don't move, don't wink, and, if possible, don't breathe. The curtain is about to go up."

He rang a small bell.

Ting—ting!

Up went the curtain.

To the sight of the curious audience was disclosed the "real Egyptian mummy, three thousand years old," with the Hon. Mike upon one side of it and Roger upon the other.

## PART XXXII.

The audience was paralyzed for a while at the sight of the mummy.

From what they had read, from what they had heard, they expected to behold a dry, weazened-faced, bandage-swathed being, shrunk down to the mere outline of a human being—a fossilized

skeleton, with bony hands, eyeless sockets, and bleached ribs.

By "they" we mean those who really knew what a mummy was.

Part of the audience—country clods and village loafers—did not have the faintest idea what a mummy was.

It might be a bird, or a wild beast, or a fish with wings, for all they could say to the contrary.

To those, however, who did know what a mummy—a well-regulated mummy—should be, this one was a surprise.

It was not orthodox at all.

It was too decidedly healthy.

It did not look as if it had been buried at all.

Its face was pale, it is true—chalk did it—it was wrapped about with a cloth a little, but it was fleshy, and had whiskers, and, as a rule, mummies are not gifted with hirsute appendages.

The audience began to murmur.

Roger stepped forward.

He adopted the usual style of procedure as practiced by showmen whom he had seen.

Meantime Mr. Growler placed himself in a highly classic pose, and winked affably at a pretty girl in the audience.

Roger began:

"Ladies and gentleman," said he, "I have the pleasure of exhibiting to you to-day the greatest curiosity ever brought to this part of the country. A curiosity which has been presented to the scientists of Africa, Asia and America, and received their unqualified indorsement as to its genuineness, as well as universal public approbation."

"I allude, of course, to the being in the box, the only real, original Egyptian mummy, dug out of the Catacombs at Pompeii, by a celebrated American discoverer, Mr. Michael Growler, A. S. S., F. G. P. S., Member of the Hoboken Society for the Grafting of Mollusks, Fellow of the Chicago Society for the Vaccination of Hams, President of the New South Wales Society for the Tuition of Oysters, and Head Deacon of the Society for the Encouragement of Obelisks."

This awful array of titles seemed to slightly stagger the audience.

They were enough to stagger a brown-stone front.

Roger pointed at the Hon. Mike as the distinguished American discoverer to whom he was referring.

Mr. Growler acknowledged his complimentary send-off by a bow.

"Wot he chirps is so," said Mike. "I'm dat hair-pin—der old mummy digger-up, yer jest bet! It's a darned cold day when I get left about mummies!"

The audience appeared a trifle surprised at such language from a celebrated American discoverer; and Roger made haste to whisper:

"You keep your jaw still!"

"Wot for?" asked Mike.

"You'll give it all away."

"Wot?"

"The snap."

"How?"

"You talk sweet for a scientific man."

"So I do. Scientific cusses allus talk that way. I've made a study uv scientific cusses. We hung four uv 'em at Skull Creek in '59. Dey wuz nice fellers, but dey all wore eye-glasses. An' Skull Creek couldn't stand eye-glasses; der wuz too much superciliousness about 'em. Don't yer gobble to me, child, 'bout scientific cusses."

The above dialogue was conducted, of course, in a whisper, and was not audible to the audience.

Roger felt as if it was of no use to attempt to guide the Hon. Mike's conduct.

That noble representative of Nevada was bound to act as he generally did—that is to say, in his own polite parlance, as he "blamed pleased."

So Roger proceeded.

"This mummy," he said, "was exhumed personally by Mr. Growler. Eminent authorities have pronounced it to be at least three thousand years old; and Dr. Sourkroutzen, whose fame as an antiquarian is world-wide, has decided, from certain birth-marks about the mummy's person, that it is all that is left of Ptolemy the Fifth, Ruler of Egypt."

"Is that an Egyptian mummy?" asked a Yokel in the audience.

"Yes, sir."

"Sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dang me if it don't look more like a Mick!" replied the Yokel, grinning at his own wit.

The Hon. Mike glared fiercely at the Yokel. Carelessly he began to unbutton one cuff.

"What are you about now?" asked Roger.



The Hon. Mike unbuttoned his other cuff, and asked:

"A skeptic, Roger, is a sucker who don't believe wot he sees—ain't he?"

"Yes."

"That gawk's a skeptic. He sees an Egyptian mummy and says it's Irish. Now, I'm an old skeptic crusher. I'll crush him till yer plant grass seeds in his ruins. I'm an old skeptic crusher, as I said before, and paint it down in red, white and blue."

Roger was in despair.

The headstrong Mr. Growler threatened to give away the whole affair with his crazy conduct.

"Mike," pleaded he, "don't do any crushing now. Wait till later. Lay for the skeptic outside if you want to, but don't spoil our fun. Let me go ahead with my lecture."

For a wonder Mike hearkened to Roger's words.

"Go ahead," said he. "I'll take yer advice. But I'm sorry for dat skeptic. Oh, just wait till I clamber over him outside. Dere will be weeping and praying at his house—if he's got a house—to-morrow, but he won't know nawthing about it. He'll be dead. I'm an old death angel, I am, and when I flap my wings it means a cemetery picnic."

Roger was about to proceed with his speech when a gentleman arose from the audience.

He was a gentleman evidently descended from Moses or Aaron—at least his prominent nose, hooked at the end, seemed to so indicate.

"I wants to ax you a question," said he.

"Ask a dozen," replied Roger.

"You dells me dot vos a mummy?"

"Yes, sir."

"You dells me it vos dead?"

"Slightly dead. It has been deprived of life for three thousand years."

"Dot maype—or it maype not. Do mummies vot vos dead for tree tousand years vink?"

"Wink?"

"Yes; I dakes mine oath dot I saw dot mummy vink!"

"Impossible, sir. You must have been deceived by an optical delusion?"

"I vos not. Dot mummy vinked—vinked shoost as vell as me or you could vink. Dot mummy—you know vot I dinks about it?"

"No, sir."

"Vell, I dells you. You want to hear?"

"Cert."

"Dot mummy vas a fraud. It vas a schwindle. It vas alive—I pets a pound!"

"I wouldn't," advised Roger with a forced laugh, "for you will lose if you do. Do you suppose a live mummy could be dug out of Pompeii?"

The questioner, however, was not to be convinced that way.

"I vasn't a gambler," returned he, "but I pets you anudder pound!"

"What on?"

"Dot dot mummy never saw Pompeii; dot he wouldn't know id if he vos see id. You dinks dot I vas plind? If dot mummy vas dug oud mit anywheres he vos dug oud of some cabin in Ireland. I vos got an Irish vife, und I vas know de preed. Vill you led me come up mit der blat-form und see? If it vos a real dead mummy I vill apologize und set up a pottle of vine. I vos a white man, I vos."

His request was decidedly unpleasant to Roger.

It put that gilded youth in a dilemma.

If he was to refuse it would show that he was afraid of a too close investigation.

If he didn't refuse, the Hebraic gentleman would come up and probably find out the sham.

Roger hesitated.

The audience took a hand in the affair.

They were anxious to have the Hebraic gentleman step up on the platform.

They said so vociferously.

"Let him up!"

"Give him a show!"

"If the mummy's real, his looking at it can't hurt it!"

"Tain't real!"

"It's a fraud!"

"A sham!"

"We've been sold!"

"Sucked in!"

"Played for flats!"

The Hon. Mike came forward.

"I'm an old boa-constrictor from a leafy jungle," said he, "and anybody wot sez that the mummy ain't real, will hev to face the coils uv the old boa-constrictor around 'em."

"Tis real," replied a voice; "real flesh and blood!"

"That's so," corroborated somebody else.

"Don't I vas said so pefore?" inquired the Hebraic gentleman. "I knowed id. My name vas Meyer Levi, und you don't get ahead auf me much."

Roger hesitated no longer.

He resolved to accept desperate chances.

"Mr. Levi," said he, "you may come up and see for yourself."

Then, in an aside, he remarked to the mummy:

"Pop, if you move a muscle, you will be discovered. For Heaven's sake petrify yourself."

Mr. Levi clambered onto the wooden stage.

He carefully surveyed Muldoon.

Muldoon was as still, as quiet as a cast-iron post. He had a noble brace upon him.

Roger waited fearfully for Mr. Levi to finish his scrutiny.

Mr. Levi did not appear to be in any hurry; he seemed to have plenty of time to catch a train.

He peered at the mummy from head to toe for a minute or so.

The mummy did not give himself away. He stood the ordeal like an automaton.

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Levi?" asked Roger, a scornful accent in his voice.

"Vait avhile," was Mr. Levi's response, "I shoost vant to make mineself sure auf vot it vos."

Mr. Levi pulled out a newspaper.

He tore a strip off of its margin.

He rolled the strip up into a conical spiral, till it looked like one of those old-fashioned lamp-lighters.

"Ach!" said he, "I vill dickle der mummy. Dot vill show if id vos midoud life."

He did so.

With an oily smile he brushed Muldoon's face with the paper, then gently intruded it into one of the mummy's nostrils.

That was more than Muldoon or any other being of flesh and blood could stand.

His face contracted.

His eyes watered.

His nostrils quivered, his nose twitched, and then:

"Kerchew—kerchew—kerchew!"

It was a perfect volley of sneezes—sneezes which shook the box in which was the mummy.

Mr. Levi started back.

But he looked perfectly pleased at the success of his scheme.

"Vot I dells you," said he. "Dot mummy vos a man—an Irishman. Dot vos an Irish sneeze, I pet my vife."

Muldoon lost all forbearance.

"Yehook-nosed haythin!" roared he. "If anybody will untie me I will take out yez eyes and play marbles wid 'em."

"Der mummy speaks," said Mr. Levi. "Vot I doid you, mine friends?"

The spectators were naturally indignant at the fraud. Nobody likes to be cheated, and they were mad.

Cries arose upon the air.

"Smash the box!"

"Kill the mummy!"

"Hang him!"

"Shoot him!"

"We'll make a corpse instead of a mummy of him!"

The Hon. Mike, of course, proceeded not to mend matters, but to make them decidedly worse.

He made a rush for Mr. Levi.

"I'm an icy old typhoon from the Polar Seas," yelled he, "and I'm going to blow you into icicles. Whoop! for the frozen old boomerang from the Arctic Ocean!"

With these touching remarks Mr. Growler danced agilely up to Mr. Levi.

He planted a sock-dolager beneath Mr. Levi's ear, which sent that inquisitive gentleman flat upon his back in a shape something like to an interrogation point.

The Hon. Mike danced gracefully about him.

"I'm the old Aurora Borealis uv der sky, an' angels warm their feet at me!" he remarked. "Get up, you bloody old skeptic, till I knock you down again!"

Mr. Levi, half-dazed at the sudden blow he had received, started to obey.

The Hon. Mike was true to his word.

With a precision only to be acquired by long practice, he deposited a second blow upon Mr. Levi's comma-like nose.

Mr. Levi sank down again with great rapidity.

"Set him up again," requested Mr. Growler. "Won't some friend uv his'n please stiek him on his pins? I wanter git jest one more whack at the sucker!"

Mr. Levi appeared to have not only one friend, but any amount of them, for a rush was made for the platform from the auditorium.

A dozen men were upon the stage in a second.

They did not seem, however, to come for the purpose of setting Mr. Levi up as a sort of animated target for the Hon. Mike.

Instead, they seemed desirous of making a target out of Mr. Growler.

That exalted statesman was fly, though.

He realized it would not be very conducive to health if the crowd got him fairly in their clutches.

Discretion, it is said, is the better part of valor. There is also a second proverb, poetically arranged, which states that he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day, which sentiment is based upon strict common sense.

The Hon. Mike was a firm believer in both of the above maxims, and proceeded to follow their advice.

There was a window near by, out of which he bounded with antelope speed, first, however, deftly tripping up his nearest opponent.

"It's about time for the pale Lily av Nevada to transplant itself somewhere else," remarked Mike, as he ran away.

Roger had already vanished out of a rent in the tent, leaving Muldoon to his fate.

Muldoon was perfectly helpless.

The bandages held his limbs fast, so that he could make no effort to flee.

He was in a pretty pickle, as the angry crowd began to surge around him.

Mr. Levi had also got up, assisted by several friends.

Mr. Levi was in a staggy state of mind. His brain-power was decidedly weak, and he seemed to be rather doubtful in regard to his own personality.

"Vos id me?" asked he, rubbing his head.

"Yes," said a friend.

"My name vas Levi?"

"Yes."

"Meyer Levi?"

"Yes."

"I vent up to see the mummy?"

"Yes."

"I exbosed id?"

"Yes."

"Then der vos somebody vot remarked he vos a frozen Arctic Ocean auf a boomerang vot hid me?"

"Yes."

Upon receiving the last affirmative reply Mr. Levi got back to life again.

He took off his coat, doubled up a pair of dirty-fingered fists, and said:

"Where vos dot frozen Arctic Ocean auf a boomerang? S'help me, Moshes, if I catches him I knocks der frozen all out mit him."

"I guess you won't," snickered the countryman.

"I von't? You dinks I vos no fighter? I vos a pad man auf a poxer. S'help me Moshes, I vos a demon."

"Maybe, but the fellow who hit you has gone."

"Dot vos lucky for him. I would haf made grumbs—grumbs of flesh owit auf him. He vas know me by my bicture, unt runt away."

Here a ragged, precocious boy, who had climbed in under the tent for nothing, and consequently considered himself very much aggrieved at the mummy exposure, interfered.

"That duffer wot hit you," said the boy, "was a friend of the mummy's, wuzn't he?"

"I pets so," replied Mr. Levi, as if the idea had just occurred to him.

"You want to get square on him?"

"Do I? S'elleg me Moshes, I rather guesses dot I do. I would spit on de grave auf dot veller's vather!"

"Well, I'll tell you how to get square."

"You vos a nice boy. Der vos indellect upon your face. You dells me how, und some day when I meed you by oxcident, I vill gif you a penny."

"Biff the mummy," replied the boy.

"Do vhat?"

"Biff the mummy."

"Vhat vos dos?"

"Knock the whole head off of him. Pound his body in!"

Mr. Levi considered.

The characteristic of his race manifested itself in his reply.

"Dot vos all righd," said he, "but he vas a pigger man dan I vos. He might vipe me up mit de floor."

The boy laughed.

"Why, you old jackass!" was his very civil answer, "don't you see he's bound? He couldn't hit a fly what lit on his nose."

Mr. Levi saw the force of the argument, though he did not like the discreditable personal epithet applied to him.

"You vos a schmart poy," said he. "Almost too schmart for your size. If you keep on growing schmarker as you grow older, you vill be hung."

Having delivered this repartee, Mr. Levi turned his attention to Muldoon.

He danced up and down in front of the box, and snapped his fingers in Muldoon's face.

"You rascal—you imbostor," said he, "you



dinks we were all tam fools! You vas a pigger tam fool! But s'eliep me Moshes, I gits square. I knocks de holdt ear auf mit you!"

"Go ate motzers," was Muldoon's reply. "Bedad, if I wur out av this show-case, I wud wear yez heart upon me watch-chain."

"You would!" roared Mr. Levi. "You know vot I vill do mit you—I vill make dot face auf your look like a Ny Year's cake."

Mr. Levi began to carry out his threat.

He hit Muldoon several blows.

Naturally Muldoon got mad.

When a person gets mad he is frequently possessed with a strength foreign to his calmer nature.

So it was with our hero.

With an effort, born of rage, he burst his bonds.

He came out of his box in a style which Mr. Growler, if he had been present, would probably have termed "an old whirlwind."

He settled Mr. Levi in about half a minute.

But the rest of the crowd, with an utter contempt for fair play, set upon him.

Their numbers were too much for him.

They got him at a disadvantage, and mauled him up.

Finally, however, he succeeded in breaking away from their cowardly assaults.

He put out of the tent at a run, closely followed by his assailants.

Down the village street he tore, a being of rags and tatters and bruises, with a barking cur and a yelling, angry crowd at his heels.

It was a desperate race.

Muldoon realized, if he was not fleeing for life, he was at least fleeing from what might be serious injuries.

He cast a look about, vainly searching for his friends.

Not one was to be seen.

"Be Heavens!" groaned he, "the suckers have shook me. If iver I escape I will raymember the dastards."

### PART XXXIII.

MULDOON'S progress down that village street was, to put it in its mildest form, very much hurried.

He ran as if he was trying to make fifty miles an hour, and expected to succeed.

Through mud and mire, over gullies and cobble-stones, across puddles and pools—for a rain had fallen the night before, and rendered foot-travel the reverse of agreeable—sped he.

The crowd of pursuers at his heels were not left very bad.

They numbered sev'ful good runners in their midst, who were putting forth their best lieks to catch up to our hero. Really it was a fair case of hare and hounds.

The pursuing squadron, to make the race additionally pleasant for Muldoon, burst out into various exclamations at intervals.

Said exclamations were not at all reassuring.

The reverse rather.

They exclaimed as follows:

"Run him down!"

"Hang him!"

"Break his neck!"

"Put a bullet into him!"

"Lasso the rascal!"

"Stone him to death!"

"Knock him down with a rock!"

"Trip him up!"

"We'll make very fine work out of him if ever we do catch him!"

"Play mummy on us, will he?"

"We'll make a real dead man of him!"

"A regular corpse!"

These remarks and pleasant predictions incited Muldoon to run faster than ever.

He put on a terrific burst of speed, and obtained a temporary lead upon those in his rear.

He took advantage of it to turn around and shake his fist.

"Come on, ye crabs!" cried he; "it is mesilf who can wind ye all! It is wings I have upon me feet, ye rascallions!"

Just then a stone, hurled by some coward, hit him in the chest.

It was a good-sized stone—no pebble.

It knocked him flat as a flounder, which fish, I believe, is the generally accepted representation of flatness all the world over.

The crowd set up a war-whoop of victory.

They surged down upon the fallen actor of Egyptian mummies.

He tried to get up and resume his race.

'Twas too late.

They were upon him.

He was fairly in the power of the Philistines.

Several of them were about to take instant revenge, and punish him for his imposture, for so they called it, upon the spot.

But Mr. Levi interfered.

He had come up, breathless, in the last rank.

"Holdt!" cried he. "Vot would you fellers do?"

"Make mud out of him," answered a big gawk, who had his fist raised in the air, ready to punch Muldoon's nose.

"Shoost you don't do it," said Mr. Levi.

"Why not?"

"I dells you. He deserves punishment—wosn't he?"

"Yes."

"Severe punishment?"

"Yes."

"Vell, you hits him right away; probably he dies right away. He gets owit auf id too easy. Ven it vos come mit ideas maybe Levi vos full auf dem."

"And full av fleas, too," said Muldoon, crushed but not conquered. "Spit out yez ideas, ye soign for a junk shop."

Mr. Levi smiled sweetly.

"Dot vos all righd," remarked he; "you vos mad. Dot vos de vay dogs get."

"Do ye mane to say I am a dog?" roared Muldoon, fairly wild with rage.

"Auf coorse. You vos a dog. You vos an Irish terrier."

"Be Heavens, ye will conjecthur I am a Peruvian bull-dog if I bite ye! I will give ye the hydrophobia!"

Mr. Levi smiled again.

It was really a pleasure to see Mr. Levi smile, he appeared to enjoy it so.

The smile extended all over his face, and rippled in ripples of mirth over the very bald spot upon his head.

Mr. Levi was victor now.

And Mr. Levi knew it.

Probably that was why he was so forbearing and polite toward his prostrate foe.

He raised his hand and gently shook it alongside of his face at Muldoon.

"Id vos a cold day ven Meyer Levi gets frost-pitten," said he. "Shoost you keeb quied an' dink about astronomy. You vos in a pully blace, flat on your pack, to study de sky. Dot amusement vos sheap—it doesn't cost somedings. It vos—"

But here the gawk who wanted to punch Muldoon's face spoke up.

"Say, Levi," remarked he, "you said you had an idea about punishing this fellow."

"Dot vos drue," acknowledged Mr. Levi, with a smile. That smile was getting chronic.

"Well, jist yer relate yer idea, or I'll punish him myself."

"You vos in too much auf a hurry. The more auf a hurry, the less auf a speed. Dot vos vat id says in de almanac."

"Does it say you're a blamed fool, too?" asked the gawk, losing patience.

His companions were also becoming restless.

They manifested a disposition to shove Mr. Levi aside.

He realized it.

He felt that it was time for him to unfold his ideas.

"I dells you, if you vill keeb your shirts on for a while," said he. "Vosn't dere an old pair auf stocks aroundt?"

"Socks!" grinned somebody.

"You vos a funny veller, mine friendt," mildly reproved Mr. Levi. "I did not vos say socks. I said stocks. Dey vos dese vooden arrangements vot look like somedings auf an ox-yoke. Dey vos used in oldt dimes. You locks beoble's feet ub in dem so dot dey can't run away, und sets dem oud mit der sunshine. Now wouldn't dot mummy man look nice set oud mit der sun, mit all auf der poys aroundt him, pelting him mit aigs, und mud, und gravel, und all sorts auf refuse?"

An old man, gray-haired and feeble, who stood by, supporting his age-enervated frame upon a wooden staff, chuckled gleefully.

"Aye, 'twould be a merry sight," said he, in a voice like unto a raven's croak, "to see a man in the stocks again. I haven't seen one since I was a lad—nigh on to eighty years ago. That was old Gaffer Green, who was put into the stocks for drunkenness. He was in them one whole day, and right merrily did we village lads spoil his visage with mire and clay-balls. I know, by the same token, where those stocks are now."

"Ye do?" asked Muldoon.

"Yes."

"For Heaven's sake, kape their locality dark, thin."

"Nay," chuckled the old rascal. "They are in Squire Satchell's wood-yard, in one corner."

"Vosn't I don't say so?" asked Mr. Levi, in a voice of triumph. "I vos to dot vood-yard allewile a day ago, to pay vood to make a kleiner yacht oud auf for my poy Jacob, to sail away mid de gutter. I vos see dose stocks, und I asked vot

dey vos. I vos related shoot vot de oldt shentleman was dolet to us."

Most of the crowd, although, perhaps, they had never beheld stocks, knew what they were.

Stocks, or pillories, are among the most ancient forms of punishment for culprits, and were used not a little in America during its earlier days, as a means of disciplining evil-doers.

Their shape may be better understood by glancing at the illustration than by reading a column of description.

Therefore I will spare you the description, and ask my readers to simply to look at the cut.

It was a method of punishment which, if not physically painful, was certainly mentally so.

Ignominiously secured in the wooden pillories the unfortunate culprit was obliged to remain, as long as his judges pleased, exposed to sun, wind and air, and the jeers and insults of the mob of spectators.

And this was what was promised for Muldoon—a nice fate, truly, for a solid man.

The crowd, however, for a wonder, had a slight spark of compassion for him.

He was allowed to arise, but two burly fellows held his arms securely fastened, so that there was no possibility of his escape.

Muldoon looked at his captors scornfully.

"Haven't ye a box av handcuffs or an anchor?" he asked.

"Why?" queried one of his holders.

"So that ye could saycure me betther. Any wan wud believe I wur a butterfly and had wings that could soar me over yez heads. Where are yez ould stocks?"

"The lads have gone for them," cackled the old gray-head who was noticed before. "You won't be so cocky, my good man, when you are locked up in them. They have taken the spirit out of many a fine lad."

"But none foiner than me," replied Muldoon; "faix, it is seldom ye will behold a foiner b'ye than mesilf. I wur the proide av me family, and the connoisseur av me counthry."

Hardly had Muldoon given utterance to the above remarks, when a gang of lads arrived, dragging the stocks over the road behind them.

Mr. Levi rescued the wooden frame from the boys' clutches.

He brushed the dust tenderly off of it with his coat-tail.

"Vosn't dey pretty?" asked he of Muldoon.

"Dey vill make sblendid garters for your legs."

"Ye mane to put me fate in the holes?" said Muldoon, surveying the stocks.

"Yes."

"Bedad, I wouldn't if I had the placing av ye into thim."

"What would you do?"

"I would place ye in neck furst."

"Dot vos all righd," genially remarked Mr. Levi. "I wouldn't be so gruel. I vill shoost put you feet fust, as I said before. You would keeb me dere for vun or two days, wouldn't you?"

"Yis, ye sucker!"

"Vell, I vill be kind. I vill led you auf easy. I vill only keeb you for a week."

"A week!" groaned Muldoon.

"Dot vos all. But I vos shenerous. Auf you vosn't dinks you gets enough auf it for a week I vill make it a month. How do you know?"

Muldoon favored the speaker with a baleful glance.

It was probably very lucky for Mr. Levi that Muldoon was not free.

If he had been, Mr. Levi would, in all probability, have been wiped up in a style very unpleasant for himself.

But Muldoon was a helpless captive, and Mr. Levi could smile just as aggravatingly as he pleased.

The stocks were soon arranged, and Muldoon was placed in them.

His feet were placed in the apertures made for them, and he was set up against the side of a building.

The spectators testified their joy at the novel spectacle, the like of which probably had not been seen in that peaceful village for half or three-quarters of a century.

Suddenly a figure appeared amidst the crowd.

It was a well-known figure to Muldoon, a figure velvet-coated, striped-shirted, and diamond-pinned.

A figure which wore its hat 'way back upon one side, and squirted tobacco-juice in a gentle jet.

In fact, the figure was none other than the Hon. Mike Growler.

After the explosion of the Egyptian mummy hoax, the Hon. Mike, as narrated in our last part, had fled.

After an hour's concealment in a public-house, he had ventured to make his reappearance in the village streets.

They were deserted.



All of the idlers had joined in the race after Muldoon.

Mr. Growler had heard of that exciting chase, and he resolved—reckless, perhaps, the idea was—to find out what was to be done with his friend and relative by marriage.

So it was that he was discovered by Muldoon. Muldoon did not feel kindly toward the great senator.

The Hon. Mike had proved a base deserter.

At the first appearance of peril he had run away and left Muldoon to his fate.

Note the result.

Muldoon was in the stocks, a butt for the village rabble, while the Hon. Mike was free—as serenely happy as ever.

It made Muldoon gnash his teeth to think of it. A base resolve came into his head.

Misery loves company, it is said.

Muldoon was about as perfect an epitome of misery as one could well see. Like misery, too, he wanted company.

And the company he most particularly desired at that period was the Hon. Mike.

"Halloo, Mike!" bawled he, "how did you escape? Shure ye ought to be sitting here wid me, ye rascal, surveying the scenery. Ye had as much to do wid the mummy racket as I did."

Mr. Growler did not expect to be recognized by Muldoon, and the surprise was so sudden that the quid of tobacco which he was masticating fell down into his throat and very nearly strangled him.

He turned pale.

He began to make his way out of the crowd unobserved.

It was too late.

Muldoon had attracted universal attention toward him.

Mr. Levi's notice was drawn among the rest.

Mr. Levi started as if he had seen a ghost.

"S'elleg me Moshes!" gasped he; "seize dot veller! Dot vos de frozen Arctic Ocean auf a boomerang vot knocked me down und vanked over me. He vos de vorst mit de lot."

"That's so," said a fellow. "He stood upon the stage with the mummy."

The Hon. Mike accelerated his rate of progression.

He was not, however, destined to make his escape.

Half a dozen burly yokels headed him off, and stood menacingly in his path, waiting for Mr. Levi, who was tacitly considered as a leader, to make some remark which might guide their further course of action.

Mr. Levi did remark.

It was a philosophical remark, fraught with trouble for the Hon. Mike.

"You say dey vas togedder mit der stage?" he said, addressing the crowd in general.

"Yes," replied a dozen voices.

"Then it would be a pity—a great pity for to searate dem now. Vy not put dot frozen Arctic Ocean auf a boomerang in de stocks mit de mummy? Dey vill be togedder, und it vill be sociality for dem both."

"Good!"

"Tip-top!"

"Just gamey!"

"Bang-up!"

"Cheesy!"

"Great idea!"

"Splendid tip!"

So cried the crowd, and in a twinkling the Hon. Mike was seized.

To give him his due, he struggled like a man.

"Stand off!" he shouted, sending one joker to grass by a dexterous rap under the chin. "I'm a bald-headed old American eagle, I am, an' I kin draw the skin offen a file. If ye don't want general death, universal blood and almighty havoc, let me go!"

He emphasized his remarks by a second shoulder hit, which toppled over the fellow who received it.

The fellow, however, in falling, caught hold of Mike's leg, and succeeded in taking the Lily of Nevada off his balance.

Mike tried, but in vain, to regain his equilibrium and free himself from the other's grasp.

As I said, the attempt was a vain one.

The fellow hung on with a tenacious grip, which could not be shaken off.

Mike tottered and fell.

That settled him.

His foes were on top of him in a second.

He was soon secured, and then raised to his feet.

He glared around him like a wild beast.

"Yer've got der old Tornado uv ther Desert dead to rights," remarked he, "owin' to dat old flannel-mouth wot's okkerpying der stocks. But wait; I've got Injun blood in my veins, I hez, an' Injun blood never forgets. I'm a bloody-knifed old brave with war-paint on my face, an' dere

will be some very lively weeping and wailing when I git outer dis snap!"

"How do you know?" blandly asked Mr. Levi. "You vas dalks too much mid yer tongue."

Mike fairly tried to burn the speaker up with a glance—a glance red-hot with hatred.

"Are yer a married man?" asked he.

"Yes," replied Mr. Levi. "I vas married for sixteen years."

"Any kids?"

"Any kids! S'elleg me Moshes—you dinks I vas a goat? Vot vas I got to do mit kids? Vot you means, anyway?"

"Any children?"

"Vas I got any children? Vas I?" (Mr. Levi laughed outright at the question, as if its absurdity amused him.) "Vell, I should plush! I vas got fifteen, from Aaron, who vas shust fourteen und a kevarter, to Hagar, who vas shust five days oldt. I guesses mit mineself dat I vas got some children—allewile."

"Jist yer go and get dere crape ready."

"Deir vat?"

"Crape."

"Vat dey vants mit grape?"

"To go in mourning."

"Who for?"

"You."

"I vasn't dead."

"But yer will be," said Mike, with an air of great determination and steadfast faith. "I'm an old death breeze, I am; and when I blow grave-yards air necessary. Jist as soon as I git out of this scrape, I'll blow; and yer will be the fust to feel my presence."

"How do you know?" sweetly replied Mr. Levi. "Peys?"

"Yes, sir," said a dozen voices.

"Dis feller vas fret himself to death if he vas kebd standing somedimes longer. Put him mit der stocks, so that he vill gool out."

The "boys" were only too ready to do it.

The order was obeyed with great alacrity.

The Hon. Mike received quite severe handling during the operation. His hat was knocked off and stepped upon, his vest torn, and his velvet coat stolen bodily by some immoral gentleman who coveted such a gay and gaudy article of apparel.

From his heart Mr. Growler cursed the impulse which had led him to seek after Muldoon's fate.

He squinted angrily at that noble hero.

"Yer old monkey-faced son of a peat-bog!" cried Mike. "If it wusn't for yer I wouldn't be here. Yer give me away, ye flannel-jawed Judas."

"Sarves yer roight," remarked Muldoon. "Luk out."

"Wat for?"

"There is a roipe cat dayseinding upon yez face."

Muldoon was correct.

A cat—a deceased cat—a sticky, moist and decayed feline struck the building just above Mike's head.

It was followed by a perfect shower of all sorts of other missiles.

It was a very pretty picture for Muldoon to have framed and hung up in his parlor.

There sat the two culprits, securely fastened in the stocks, while the mob amused themselves by throwing whatever articles they could lay their hands on at the unlucky pair.

#### PART XXXIV.

THE missiles continued to fly at Muldoon and Mr. Growler.

The last-named kept up a constant dodging from side to side, which called forth Muldoon's taunts.

"Luk at me," said he.

"I wish yer'd die, yer bloody traitor," replied Mike, deftly avoiding a ripe kitten flung by some not fastidious youngster. "Yer wuss nor a sneak-in', underground livin', root-eatin', never-washed Digger Injun. Yer've betrayed yer friend."

"Bedad, I'm sorry for it on wan pretext."

"Wat?"

"Ye are compromising me dignity in the eyes of the rabble."

"How?"

"Luk at yerself. What are ye doing? Ye are dodging around, thryin' to avoid the articles flung at ye, like a top. Turn yer optics at me. Here I sit wid folded arms, implacable as a statuette—mutely deriding my calumniators. It is meself who is a Brutus. I—"

Here a deceased squash—a squash full of vegetable glue—hit the speaker square in the mouth. It checked his remarks most perfectly.

Its slimy contents plastered over his face, and a part of them fled complacently down his throat.

The Hon. Mike forgot his troubles. He fairly shouted with glee.

"Serves yer right," remarked he. "Yer will sit still as a statuette, will yer, and give me back talk? But I ain't no account, I ain't. I don't know nuthin'. I'm nuthin' but an old, decayed weepin'-willer, wid all my branches stuck in der mud."

Muldoon did not reply—at least, not right away. He could not very well.

His mouth was full of decayed squash—and decayed squash is not equal to ice-cream or strawberry short-cake for flavor.

He, however, spit it out as rapidly as possible, and cleaned the rest away from his face with his hands, which, luckily, were free.

Still, a considerable amount of the vegetable clung to his visage, giving him a most gruesome appearance.

Mr. Meyer Levi was delighted.

That sweet and balmy smile of his ripened into a broad grin.

"I pet you halef a tollar," remarked Mr. Levi, surveying Muldoon, "dot you looks like a fairy brince. It would be a nice obbordunity for you to haf your bicture daken."

Muldoon's mute reply was a glance of utmost malevolence directed at the genial gentleman, which glance seemed to further enhance Mr. Levi's pleasure.

"Vot a bicture you vos," he said. "Mit vings und a tail auf red feathers, you would make a sblendid bird auf Baradise. If I vos only had an art gallery, I would get your photograph done in oil, und sharge halef a shilling for to look at it."

The crowd grinned with delight, and as appreciation always encourages, Mr. Levi proceeded again:

"If it vos only February," said he, "I would put you in an envelope and send you as a valentine to a gorilla. But maybe it vas shoost as vell I don't, for de gorilla would sue me for libel. It would be vot you galls very tough for dot gorilla."

Here Muldoon found his powers of speech.

"Yez name wur Levi, I belave?" said he.

"How do you know?" mildly queried Mr. Levi.

"Ye said so."

"Den it vas drue."

"Well, Levi, I warn ye that if iver I gets out av these wooden socks yez name will be worms and ye will live in a grave. Ye have insulted a dayscendant av Brian Borhu."

"Vas he a pedler?"

"No, ye comma-nosed Egyptian. He was a great king av Ireland, an' me ancestor."

"Vas he dead?"

"For einturies."

"Probably he vas told by a fortune-teller dot you would glaim him as a relative," remarked Mr. Levi, "und dot vas vot gaused his death. Broceed."

But Muldoon was so mad that he would not proceed.

He politely and forcibly told Mr. Levi to go to a place which is stricken out of the revised Bible—a short but forcible answer, which, strange to say, appeared to tickle Mr. Levi greatly.

"S'help me Moshes!" he said, in apparent surprise, "you vos mad! It vos wrong—very injurious for der health to get mad. Dere vos a feller vonce who proke a blood-vessel when he vos mad."

"I'll break yez neck if iver I escape!" threatened Muldoon.

"How do you know?" replied Mr. Levi.

"I—"

"Look out!" yelled a voice from the crowd.

"Vot for?" asked Mr. Levi.

"Peelers!"

Sure enough, down the road were seen a body of police rapidly approaching, three civilians at their head, besides an officer, in full uniform, of the Horse Guards.

The crowd began to melt away.

Neither did Mr. Levi feel as funny as he had been feeling. The pleasure, somehow, seemed to be leaving the occasion.

He realized that the limits of the law had been decidedly exceeded by the crowd. Although Muldoon had been an impostor in the mummy personification, still, those fooled had no right at all to take the law into their own hands.

And Mr. Levi realized that he had become the ring-leader in the affair. It was he who had suggested the stocks.

He was gifted with great discretion.

He faded away like the shadow of the night before the morning sun.

The police came up.

A cry of gladness issued from Muldoon's lips as he recognized the three civilians and the officer.

The civilians were Dan Muldoon, Roger, and Sir Percy; the officer, Captain Horsy.



They halted before the stocks. A policeman, evidently in command of the party, stepped forth and saluted Sir Percy. Pointing to the stocks, he inquired: "Are these the persons, your lordship?" "Yes," replied the young nobleman, whose face was struggling to keep itself straight. "Release them."

Two sturdy policeman obeyed the order. Muldoon and Mr. Growler were soon free while the crowd stood respectfully back. Muldoon looked sarcastically at his son. "Roger," said he, "I am proud av ye." "You should be," answered Roger, cool as a refrigerator.

"Ye are a great boy." "I know it." "A dutiful offspring." "You're right, pop." "Yez filial regard is raymarkable." "Right again, dad." "Ye lift yez ould father to be put into the stocks, while ye flew away from danger yerself loike to a flying-fish."

"But it was your own fault, dad." "How?" "I will prove it to you. If you hadn't been disguised as a mummy you would never have got caught in this predicament, would you?"

"No." "If you hadn't fought a duel you wouldn't have been necessitated to be disguised as a mummy, would you?"

"No." "Then it's all your fault for fighting a duel. That's logic, ain't it?"

Muldoon could but confess that it was. "But it wur indirectly the dirty Italian's fault," said he.

"How?" "He wur too deficient in vitality."

"Why?" "Because he up and died."

Roger looked at his parent quizzically. "Say, pop," asked he, "are you sure he died?" "Didn't ye say so?" "Not for certain."

Muldoon's face was plastered with squash and begrimed with dirt, yet it managed to evince great relief.

"Is he aloive?" queried he. "Decidedly," laughed Roger; "if the police will kindly make a way for us through this crowd, we will adjourn to Sir Percy's house. A couple of carriages are waiting for us."

The police took the hint. They scattered the crowd with an excess of zeal, and escorted our heroes to the carriages.

It was not long before Sir Percy's house, or shooting-box, rather, was reached.

Muldoon and the Hon. Mike were escorted to their rooms, and, after a good bath, were provided with clean clothes.

The bell rang, and they went down to a late dinner.

Muldoon noticed that all were present except Sir Percy.

"Where's our host?" asked he.

Hardly had the query escaped his lips before the door opened.

A figure appeared.

Muldoon saw it, and started back with an expression of horror upon his face, which grew pale as a sheet.

"The Italian count!" he gasped. "Bedad, it's his ghost!"

"Guess not," unconcernedly replied Roger, buttering a piece of bread; "he's got too much color for a ghost. Sit down, pop, and don't get all broke up."

Muldoon obeyed his son.

But he trembled like an aspen leaf as soon as he sank back into his chair, his eyes fixed as if glued upon the form of the supposed count.

The Hon. Mike snickered.

"It wur lots of fun for yer ter play ghost and skeer us, wasn't it?" asked he.

"Yes," faintly said Muldoon.

"But the jocularity sort av cessates when ther ghost racket gits played on ter yer."

"But I wasn't a rale ghost," protested Muldoon.

"Is this one rale?"

"Av coorse. Didn't I stick me sword clane through the foreigner's bowels?"

"Mebbe yer did an' mebbe yer didn't," remarked Mr. Growler, with the air of an oracle. "Things air mighty onsartin in this old world uv ours. Often yer kain't tell a skunk from a pussy cat till yer get a whiff uv its essence. Likewise a snide ghost will look like a rale one."

"Wight you are, deah boy," said the supposed ghost, proceeding to throw off its disguise. "Youah bwain-powah, Mike, is pwodigious—weally pwodigious."

Off came wig, mustache, and a rapid brush of

a wet handkerchief took off the olive complexion. Sir Percy Strothers was revealed to Muldoon's surprized eyes.

Muldoon was so astonished that for a moment he half believed it was a dream.

"What does it mean?" he interrogated, in a dazed, helpless sort of way.

"It means it will cost you a basket," smiled Sir Percy.

"A basket?"

"Yes."

"Of what?"

"Wine, of course, deah boy. I eat nothing but cweam, and dwink nothing but wine."

"But why wine?"

"Because you're stuck. You've been the victim of a pwactical joke," and Sir Percy proceeded to explain the whole hoax, the particulars of which our readers are already familiar with.

Muldoon's first impulse was to get mad and lay out the jokers.

"Ye suckers have the most plisant idea av humor I iver wuz familiarized wid," said he. "Think av the amount av mental anguish ye have put me to! Think av me sufferings as a mummy, me deloightful tarry in the stocks. Iligant jokers ye are!"

"We jest did it for one thing," said the Hon. Mike—"to git square on yer for yer ghost racket. Yer frightened us nearly out uv a year's growth."

Muldoon considered the affair, for his anger was gradually becoming cooler.

"I guess ye are roight," he at last confessed. "It is a case av aquality."

He was no slouch, either.

He set up the basket of wine.

A gay old racket followed until bed-time, and all hands, jolly and good-natured, went to bed.

Muldoon slept very soundly, for the adventures he had gone through during the last two days were enough to place anybody in the arms of Morpheus.

He was awakened by a rap at his door.

"Who's there?" sleepily he asked.

"Me, sir."

"Who's me?"

"James, sir."

"What James?"

"Sir Percy's valet. He sent me to h'ascertain h'if you needed h'any h'assistance with your toilet."

Muldoon grinned as he got out of bed.

"Bedad," soliloquized he, "there is nothing like living in the lap av luxury. It is a male flunkey who is sint up to assist me in me toilet—to put on me shirt for me, and to curl me raven locks. I wonder wud he wash me feet?"

For a second he had a great mind to put the last question to the test of an answer.

But he had a pretty clearly-defined idea that James might rebel.

"Any American," said Muldoon, "who can't dhress himself widout the aid av a sarvint should be vaccinated wid strychnine, James."

"Yes, sir."

"I do not require yer sarvices. Me apparel is glued to me, an' I niver take them off. I were born in them. Tell Sir Percy I will be down in a second, just as soon as I anoint me side-whiskers wid bear's-grease."

"Thanks, sir," was James' reply, and his footsteps were heard rapidly retreating.

Muldoon was soon dressed.

He went down into the dining-room.

Breakfast was upon the table, and the boys were making it vanish.

"Halloo, Muldoon!" cried Sir Percy. "How do you feel to-day?"

"Loike a newly-hatched chicken," returned Muldoon.

"Head all right?"

"Roight ye are."

"No buzzin' in it?"

"No—it is as clear as a bell."

"I'm glad of it."

"Why?"

"I've got a job for you to-day."

"What is it?"

"Can you ride?"

"Ride what—a strate-car or a camel?"

"Neither—a horse."

"Well, I should smile. Whin I used to roide me Texan stallion at the head av the Sivinth Regiment av New York, I wur nearly knocked out av me saddle at ivery parade by the bouquets which wur hurled at me. They photographed me for a model for an aqvestrian statue to be set up in Cintral Park."

"Doubtless, but I mean—can you ride a race-horse?"

"Shure, I can. I can roide ony sort av a horse, from a saw-horse to a horse-chestnut. Ye have heard av Jerome Park?"

"Yes, I believe so. It's the best and most

popular race-track in the United States, situated in the outskirts of New York city—is it not?"

"Ye are correct. Well, I rode there twice in races."

"Flat races?"

"I belave so. Anyway, ivery man, ixcept me-silf, who rode in them wur a flat."

"How did you succeed?"

"Iligant. Me picthure wur put on all the club programmes. I won a silver pie-plate and a pair of cast-iron spoons. Pierre Lorillard was confined to his bed for a wake out av grief because I wudn't roide Parole for him."

Of course Sir Percy did not believe a word of it. He knew Muldoon's failing for exaggeration.

However, he pretended he did.

"You're just the man I want," said he, with well-affected enthusiasm. "We're going to have races to-day."

"Where?"

"At Brighton. There is an amateur jockey-club formed there—whose field-day is to-day. There will be four races, but we only want you to ride in one."

"What wan?"

"The last. It is a steeple-chase of four miles, easy course. There are only six hurdles, eight stone walls, and a water-jump to take."

Muldoon's face lengthened.

He began to wish he had not said so much about his ability as a jockey.

Yet he was not going to back out of it.

"What horse do I ride?" asked he.

"One of mine—deah boy."

"What is his name?"

"Killer."

"Why do you call him so?"

"Well, he's a deuced good brute, but he's ugly. He's by 'Desert Angel' out of 'Graveyard.' He's been in four races, and killed three jockeys. The other jockey got off with a broken leg."

Muldoon's face got longer.

"Who else roides?" he asked.

"The Hon. Mr. Growler, Dan, Roger, Captain Horsy, myself, and a couple of other young fellows. It is a gentleman's race for a silver service."

"Bedad, if I inter it, the prize I will probably win is a coffin," reflected Muldoon, but he did not speak so aloud. Instead, he expressed his perfect willingness to ride "Killer."

Breakfast finished, billiards and bowling passed away the morning, until it was time to go to the race-course, to which spot they were driven over in Sir Percy's drag.

The grand-stand was filled, the ladies especially turning out in a lovely array of beauty and style. Mrs. Muldoon, Mrs. Growler, and several friends being there, waited upon by Mr. Henry Huggs and the beaming St. Patrick.

The three first races were run amidst great applause.

At last it came time for the steeple-chase.

The riders dressed in the club-house, and went over to the neighboring paddock, where the clerk of the scales ascertained that they were up to programme weights.

The horses were brought forth.

"Killer" was not a vicious-looking brute. Instead, "Killer" was a melancholy sort of brute, whose only desire seemed to be to stand still and become petrified.

"Bedad, yez name is a libel," said Muldoon, as he surveyed the beast. "If I had had the calling av ye, instead of naming ye 'Killer,' I wud have termed ye 'Turtle,' I wud."

Here the first bell rang out from the judge's stand. It was the signal to get in readiness for the race.

Muldoon mounted, assisted by St. Patrick.

"Muldoon t'inkee he gettee race?" asked the soft-spoken Celestial.

"Shure, he haythin!"

"Deadeesuree?"

"Ye can wager yez pig-tail upon it."

That seemed to satisfy St. Patrick.

He pulled out a handful of jingling silver from his pocket.

"Me bettee allee money on Muldoon," said he. "Gettee nuff, if Muldoon win, to buyee housee."

"What odds are they offering antagonistic to me success?" Muldoon inquired.

St. Patrick smiled sweetly.

"Dey say you no goodee, damee flaud," replied he. "One man say yer oughtee ride a rock—he bettee twenty to one against you."

Muldoon's face flushed.

"Would ye raycognize the man?" he inquired. "Yeppee."

"Then take this fifty-dollar note and back me."

St. Patrick took it and glided away.

The last bell rang, and all of the starters appeared before the starter's flag.

"Killer" was as docile as a lamb.

Evidently some remarkable change had occur-



red in the animal's disposition, or he had been cruelly maligned by Sir Percy.

A few false starts, and then the flag dropped.

Off sped the horses.

Muldoon was last, and he held his breath as his horse arose in air over the first hurdle.

But he landed safely.

Two more hurdles and a stone fence were gone over.

The next was a water-jump—a brush hurdle first, and then a ditch filled with water.

Upon the flat "Killer" had rapidly increased his pace, and was now leading, Dan Muldoon a good second.

The rest were holding their horses back, for a four-mile steeple-chase depends more upon bottom, as a rule, than speed.

They neared the water-jump.

The Hon. Mike came up with a rush—a good third.

Up in the air, over the jump, arose the horses, Muldoon first upon "Killer."

"Luk at me," he exclaimed. "I fly over the hurdles loike an aigle. I wur born a jockey."

#### PART XXXV.

As mentioned at the close of our last part, the three horses arose in the air almost together.

Muldoon upon Killer was first.

Killer made a splendid leap, and Muldoon expected to see him land fully four feet beyond the bank of the ditch.

Therefore, Muldoon very foolishly, as any jockey would have told him, pulled upon Killer's reins, instead of letting them lie slack upon the brute's back, and not tightening them until the fence was reached.

The result was disastrous.

The horse's momentum was stopped, his progress checked in mid-air.

Down he went.

Not even his front feet touched hard ground.

In short, he fell ker-flop into the muddy water of the ditch.

Naturally he was an obstacle in the way of the following horse.

The Hon. Mike's horse made what we might call an aerial shy.

Mike flew out of his saddle, and turning a sort of duplex somersault, landed head-first upon Muldoon.

Muldoon was not able to stand the assault.

The force of the blow unseated him, and he glided gracefully into the ditch.

Meanwhile Dan had perceived the accident.

He tried to escape by guiding his horse to one side, and thus avoiding the ones who had so haplessly fallen.

His horse's heels, however, caught upon the brush which formed part of the hurdle.

In a second Dan was shot over his steed's head, the steed itself toppling with outspread legs into the yellow foam.

Sir Percy Strothers was riding past.

Sir Percy was mounted upon the best nag of the lot, and Sir Percy, besides, was a skillful cross-country rider.

Pressing his spurs into his animal's sides, Sir Percy made a tremendous leap.

Over the ditch, and over the men and horses which were struggling in it went Sir Percy, his horse striking fair and square upon the grassy ground beyond.

He turned in his saddle and looked back upon his unfortunate friends.

"Ta—ta!" grinned he. "I'll see you latah. Shall I send a life boat aftah you?"

Sir Percy, as the old saying goes, crowed too soon.

He had suffered his bridle to slacken, and his horse, relieved of a guiding hand, plunged out of the course.

"Hold on, ye rascal!" cried Sir Percy, suddenly awaking to a sense of his peril.

He was just a trifle too late.

The average steeple-chaser has always a strong desire to go anywhere except where he should go.

To bolt, to shy, or to run out of the regular course is his delight.

So it was with Sir Percy's nag.

He had got out of the right track, and he was glad of it. And he did not mean to get back into it if he could help it.

"Whoa—whoa, you bwute!" bawled Sir Percy. The horse, however, refused to "whoa."

It did not appear to have the faintest idea of the meaning of the word.

It plunged ahead, each gallop taking it further into the mass of bogs and slimy salt-water puddles which lay beyond the beaten track, for the race-course was formed upon what is known as "made ground," that is, ground reclaimed from the sea by artificial aid.

At last one of his front hoofs stuck in a hole.

He stumbled.

The horse made an effort to regain his balance, but it was useless.

The animal fell with a thud, and Sir Percy rolled off of his back. He was just exactly as bad off as were his friends at whom he had jeered.

But let us go back to said friends.

The struggles of Muldoon's horse had forced Muldoon down into the ditch, so far down that the dirty water came bubbling down his throat and up into his nostrils.

He gasped for breath.

"For Heaven's sake, take the carcass off av me!" bawled he.

"Wot carcass?" queried Mr. Growler, who had succeeded, by some occult means known only to himself, in crawling out of the ditch to dry land.

"Lift it off yerseli," was Mike's cruel reply. "Didn't yer say last night yer could hold a camel in each hand, and walk a mile wid an elephant on yer head?"

"Did I affirm so?"

"Yer did."

"Had I dhrunk much?"

"About a quart uv whisky."

"Thin it wur the whisky—not me—that wur spaking. Mike, if ye have any raygard for me physical playsure, for the Lord's sake rowl off me Arab steed! Begob, he's crushing the sap out av me veins!"

The Hon. Mike refused to accede to the request.

Instead, he calmly proceeded to yank his horse out of the ditch, which feat he finally accomplished, after having very nearly pulled the jaw off of the unlucky equine.

"Yer fellers stay there an' play hide-an'-seek wid yer old saw-horses," sweetly remarked the noble senator. "I'm a-goin' ter scoop in dis old race. I'm an old lightning flash wid spurs on, I am—an' I'm a-goin' ter collar der prize dead. Why, I could take it if I were mounted on an old china-eyed mule, wid three wooden legs and a paint-brush tail. Yer fellers hev gone bathing. Sir Percy's a-diggin' sand wid his head, an' fer der other blokes, two uv 'em been struck wid paralysis, and the other's broke his neck."

Having thus spoken, Mr. Growler vaulted agilely into his saddle and rode gently away.

He did not ride in any hurry.

His speed was not equal to an Iroquois or a Luke Blackburn's.

In fact, he considered he had what is called by learned scholars "a pudding."

"I can't ride a steeple-chase," he chuckled, as he galloped slowly along. "Oh, no! I'm an old snappin' turtle wid mud in my eye, an' I can't tell a horse from a barn. Dere wuz an English duffer who axed me when I got up if I had glue on my saddle so's I could stick, but I'll show him wot an American—a real old star-spangled-banner-goddess-uv-liberty American kin do. It's a very dry season when der old Lily uv Nevada wilts. It's a—"

Just then Mr. Growler was aware of sounds in his rear.

The sounds were those of horse's hoofs—radidly approaching.

He looked around.

An unexpected sight met his eyes, a sight as unwelcome as unexpected.

A horse and a man were hurrying after him, the horse covered with mud and mire, and the man almost as bad.

It was Killer and Muldoon.

How Killer and Muldoon ever got out of the ditch has never as yet been satisfactorily settled.

Muldoon says he lifted Killer out himself, while Dan avers that Killer scrambled out first, Muldoon hanging onto the horse's tail. But anyway they were both out and hotly chasing Mr. Growler.

The Hon. Mike put spurs to his steed's flanks.

"Go it, ye cripple!" Mike encouraged his horse.

"If yer win I'll buy yer an' take yer home to Nevada and give yer an old gold valley to pasture in, an' I'll buy a Chinaman for yer to play wid. Go it—go it, Blazes!"

Blazes was the animal's gentle name, and Blazes proceeded to go.

Killer, however, was a faster quadruped, and he gained upon Blazes.

No wonder Killer went fast, for Muldoon was whooping and yelling and shrieking in a way which would have made the wildest savage furious with jealousy.

"Proceed, ye flash av electricity," Muldoon was crying; "pass him, ye darlint, and ye shall have ice-crame an' sponge-poi for yez supper, not to spake av a bowldher av sugar as big as yez head. Begob, I'll tie ribbons av gay plumage upon yez tail and have rosettes av milk-white satin decked in yez ears. Fly along, Killer, an' if ye win it is a Turkish bath ye will rayceive upon your arrival home."

The promises appeared to spur Killer to renewed exertions.

He fairly seemed to fly over the ground.

He was soon up to Blazes.

Cries arose from the spectators who lined the track.

"Killer's going up—Killer's going up!"

The Hon. Mike heard the cries.

He savagely slashed Blazes' side with his whip.

Away sprang the horse.

For a second Killer lost ground.

At length daylight was seen between him and Blazes.

The spurt, however, was but momentary.

Blazes soon returned to his old rate of speed.

Then Muldoon gained.

Killer's head was soon at Blazes' tail.

Then it was up to Blazes' saddle-girth.

A hurdle now came, followed by a small stone wall.

The horses went over both of the obstacles neck and neck.

When they landed it seemed as if a blanket could cover the both of them.

Muldoon chuckled.

"Ah—ha, Mike!" said he; "Irish blood will tell. I'll bate ye by a furlong."

"Yer won't," was Mike's reply. "No Irish potato wot's dug outen a bog can ever beat a high-flying old Nevada vulture, wot's sips dew outer clouds. Dat hoss uv yer's has got heart-disease; he'll drop down dead in a minute."

"Be gob, yer horse possesses an explosive liver. I can see it in his optics. Presently he will blow up, and make a weeping widow av yer wife."

So chaffing, they rode along, preserving their equality.

No attempt was made by either to press their racers for awhile, as they were both well aware that all surplus speed should be saved for the final effort upon the home-stretch.

They were nearing the final hurdles, after passing which they would rush out upon the broad, smooth, regular track used for flat races.

"Whin I git upon the stretch I will lave ye as a locomotive laves a crab," said Muldoon.

"Yer won't," said Mike.

"I'll wager ye."

"Wot?"

"A Gatling gun against a foire-cracker, or brown-stone front against a bath-tub. I have tlacme of confidence in me noble steed."

"I'll go yer a hundred dollar bill," replied Mike. "Money talks. Put up or shut up."

"How the devil can I put up now?" asked Muldoon. "Wud ye have me nail me cintury not to me horse's back? Shure it wud be cruelty animals."

"Oh, yer go bag yer head," said Mike, in disgust. "Yer all chin an' no cider. If yer ever get broke, cover yerself with feathers, an' go sit in a ring in a cage, for yer will be bought at a big price as a parrot."

"If I were a parrot I would be afraid to peck at ye," said Muldoon.

"Why?"

"Because if I should make a break in yez skin ye wud explode. Wind bags always burst when they are punctured."

Probably Mr. Growler would have replied by some equally witty and cutting rapartee, had it not been that the last hurdle was nearly arrived at.

A prick of the spurs, a cut of the whip, and, presto! both animals were over.

Blazes made a slight stumble, but he soon recovered himself, and sped up to Killer.

Down the home-stretch they came head and head, both jockeys whipping, while clouds of dust flew out in their rear.

The spectators began to shout, according as their fancy or their bets biased their opinions.

"Blazes—Blazes!"

"Killer—Killer!"

"Blazes wins!"

"Killer's ahead!"

"Blazes takes it!"

"No—Killer does!"

"Blazes for a pound!"

"Killer for five pounds!"

They drew near to the judge's stand.

"There was not a fraction of an inch between the horses' noses.

They seemed as if fastened together and held parallel by some invisible bond.

The stand was but a few feet away.

Would it be a "dead heat?"

Would both horses, as the saying goes, "finish first," and the race have to be run over?

It looked like it.

Speculators were already offering to bet that such would be the case.

'Twas now only about ten feet to the goal.

The judges were leaning out, alert and watchful to note the merest trifle of advantage which either horse might gain in that limited space.

On came the horses, with foam-lined mouths



and sweating sides, ears lying flat back and every muscle and tendon strained.

Suddenly Blazes swerved to one side.

The swerve was but for a couple of inches, but was fatal to the brute's success.

Killer went straight ahead and passed under the wire first now by a neck.

The wildest shouts arose upon the air.

A number of Americans present had bet on Muldoon, and they hurraed in real Yankee style.

"Now let the old bald-headed eagle spread its wings and shriek!" cried one enthusiastic New Yorker.

"Three cheers for Muldoon!"

"Hip—hip, hurrah!"

"Hip—hip, hurrah!"

"Tigah!"

The cheers were given with a will.

It was the proudest moment in Muldoon's life as he dismounted and received the congratulations of his friends.

"I'm proud of you, pop," said Roger, pressing forward.

"Bedad, I'm proud av meself," rejoined Muldoon. "Shure, it's a great day for ould Ireland. The victory av an American upon an English horse is a triumph for the Land League."

Here Mr. Growler rode up and was assisted to dismount by a solitary darkey.

Mr. Growler was mad.

"Get out!" he roared at the darkey.

"Ain't you gwive to tip me, boss?" asked the darkey, extending a grimy paw for the expected coin.

"Yes, I'll tip you over," sweetly replied Mike. "Get out!"

"But, boss, I's—"

"Skedaddle, ye blamed fool, or I'll make a coon fricassee outer yer!" bawled Mike, raising his whip.

The darkey suddenly recollected he had an engagement somewhere else, and left.

"Halloo, Mike!" saluted Muldoon.

"Go bury yerself!" was Mike's answer.

"Are you mad?"

"Oh, no; I ain't mad. I ain't no madder nor an old yaller dog with a muzzle tied to its nose, and a tin pan tied to its tail."

"Ye shouldn't be mad," said Muldoon; "ye made a good effort for the race."

"I'd a-won, too, if that old scaly lizard uv a boss hadn't swerved. But he's a nice horse."

"Iligant."

"I admire him."

"Ye do?"

"Yes; I'm goin' ter buy him."

"What for?"

"To kill him. I jest wanter caress him with an ax for about half an hour. I'll swerve him."

With that Mr. Growler walked away, savagely kicking a pebble that lay at his feet.

That night a banquet was given to Muldoon by the club, and the silver service presented amid great applause.

Muldoon made a speech, of course; a speech entirely characteristic, which was received with wild applause, and a merry time was enjoyed by all.

The Hon. Mike participated in the flow of wine and spread of good things, but the Hon. Mike was not at all himself. He was visibly mad because the banquet was not in his honor—to think that he had missed all this pleasant adulation by only a "neck." So when the banquet was over, the Hon. Mike walked dismally home between Dan and Muldoon.

It was a lovely moonlit night; the silvery goddess of night shining down with a light almost equal to that of day, rendering all objects plain and easily discernible. Muldoon was as happy as the typical clam at high water. His gait, perhaps, was not quite so steady as it might have been, and his voice was a trifle thick and apt to crack; but still, one does not win a steeple-chase every day, and these faults were doubtless caused by enthusiasm.

He was caroling blithely:

"We won't go home till morning,  
We won't go home till morning,  
We won't go home till morning light,  
Till daylight doth appear."

The chant appeared to grate upon the Hon. Mike's ears.

"If yer don't shut up yer will never go home at all," said he.

"Why?"

"I'll choke yer. Yer sing wus nor a bullfrog."

"Bullfrogs sing wid exceeding swateness," sapiently said Muldoon; "their voice, I belave, is a medium contralto. I had a bullfrog wanst what eud sing the 'Swate By and By' widout missing an aria. Shall I give you an imitation av it?"

Mike's reply was prevented by the appearance of a person around the bend of a road.

The person was dressed very muchly; as elegantly as a tailor's dummy.

He had on a shiny black hat, a velvet coat, white vest, green and yellow checked pants, and a perfect cable of gilded watch-chain, from which was suspended a load of tawdry charms. His fat fingers were clothed to the knuckles in rings, and a bouquet bloomed in his button-hole. A big cigar rested in one corner of his jaw, and a gold-headed cane assisted his pedestrianism.

A sudden change occurred as he saw our friends.

His face became pale as death, the cigar fell from his mouth, and he nearly tripped headlong over.

"S'elleg me Moshes!" exclaimed he, "it vos dot mummy man und der frozen Arctic Ocean auf a boomerang!"

"Levi!" exclaimed Muldoon.

Yes, it was Mr. Levi, and Mr. Levi would have given a good deal at that particular moment to have been anywhere else.

He expected, doubtless, to be scalped upon the spot, or killed in some way or another.

He was inclined to flee.

But his legs seemed as if paralyzed. There did not appear to be the faintest particle of motion in them.

Muldoon expected to see Mr. Growler spring forward and proceed to make a bleeding corpse out of Mr. Levi.

Muldoon was disappointed.

The Hon. Mike put on a smile.

It was a sly smile—a Mephistophelean smile, but still it was a smile all the same, and smiles, as a rule, are taken to express cordiality and good will.

"Halloo, Levi!" said Mr. Growler, presently.

Mr. Levi was so surprised at this evidence of amiability that he could not speak for awhile.

He stood still and stared—simply and blankly stared as a cow might at some strange object.

"Halloo, Levi!" repeated the Hon. Mike. "I'm demmed glad to see yer."

"S'elleg me Moshes, so vos I!" said Mr. Levi, recovering a portion of his usual brass.

"How do you feel?"

"Pully!"

"So'm I. Say, old King Solomon!"

"Vot?"

"Yer looked skaired when I first spoke to yea."

"Dot vos funny, for I vosn't a bit scared."

"You trembled."

"Dot vos de night air. I vos had a chill."

"Perhaps; but I only thought you might be afraid I would try to get square wid yer for yer putting me in the stocks. But I ain't angry about it. I'm an old white-fleeced lamb, and I never git angry."

"Dot vos righd. You vos got a vise head. I never vos angry myself—it vos not bay."

"Uv course not. Now I look at yer racket wid me as a joke."

Mr. Levi had regained his composure by this time.

He fairly reveled in laughter.

"Mine friendt," said he slapping Mike familiarly on the shoulder, "vot a brophet you vos! of course it vos a schoke—a big schoke—de most enormous schoke vot ever vos!"

#### PART XXXVI.

THE four walked along very calmly and pleasantly.

Anybody would have thought it was a moonlight picnic of brothers, so genial and gay were all the members. The Hon. Mike and Mr. Levi walked ahead, while Dan and Muldoon followed.

Muldoon was puzzled.

The cause of Mr. Growler's friendly conduct to Mr. Levi was a mystery to our hero.

"Dan," whispered he, "if ye can guess the riddle I will give ye a proize av a poi."

"What riddle?" asked Dan.

"The conundrum av the attitude av Mike to Mr. Levi. Levi acted very bad to meself and Mike."

"Ye're roight."

"And if it hadn't been for Mike's raymarkable conduct I would have made a tomato out av his nose. Now, Mike is not apt to forgive an injury."

"Not much."

"Then why is he taffying up Mr. Levi? Is Mike dhrunk?"

Dan said "no."

Mr. Growler was not under the influence of alcoholic beverages; contrary to his usual custom, Mike had scarcely drank anything at the banquet.

"It is senatorial policy he is playing upon Livi, I belave," suggested Dan. "He wants to lure

him to a sinse av false saycurity, and then cut his throat."

This idea was pleasing to Muldoon—for he himself had a grudge to pay off on Mr. Levi.

"I wud loike to jump forward and kick him in the head," remarked Muldoon beneath his breath.

Meanwhile Mr. Levi was in ecstatic bliss—a sort of trance of joy and surprise.

He had expected, if ever he met our friends after the stocks episode, that he would be butchered on the spot.

Therefore, he had kept carefully out of their way.

But by accident he had met them, and—unexplainable but joyful fact—had been amicably received.

In fact, he was so happy he could have almost walked on air.

"Where was yer?" asked Mike, bland as the sunshine after a summer's shower.

"Mit de poys," replied Mr. Levi, with a wink.

"Wot boys?"

"Some frients auf mine. Dere vas Ikey Moses, Solomon Levetsky, Shakey Aberband, und a lot auf more. It vos a vine racket."

"Wine?"

"I pets you halef a pound it vos. It vosn't glaret or sherry, but champagne. Object vos no money to me when I vos oud."

"Did yer have a good time?"

"Vell, I should schmile. Ikey Moses rode home mit a vheelparrow as full as a sheep. I vos got avay mit two large pottles mineself."

"But yer sober now?"

Mr. Levi puffed up with pride, and shook one fat hand by his ear in a circular wave.

"I vos got a head like pig iron," said he. "It vos a very pig vedding when I got octoxicated. I say!"

"Well?"

"Where vos you vellers pound for?"

"Home."

"S'elleg me Moses! Never go home till everything else is shut ub. Home vos a goot blace for vimmin, but not for sports."

"Are yer a sport?"

"Vell, dey say so. I vos own a pull-dog, und my gardener is a brize-fighter. You should see dot pull-dog—he vos as bretty as a fairy. Don't go home."

"Why not?"

"Come mit me."

"Where to?"

"Have a schmile. I vos know a pully blace not long avay. It vos quiet und select; only de pest families batronize id. But de liquor it vos nectar. Dere vos some vhiskey dere vot nefer saw de custom house—it would make a man oud auf a vooden dummy."

Mike turned to his friend.

"Go, Muldoon?" he queried.

There was an expression upon the Hon. Mr. Growler's face which invited an affirmative answer.

So Muldoon expressed his acquiescence.

"I belave a small sup av liquid grain wud do me good," he remarked.

Dan was also willing.

Therefore the Hon. Mike said he was also.

Mr. Levi was delighted.

"Dot vos right," said he, "a quick life und a short one. While ve journey along, let us live mit der vay. You follow me, and I vill give you de brober steer."

Mr. Levi was as good as his word.

He led the way to a small inn, very secluded, and very dirty.

The bar, or rather tap-room, as it is called in England, was not particularly enticing.

A rude bar, garnished principally by dust, a few plain board shelves, containing fly-specked bottles, a couple of tables and a dozen or so chairs, were the principal features of the interior.

"Nate, but not ostentatious," was Muldoon's comment. "Ye could not call it a gilded hall av debauchery without lying."

"But wait till you taste de vhiskey," said Mr. Levi. "Aaron—hey—Aaron!"

In response a sleepy and shock-headed boy appeared from some unseen source.

"Vell, Mr. Levi," said he, rubbing his eyes with a greasy, raw-knuckled hand.

"Where vos your father?"

"In bed."

"He vos very domestic. Aaron?"

"Vell?"

"You know dot good vhiskey—dot vhiskey vot de Brince of Vhales vos sick mit envy for a week because you got it und he didn't?"

"Yes."

"You get dot."

Aaron hesitated, and looked suspiciously at Mr. Levi's companions.



The look was observed by Mr. Levi, and he hastened to reply to it.

"Dot vos all righd, Aaron," he said, "dese men vos frendts auf mine—dey vos smugglers."

The reply seemed to dissipate Aaron's doubts, and he presently disappeared, to reappear again with a cob-webbed bottle which he sat down upon the table by which the party sat.

"Glasses now, Aaron," ordered Mr. Levi. "Ve can't drink out auf our hands, my tear poy."

The glasses were brought, and Aaron retreated behind the bar, to go to sleep, probably.

The corn-juice was good. Several libations were indulged in by the convivialists.

Mr. Levi grew exhilarated.

He actually sang.

His voice was about equal in sweetness to a screech owl's, and as melodious as a cracked cornet played by a hare-lipped musician.

The Hon. Mike's ear was not, as a rule, fastidious, but even he could not stand Mr. Levi's vocalism.

"Come, let's go," said he, consulting his watch; "it's getting late."

"I guess you vos got a great head, mine friendt," replied Mr. Levi, suddenly ceasing his song. My wife vill be waiting for me. Repecca vos a nice voman—she vos a goot deal auf a nice voman, for she weighs two hundred and dirty pounds. Und she vill ged mad and oxercise her temper. It vosn't healthy for me ven I vos der object auf her madness. Vos you married?"

The Hon. Mike confessed that he was.

"Den I know how it vos yourself," said Mr. Levi. "Let us away."

The fluid refreshment was paid for, and the party started home—or at least Mr. Levi supposed he was soon to reach "Repecca."

Poor Mr. Levi!

Little did he guess the fiendish hypocrisy of Mr. Growler, whose fair but false face was but a mask to conceal the black workings of his heart.

After leaving the abode of Aaron, the quartet proceeded down the road for a ways.

Adjacent to the road was a field, recently mowed.

In the field near the fence was a well—one of those old-fashioned sweep wells.

For the benefit of any of my readers who may be city born and bred, and who have never beheld a "sweep well," I will briefly describe it, so that they may obtain a clearer idea of what I am about to relate.

A post of wood shaped like the letter "V" is placed in the ground near the well. Into this is put at right angles the "sweep," which is a long sapling, shaved and planed, broad at the base, and narrow and tapering at the top.

To the small end is affixed a long chain or rope garnished at one extremity by a bucket. In use, of course, the large end of the sweep rests high up in the air when the bucket is down into the well. If, on the contrary, the bucket is up in the air, out of the well, the large end of the sweep rests upon the ground. The whole arrangement is modeled upon a see-saw basis.

Though very few of the wells are now in use, yet years ago they were the rule, not the exception.

Our forefathers were not as far advanced in mechanical arts as we, and pulley and crank wells were decided myths.

The Hon. Mike stopped and gazed at the well in assumed surprise.

"I'm a roaming old cockatoo wot eats ants offer ther summit uv der bread fruit trees uv Ceylon, an' floated placidly down the buzzum uv der shiny Nile," he said, in his usual flowery style, "but I never caught onter an object like dat. Wot is it?"

"S'elleg me Moses!" exclaimed Mr. Levi. "Vosn't you don't know?"

"Wud I ax yer if I did? I don't make a stake axin' questions."

"Vell, I dells you. It vos a vell."

"Git out."

"But it vos."

"It looks a durned sight more like a big pill-box. I believe it is a pill-box."

"Pill-box!" ejaculated Mr. Levi, holding up his hands in despair. "Dot whisky vos stealed away your prains. It vos oxpossible. Vot would any vone, oudside auf a lunatic asylum, put a pill-box in a field for? Vot use would id pe to somebody? You vos shoking, Mister Growler."

Mr. Growler said he wasn't.

A bounding old blue-tailed kangaroo, born in a bed of moss like he had been, never joked.

"It's a pill-box, and I know it," was Mike's obstinate answer. "I'll bet on it."

Here was a chance for Mr. Levi.

"You vill pet?" asked he.

"Yes."

"Vot amount?"

"A hundred."

"Pounds?"

"Dollars."

"Dot vos make dwenty pounds."

"You know best. I never was a cipherer."

"Vell," said Mr. Levi, producing a plethoric pocket-book, "I vill put up dwenty pounds dot de object vos a vell."

"And I'll just stake a little century note that it's a pill-box," returned Mike. "Who will hold the stakes?"

"I will," offered Muldoon. "'Tis meself who itches to finger money."

Accordingly the wealth was placed in Muldoon's custody.

The next thing was to scale the fence.

Somehow Mr. Levi while doing so fell over and was received by a thorn-bush, which left sweet little traces upon his face. Muldoon, it was noticed, was very near to him, and Dan has since asserted that Muldoon joggled the top fence rail in a way which precipitated Mr. Levi. But we hardly believe Muldoon would stoop to such an act, especially as he helped the fallen one up right away with many expressions of sorrow over the accident.

The well was soon reached.

No bucket was hanging upon the rusty chain which dangled down into the well; an empty hook was upon the chain's end.

"Dere," said Mr. Levi, "vosn't it a vell?" I pets you it vos a chilly day ven I catches de chills und fever. I vos—

Mr. Levi's self-praise stopped suddenly.

The Hon. Mike had grabbed him in a vise-like grip.

"Now, yer blasted old coyote—yer stinking old skunk cabbage—yer one-eyed old gopher—I've got yer," said Mike. "Muldoon, catch hold of der carcass."

"Murder!" bawled Mr. Levi.

"Shut up!" ordered Mike, in a fierce voice, "or I'll pull yer tongue out."

This awful threat subdued Mr. Levi.

"Vot would you do?" whined he.

"Yer see dat sweep?"

"Yes."

"Yer see dat chain?"

"Yes."

"Yer get onter dat hook?"

"Yes."

"An' yer discover dat well?"

"Yes."

"Now, I'll tell yer wot I would do, and I'll do it for yer. I'll put yer onter dat hook an' dip yer down inter dat well."

"S'elleg me Moses—don't!"

"Why not?"

"De vell vos full mit vater—I vill be drount."

"Dat's all right. Rats orter be drownded, an' yer a rat. Muldoon, help put der sucker on der hook!"

Muldoon was perfectly willing; and Dan, too, lent his assistance.

Mr. Levi's coat was soon firmly caught by the hook, and Mr. Levi hung dangling in the air—a piteous spectacle—his captors hurrying to the working end of the sweep; Mike producing a pistol, which he cocked and carelessly lay down by his side.

"Dat pop, Levi," said he, "is an eddicated weapon. It goes off by itself. If it should see yer trying ter wriggle off dat hook it would go off arter yer, an' I would have ter go arter an undertaker. So yer better keep quiet till we drown yer."

This was a very nice prospect for Mr. Levi.

If he ran away he would get shot; if he stayed where he was and did not try to escape, he would be drowned. It was Hobson's choice either way.

"S'elleg me Moses! you vellers vos demons!" said he. "You vos blayed me false."

"Diplomacy, old man—diplomacy," said the Hon. Mike. "Are you ready to plump him down, pards?"

"Yis," was Muldoon's and Dan's simultaneous reply.

"All right, then. Let the old sweep go up and let Levi bathe."

Swish!

Up went the sweep.

Swash!

Down went Levi into the well.

The well, as he had said, was full of water.

Cold water, too—almost ice-cold—for several small springs formed the source of the well's water supply.

He went down over his head.

Gurgles of impotent rage and gasps of fear escaped from his throat.

The water drenched his clothes, ran in cold streams down his bosom, and bubbled up into his nose.

Creak!

Creak!

Mr. Levi suddenly found himself going up again.

His head was soon out of the water.

Creak!

Creak!

His persecutors were pulling down the sweep, and, as a result, Mr. Levi was going up.

He soon emerged above the well-box, a dripping, shivery, paralyzed-with-fear personage.

"How did it fale?" asked Muldoon, in solicitous accents. "Wasn't it rayfreshing, also as pleasant as rayposing in a wooden stocks? It was all av the playsure widout the expinse av a say-side bath."

"Spare me!" pleaded Mr. Levi, his teeth chattering.

"Shure we cudn't: yer company is too much enjoyed by us. But ye haven't experienced the full benefit av the water-cure yet. Mike, let's douse him for his woifel!"

Mike was perfectly willing to douse him for his wife, or his step-sister, or his brother-in-law, or any other relation.

Swish!

Swash!

Down went Mr. Levi again ker-souse into the icy current, which stifled the cries and entreaties to which he gave utterance.

Creak!

Creak!

Up he went again.

As soon as he was sufficiently able, he began a series of the wildest supplications for mercy.

They had no effect.

He would doubtless have been ducked again, had not circumstances come to Mr. Levi's aid.

A band of belated revelers were heard coming along the road.

The moonlight rendered all objects as bright as day, and it was a foregone conclusion that said revelers would see the well tableau and hurry to interfere.

Muldoon, however, was equal to the emergency. "Anchor the sweep and get out," advised he.

It was soon done.

A big stone was placed upon the bottom of the sweep, holding it securely down to the ground, and Levi swinging in the air.

Then over the fence went our heroes, bidding Mr. Levi an ironical good-bye.

Of course Mr. Levi yelled for help.

The revelers were attracted by his cries, and hurried to release him.

Soaked to the skin, but hot in rage, Mr. Levi proceeded home.

"S'elleg me Moses! I vill fix dose vellers," said he. "Dey vas got me for dis time, but Meyer Levi nefer forgives. Dem vellers vos marked for death."

Meanwhile, Muldoon, Dan and Mike had danced away, and were soon home.

The occurrences of the night did not seem to bother their consciences the least. They simply regarded it as righteous retribution upon Mr. Levi for the fun he had with them on the mummy racket.

Next morning the gang got up but little the worse for their previous night's dissipation.

"Halloo, pop!" said Roger, to his respected dad. "What are you going to do to-day?"

"Rist quietly, Roger."

"I wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"I've got a better racket."

"What?"

"T. F."

"What's T. F.? Doye take me for an Egyptian, that I can decipher hieroglyphics?"

"T. F. stards for Town Fair. There is to be one right on the outskirts of Brighton. Everybody's going."

"Thin I will make me prisence noticeable by not going. I do not like to go with the menial mob."

"Taffy," was Roger's reply. "Come along. All of our crowd are going."

So it proved.

The entire Muldoon family, servants and all, set out very soon for the fair.

It, as Roger had said, was upon the outskirts of the town, and presented the same general aspect as is always shown by fairs the world over.

There was a big frame building—something-or-another hall—in which the regular exhibits were placed, but the most fun was on the outside, where all the side shows were collected.

Living curiosities, the learned pig, the educated mule, wax-works, panoramas, wheel of fortune, swings, merry-go-rounds, rifle-galleries, fortune-tellers, and other money-catching "fakes," were in full blast.

Muldoon slipped away from his party, who were sedately doing the regular fair, and went nosing around the outside attractions.



Suddenly he beheld a big frame with muslin stretched across it.

In the middle of the muslin was a hole big enough for the admission of a man's head.

Shouts of glee were proceeding from the front of the screen.

A man's voice could also be heard yelling at the summit of his lungs.

"Try your luck, gents—try your luck! Only a h'apenny a throw; whoever hits the nigger gets a shilling. More fun than you will ever have again. The game comes from h'America, as you can see by the lettering upon the muslin, which I have not taken off in order to prove its genuineness. Walk right up and win a fortune."

Of course Muldoon's curiosity was excited.

He wanted to see the game—especially as it was an American game.

But what was the use of walking around the screen?

Why could he not just as well put his head through the hole in it?

Why not?

He did so.

No sooner had Muldoon's face appeared in the opening before a base-ball—a hard base-ball—thrown with great force—struck him squarely upon the nose.

### PART XXXVII.

Now it is not nice to be hit upon the nose—especially with a base-ball which has the softness of a rock.

The nose is a very tender point, and one does not like to have it caressed by any hard object.

Even a man of the most equable temperament is apt to get mad when stricken upon the nose.

Muldoon was not a man of the most equable temperament.

His temperament was not that kind of a temperament.

Rather was it the temperament of a pepper-pot. Like a sky-rocket, he was apt to go off upon the least provocation.

The shock was so sudden that he was not aware for a while what it was that had really hit him.

"Be Heavens!" exclaimed he, "can it be that I been have sthruken by a comet, or is it a flash av electricity from a cloudless sky?"

He placed his hand to his nose.

It was leaking.

Drops of red fluid were oozing rapidly from his nostrils.

"Gore!" he gasped, looking at his ensanguined hand, "red gore. Bedad, the blood av the Muldoons is being spilled."

He was so surprised that he had not removed his face from the aperture, and said face wore such a very comical appearance that the spectators could not resist guying him.

"How did it feel?"

"How's your poor nose?"

"Bull's nose, wasn't it?"

"You'll lose an eye next."

"Or a tooth."

"Put out your tongue for a second mark."

"Open your mouth and we'll pitch the ball down your throat."

"Stand on your head and put your feet out."

"We'll knock your shoes off if you do."

Whack!

A second baseball dented the muslin an inch from Muldoon's nose.

Whack!

A third one passed over his head.

Muldoon began to comprehend the racket.

He did not wait to walk around the screen.

He charged right through it.

The darkey whose head ought to have been where Muldoon's was stood outside, grinning like a dusky gnome. He thought it was the funniest snap he had seen for a year.

"Golly, dat's a pienie!" he was saying. "De ball nearly knocked de Irish's bugle off. Frow again and bust him scalp! I'd gib, to see somebody knock his ear off, a—"

What the coon would have given to behold such a result will never be known, for Muldoon grabbed him by the neck as a terrier would a rat.

"You smut-faced sun of a charcoal wagon," bawled Muldoon, "it is my intention now to make black pudding out av ye."

Muldoon's face, reddened as it was with blood, looked so terrible, and his grip was so fierce, that the darkey suddenly ceased his cackinnations.

"Luff go of me," requested he.

"Niver, till I squeeze yer head off."

"I'se done nuffin!"

"Ye are a fabricator, and I will lave it to yer-self. Were ye not jist offering a prize to any assassin who wud separate me auricular organ from me cranium?"

"I was only foolin'."

"Thin ye are a humorist?"

"Spect so, boss."

"Faix, I am a humorist meself. Me highest sense av humor is to twist a naygur's head off."

The darkey writhed in terror.

"I didn't frow de ball, sah—really, I didn't," wailed he; "I'se only a target!"

"Who did propel that ball?"

Really the darkey did not know.

But he would have accused the Angel Gabriel of doing it in order to escape Muldoon's grip.

He cast an affrighted look around.

A little gentleman, of a meek and childish face, stood near by, serenely puffing away at a pipe, a broad smile upon his face.

"Dar's de man—lemme go!" said he.

The next second the darkey was free, and Muldoon was in front of the little gentleman.

"May I rayquest," asked Muldoon, in a voice of suppressed passion, "the wherefore av yez assault on me?"

The little gentleman smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps ye are so patrician that ye will not reply to me query widout a formal introduction. Me name is Terence Muldoon, av New York, U.S.A., and I allow nobody to foire base-balls at me. If ye had did it whin I wur an alderman av Manhattan Isle, ye wud have been hung for the perpetration av such an indignity."

Probably if Muldoon had said his name was Mud, and he was an ash-cart instead of an alderman, it would have made just about as much an impression upon the little gentleman.

He favored Muldoon with a third smile, and turned to walk away.

That made Muldoon madder than ever.

"Bedad, ye contemptuous rascal," said Muldoon, "if ye do not rayspond to me interrogations it is mince-poi I will make to-morrow, and I will purvoide the mince-mate to-day. It is yer-silf who will faygure as that component."

Still the other did not respond.

At least, not by word of mouth.

Instead, he made a few passes with his hands, rapidly working his fingers as he did so.

Muldoon took the action as an arrogant defiance.

"Cessate that," said he; "I allow no wan to give me back slack wid their fingers. If ye don't spake soon I will pulverize ye."

The only answer of the little gentleman was to work his fingers as before.

"Ha—ha! he will defy me," muttered Muldoon, between his set teeth; "but, shure, there will be ice about his body to-morrow. Nobody iver defied a Muldoon and lived ixcept wan man, and he expired before he made the defiance."

With which truthful narration of facts he started to place a blow upon the little gentleman's nose—a blow which, if it had taken effect, as meant, would have spoiled the beauty of his face.

The blow, however, did not reach its destination.

It was deftly warded off by the other.

Then it seemed to Muldoon as if an earthquake had suddenly occurred to him.

In a second, almost, he was flat on his back, with a feeling around his head as if a pile-driver had lit between his eyes.

When he finally got up there was a figure in the distance, a figure walking serenely away and puffing upon a pipe. It was the figure of the little gentleman.

"Wur it him who sthruken me?" asked Muldoon, in a dazed sort of way, "or wur it a mule?"

"I guess it was him," smiled a bystander.

"Bedad, he hits wid great force in proportion to his pigmy frame. Who is he?"

"Don't you know?"

"Divil a bit."

"It's Dummy Jackson."

"Who's he?"

"A prize fighter."

"Jist me luck," said Muldoon. "He luks about as much loike a prize foighter as I luk loike a ballet girl. Bedad, I belave if I shud tackle a lobster it wud turn out to be a divil-fish in disguise. But I wud ax ye wan-more question."

"Ask away."

"Why do ye term him Dummy?"

"For a simple reason."

"What?"

"Because he's both deaf and dumb. But he can put up his fists with any man in all England."

"Well, when he put up his fists that time, he put down a sucker," said Muldoon, in tones of disgust, as he walked away. "Begob, if me brilliancy av intellect grows more vivid I will buy me a leather locket and have the initials av 'N. G.' stamped upon it, I will."

"Hey, mister!" bawled a shrill voice, "shoot der hat!"

Muldoon looked around.

A small boy, ragged and dirty-faced, accompanied by several other small boys more ragged and dirty, if possible, were following him, with derisive cries at his head-piece.

He took it off.

When Dummy Jackson had so adroitly knocked him down, Muldoon had probably fallen upon his hat.

At any rate, it was a wild-looking dicer.

It was a crushed cady.

A broken-up bonnet.

A smashed sixer.

A ruined stove-pipe.

"More bad luck!" groaned Muldoon. "There is me best Sunday hat, that I bought jist before I left New York, av Montague Levitsky, the Murray Hill clothier, ruined completely. I belave, faix I do, that if I should behold a lump av goold rayposing in the road, and stoop to pick it up, it wud turn into a torpedo an' blow me entrails out."

He called to the boy who had first yelled at his hat.

"Come here, swate youth," said he.

The boy came, but in a wary fashion, as if he half expected to receive a clout over the head for his impudence.

"Are ye a denizen av this locality?" queried Muldoon.

"Wot?" said the boy, still staying out of harm's reach.

"Do ye inhabit this suburb?"

"Wot?"

"Are ye conversant wid the vicinity adjacent?"

"Wot?"

"I see ye are not faymiliar wid polite conversation. Do ye live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I wud a worrud wid ye. Do ye know av a hatter near by?"

The boy's face brightened.

"Yer want a new hat?" interrogated he.

"Faix, if ye wur a clairvoyant, ye cudn't have discerned me moind better," said Muldoon. "It is a brouht lad ye are."

"I'll tell ye where to git a nobby hat," answered the boy.

"Where?"

"Foller me."

Muldoon followed.

After a devious walk, he was finally brought up at a hat-store, or rather a branch of one, which an enterprising Brighton hatter, more with a view to advertisement probably than anything else, had established near to the fair grounds.

Paying the boy who had acted as cicerone a shilling, Muldoon went in.

For a wonder he found a high hat—a really nice and becoming high hat, exactly his size.

There were also toilet arrangements convenient to the hatter's, which allowed Muldoon to fix himself up all right.

Therefore it was with a feeling of satisfaction that he retraced his steps to the fair.

"Shure, I am as good as new," he soliloquized.

"Nobody, exceipt perhaps a prophet, wud know that I wur smote by a base-ball on the nose, and afterwards sint to grass by a dummy proize-foighter. If me woife axes afther the raison av me absence, I will say that I wur in a remote attachment av the building, inspecting the growth av a rale cintury plant."

He was jist about to go into the hall where he had left his wife and the party, when he felt a slap upon the shoulder.

The Hon. Mike was the one who had given the slap, and the Hon. Mike was accompanied by Dan and Roger.

"Where yer goin'?" asked Mike.

"Family duty," was Muldoon's reply.

"Whose family?"

"Me own."

"Which part uv it?"

"Me woife."

"Well, if yer would go up and set onter der glassy surface uv der North Pole, yer would see her jist as much ez yer will by goin' inter that old shanty."

"Wherefore?"

"The petticoats hev skipped."

"Skipped?"

"That's jist what I articulated. Mrs. Growler suddenly recollected she had a date to go to a garden-party to-day, an' she an' yer wife an' the servants hev gone home. They wanted me ter go."

"Why didn't ye?"

Mike's face was full of scorn as he heard Muldoon's question.

"Wot kind uv a sort uv a California caterpillar do yer take me for?" asked he. "I'm puffedekly at home at a garden-party—h'ain't I? Jist about as much at home as a whale would be in a desert."



Wot a racket I could hev at a garden-party, a-sittin' in the shade uv my wife's bustle, an' sip-pin' tea. Oh, I'm an old tea-taster, I am—sure. If I wuz yer, Muldoon, I'd hurry up and catch der garden-party. Yer will hev lots uv fun."

"I will."  
"Dead cert. It's a pious Sunday-school snap. Fust der revelry is opened wid prayer, den dey spend two hours in makin' canton-flannel pants fer der heathen, arter which der debauch concludes wid croquet. Croquet! Think uv it. I'd rather sit down an' gamble at tit-tat-to wid an edicated oyster. Step lively, Muldoon. Yer will lose half uv yer life if yer don't catch on ter der party."

Strange as it may appear, Muldoon resolved not to go.

"I am afraid the intinse debauchery av the occasion wud be too much for me quiet nerves," he said. "What are ye up to, Mike?"

"Do ye see that sign?" asked Mike, replying, Yankee-like, to a question by a question.

Muldoon looked in the direction indicated. Upon a shanty near by was a sign of "Billiards."

"That's my racket," said Mike. "I'm a hazy old comet in a firmament of billiards—that's wot I am."

"Bedad, I play a little mesilf," replied Muldoon.

"Yer play billiards?"

"Yes."

"Wot wid—yer nose?"

"No, sir—me cue. At the billiard tourney at Peoria, Ill., I tuk the first proize—a gould medal wid a silver back, and the date av me death—birth, I should say, together wid me name iligantly embroidhered upon it. People came from all parts av the great republic to witness me rayceive it, and I wur the recipient av a deluge av floral ovations. It wur nearly suffocated I wur in roses."

"Git out," was Mike's answer. "I don't believe yer ever saw a billiard-table, except yer might have got drunk and slept on one. I can beat you a game."

"What for?"

"A bottle."

"Av ink?"

"Wine, smarty. Will yer play?"

Muldoon said of course he would.

If anybody had bet Muldoon he could not knock down the stars with a gum-drop Muldoon would have accepted the wager.

Therefore the procession moved over to the shanty, where a billiard-table was found.

It was not a very brilliant billiard-table, however.

Its cushion was ragged and frayed, one leg was shaky and cracked, and it had altogether the appearance of weariness and woe.

Besides, the balls were of marble size, and the cues resembled telegraph poles.

However, the party determined to tackle it.

Coats, hats and vests were taken off, and the players began, Roger being elected scorer.

Roger had a soft job.

At the end of an hour Muldoon had made one point by accident, and Mike had made two by force, while Dan, who was umpire, was fast asleep in his chair.

Suddenly Muldoon noticed a nice new hat upon the Hon. Mike's head.

The hat puzzled Muldoon.

He did not recollect of having beheld it before.

Mike was just playing at an easy carrom.

"Mike," said Muldoon, "if ye miss that I will smash yez hat. It is too recherche for a billiard-player anyway."

"If I miss it yer kin—" replied Mr. Growler. The carrom was a simple one—it seemed as if it could not fail of being made.

Yet it wasn't.

Mike actually missed.

Biff!

Soon came Muldoon's cue upon Mike's hat, as he had promised. Down went the crown of the hat, battered in.

For a wonder, Mike make no resistance.

"Go ahead—hit it agin!" he said. "Bust its liver!"

Muldoon was perfectly willing to obey.

The next blow knocked the unhappy dicer off upon the floor.

"Go for it, byes—kick it!" exclaimed Muldoon.

The boys did; even Dan waking up to give it a lift with his foot.

It flew around like a foot-ball.

And, strange to say, the Hon. Mr. Growler was chief kicker. He seemed to take a strange delight in ruining his own head-gear.

Finally the hat—a crushed and shapeless mass of felt—was picked up by Muldoon.

"Be Heavens, Mike!" grinned he, "ye will have to promenade the fair wid a bare head, or

mash wid a towel tied around yez massive brow. Ye will have to—"

As Muldoon was speaking he chanced, by accident, to look at the hat inside.

His tongue stood still.

His face assumed an expression of surprise and anger.

"Mother av Moses!" he ejaculated, "it is me own hat!"

"Dat's so," calmly said the Hon. Mr. Growler. "I must have put it on by mistake."

There was a serene twinkle in the speaker's eye, however, which seemed to belie his words, and he joined in the laugh which went up from Dan and Roger.

Muldoon did *not* laugh.

He didn't feel a bit like it.

Rather did he feel like retiring to some secluded spot and kicking himself.

"If iver there is an idiot show I will inter it," he despondently said. "I belave I haven't enough brains to fill a pay-pod. Is me memory failing me that I cannot recollect me own hat? Shure, I'll found an asylum for fools, and make mesilf star-boardher."

Muldoon was not himself for an hour.

"There's two hats gone to-day," he soliloquized.

"If I kape on it will pay me to buy out a hat-market."

But a good lunch and several doses of fluid-reviver at last got him good-natured once more.

A new hat was bought, and the quartet started to see the sights anew.

Muldoon, who was in advance of his friends, presently struck a hot-potato man, who was vigorously shouting forth his wares alongside of his can.

"Hot potatoes—nice hot potatoes—all hot!" bawled the vender.

Muldoon had heard a good deal of the famous hot potatoes of old England.

"I will take a few home for me woife," said he; "she will require stimulants afther the garden party."

He backed up to the man.

"Put a few av the mealy potatoes in me pistol-pocket," he said. "Make it half a dozen, wid their ulsters on, if ye plaze."

The man grinned but obeyed.

He began putting a handful of the hot potatoes into that pocket which is generally covered by a person's coat-tails.

#### PART XXXVIII.

MULDOON stood, as it were, a picture for the crowd.

He was proud of the interest he excited, and assumed the air of a nabob.

"From the interest me pose excites," soliloquized he, "the plebeians evidently take me for a rajah. I believe if I wur to be wrecked upon a cannibal isle av the say, me personal grandeur would lade the savages to make an idol out av me. Faix, it is better to be born majestic than rich."

Meanwhile, the hot-potato man, with an eye to business, was finding out by practical test how many hot potatoes Muldoon's hip pocket could stand.

Finally he reached the limit of the capacity.

"Pocket filled, sir," said he.

"Ye have gorged it wid mealy esculents?" asked Muldoon.

"With what, sir?"

"Mealy esculents."

"H'if potatoes h'is what you mean, sir, I have done it."

"From yer spache I see ye have no collegiate education. The symptoms are synonymous. The potatoes are good?"

"Fine, sir."

"No turnips are wid them?"

"No, sir."

"They are perfectly roipe?"

"Yes, sir."

"All roight, for me woife is very particular ray-garding the breed av the potatoes she ates. If iver she found an army worum in wan she would syncope. How much do I owe ye?"

"Sixpence, sir."

Muldoon paid it.

He was just about to move off, satisfied that he was the observed of all observers, when all at once he experienced a queer sensation adjacent to his hip pocket, or potato receptacle, perhaps it might have been called.

It was not a pleasing sensation.

In fact it was a feeling as if he had inadvertent-ly sat down upon a red-hot stove.

"Can it be that a scorpion has secluded itself in the bosom av me pants," said he to himself, wriggling around.

Just then an old gentleman approached. The old gentleman was plainly rustic, was slightly deaf and was lost. He was stopping at an inn called the "Blue Hen"—most all of the village

taverns, or inns, in England are called by some such personal name—and he was desirous of finding it.

Muldoon was the best-dressed and certainly the most prominent person in the group around, and, naturally, the old gentleman addressed himself to Muldoon.

"Can you tell me, sir," requested he, "where the 'Blue Hen' is?"

Muldoon at that moment was twitching about in agony.

Every instant the burning sensation in his rear was increasing.

"What?" queried he.

"Can you tell me where the 'Blue Hen' is?"

"What blue hen? Shure, I saw a red-headed duck a mile beyant, but not the soign av a blue hen. Has she got chickens?"

"Who's got chickens?" blandly asked his questioner, whose deafness had prevented him from hearing but the last sentence.

"Your blue hen."

"I have no blue hen."

"Thin what are ye talkin' about? Bedad, I am a bad subject for jocularity jist now."

"I asked you, sir, where the 'Blue Hen' was."

"An' I said I didn't know. To the divil wid yersilf an' yer blue hen! Not a rap do I care if ye have a pink goose or a red-white-and-blue gandher! Do ye take me for a walking directhory av the whereabouts av poulhtry?"

"But, my dear sir," began the old gentleman in a sort of daze, catching hold of Muldoon's arm.

With a yell which would have done credit to an Iriquois warrior, Muldoon shook him loose.

The potatoes were, as their vender had said, "all hot."

They were, as we know, in Muldoon's pocket, very near, if not next to, the skin.

They were now putting in their fine work.

It was more than human cuticle could stand.

The pain caused by their burning proximity made a wild man out of Muldoon for a few minutes.

"Be Heaven, it is being roasted to death I am!" he bawled. "Play on me wid an aqueduct, somebody, or I will be craymated aloive!"

As he made the prediction he began dancing around and pulling the potatoes out of his pocket.

"Wot's h'up?" asked the potato-man, in surprise.

"Whin I axed for potatoes, I didn't mane for ye to give me loive crabs!" roared Muldoon.

"Lay down, ye sucker!"

Whether or not Muldoon did actually knock the hot-potato man down it would be hard to tell, in the scene of confusion which followed.

But at any rate a lively tableau was soon to be seen.

The hot-potato man was down, the can was overturned, and the crowd stood aghast, while Muldoon was dancing about like a jumping-jack, pulling the potatoes out of his pocket as fast as he could.

The spectators could not make out the real reason of his conduct. It was a puzzle to them.

Various theories were advanced for his behavior.

"He's drunk!"

"He's crazy!"

"He's a fool!"

"He's off his nut!"

"Got a fit!"

"Struck with the jams!"

"Gone daft!"

"Thinks the potatoes are snakes!"

"Maybe he's sunstruck," said an old lady, advancing.

The last theory was the most absurd of all.

Consequently, with that rare intelligence always to be found in a mixed crowd on occasions of moment, it was adopted by mutual consent.

It was resolved that the stranger (for nobody knew who Muldoon was) was sunstruck.

As soon as this sage conclusion had been arrived at, a dozen remedies were bawled forth, mostly by people who had never in their lives seen a person sunstruck, and, therefore, were most pre-eminently fitted to give advice in such a case.

"Give him cold water!"

"Put ice on his head!"

"Soak his feet!"

"Shave his skull!"

"Take off his hat!"

"Take off his coat!"

"Undo his neck-tie!"

"Fan him!"

"Give him air!"

So called the crowd, and they began to press anxiously around him.

"Whaz matter?" asked a tipsy fellow, who had just come out of a neighboring beer saloon, and



was trying for some purpose, doubtless unknown unto himself, to struggle through the crowd.

"Man sunstruck," said a score of voices.

"Wha' man?"

Muldoon was pointed out.

"Liv'liest sunstruck man I ever saw," said the tipsy fellow, with great truth. "Whazer doin' for him?"

"Nawthin'," responded a cynical small boy.

"Y'orter do sumphin' for a sunstruck man," said the tippler, with virtuous indignation.

"Nice zing—a man sunstruck in a civilized country, an' nobody doing anyzing for him!"

"What would you advise?" interrogated one anxious by-stander.

"Only one zing to do."

"What's that?"

"Lay him in the shade and roll him over a barrel."

"Roll him over a barrel?"

"Yesh, sir."

"What for?"

"Stops rush of—hic—blood to zer head. Rush of blood to zer head causes sunstruck," said the tipsy fellow, with that solemnity frequently to be seen in intoxicated individuals.

The logic seemed good to the by-stander.

He elbowed his way through the throng till he reached the immediate vicinity of Muldoon.

"There's only one way of relief for the poor fellow," called he.

"What?" asked half a dozen tongues.

"Lay him in the shade first, and then roll him over a barrel."

"Who said so?"

"A man out there who knows all about it."

That settled it.

The onslaught was made for Muldoon.

Our hero had now quieted down to some degree, for he had got all of the potatoes out of his pocket.

Yet he was not quite himself.

The potatoes were gone, it is true.

Their sting, however, was left in the shape of half a dozen burns, which were not at all enjoyable.

"I will niver be able to sit down again," said he. "It is ate me males off av a mantel-piece that I am doomed to do."

Just here he was grabbed by the crowd of good Samaritans and taken completely by surprise.

"What are ye up to?" bawled he.

"Easy—easy," said one of his grabbers, soothingly.

"Aisy for what?"

"You'll be all right in a trivet."

"I'm all roight now."

"Oh, no. Does your head hurt?"

"Me head? No. It's the opposite extrame that pains."

"That will be all over pretty soon when you are laid in the shade."

"But I have ne daysire to lay in the shade."

"Ye must!"

"I'll be domned if I do," Muldoon roared. "If ye don't kape yez hands off av me Saratoga sur-tout I will make sunbeams out av ye!"

The man was not to be intimidated in what he considered his duty.

He would not leave go of Muldoon, and the result was he got—not sun-struck but fist-struck, receiving a blow which nearly knocked him off his pins.

"He's getting crazy—violently crazy!" exclaimed somebody else. "Seize him, he's liable to do murder."

Numerical force will generally prevail in the majority of cases, and so it was that Muldoon was conquered after a sharp tussle.

"What the devil I have done to incite the angry hostilities av the mob is a query," panted he. "Will any wan relate what me condition is supposed to be?"

"You're sunstruck!" said a voice.

"Sunstruck?"

"Yes."

"Faix, I am not. It is a fiction. How can I be sunstruck whin the barometer only registers sivinty-foive daygrees? Ye moight as well say I am frost-bitten."

"Poor fellow!" pityingly said a sympathizer, "he's raving. Hurry up and put him in the shade."

Muldoon was seized as if he were a rag baby, and carried toward a near-by tree.

At this period of his adventure the rest of his party, who had stopped to look at the feats of an itinerant juggler, arrived.

They were naturally attracted by the crowd, and hurried up to see what was the cause.

"What is it?" asked Roger.

"All I can see," replied Dan, "is a crowd with a man in it. He's being carried."

"He must be sick."

"Or full."

"Maybe he's dead."

"Dead drunk, probably."

"Wot sort uv a looking man is he?" asked the Hon. Mike. "Do yer see anything uv Muldoon in der gang?"

Roger was able, by a sudden split in the crowd, to see the man who was being carried.

An exclamation of surprise escaped his lips.

"Well, I'll be shot!" said he.

"Wot for?" asked Mike.

"Do you know who the man is?"

"Nixy. I ain't no old seventh daughter, born wid a caul."

"Well, it's Muldoon."

"H'ain't a bit surprised," said the Hon. Mike, philosophically. "Dat old tarrier allus is in trouble. Put him up in Heaven and de fust thing he'd do would be ter try an' kick all der old resident angels offer dere clouds. What snap's he got inter now?"

"Let's go and foind out," said Dan. "'Twould not be brotherly love to lave him to his fate."

Dan's proposition was voted a good one.

Liberal elbow pushing soon brought the three through the crowd.

Muldoon was just being laid down beneath the shade of a friendly tree.

He, however, did not want to be laid down, and was making a vigorous resistance, which was being rendered futile by the fact that eight or nine gentlemen were sitting upon him.

He was about to give up in despair when he caught sight of his friends.

The dove returning to the ark with the olive branch was not a more welcome sight to Noah than were the tripartite to Muldoon.

"Be Heavens, I am saved!" exclaimed he. "Mike, will ye plaze disperse this crowd?"

The Hon. Mike was ready.

He caught one of the men who was acting as an animated weight upon Muldoon, and flung him off.

"Wot do you fools mean?" said he. "Speak quick, or I'll get mad. I'm a shrieking old assassin from Blood Gulch, and when I get mad new graveyards air started!"

The Hon. Mike's demeanor sort of terrified the crowd.

He looked as fierce as a man-eating tiger upon the rampage.

The other seven animated weights were so taken by surprise, that Mr. Growler followed up his first aggressive act by knocking them off Muldoon.

It was just the sort of a racket he liked. He did all the hitting, and did not get hit himself. It was a regular pugilistic pudding.

"Who's next?" roared he. "Who's der next candidate for a rosy hereafter? Who wants ter tackle der bald-headed old he-bear uv der Yosemite, wot sharpens his claws on der big trees and chaws railroads up ter put an edge on his teeth?"

By this time Muldoon was up on his feet.

"Mike," said he, "you are my preserver—me loife-preserver. I belave I struck a bedlam. Wud ye belave it, they said I was sun-smitten?"

"Who said so?" asked Mike, in full feather. "Show him to me. Jest let him step forth an' be wiped out. Whoop! I'm nawthin' but an innocent pilgrim from Nevada, but yer kin foller der route uv my pilgrimage by der dead men's bones wot bleach along der track."

Suddenly, just as Mike finished, the crowd scattered.

The reason was evident.

A policeman was approaching.

He was not a big policeman; rather a dwarf policeman, in fact; but his muscular build and square shoulders showed he was not a man to be trifled with.

He selected the Hon. Mike as a subject for interrogation.

"See here, my man," asked he, "what are you about?"

The Hon. Mike looked at him as a bull-dog might regard a lap-dog.

"Hey?" said Mike.

"What are you about?"

"None of yer bizness."

"But it is."

"Who told you?"

"Nobody; I say so myself."

"Who is yer?"

"An officer of the law."

"Ye are? Well, if I had a shingle and a jack-knife I could whittle out a better officer uv der law den ye are. Wot's yer name, dad?"

The officer, however, was not to be bulldozed.

"You better keep a civil tongue in your head," was his reply.

The Hon. Mike's facial expression was one of amazement. It was as if a war-horse was being sauced by a grasshopper.

"Hey yer got a family?" he asked, of the daring policeman.

"Yes."

"Any kids?"

"Three."

"Wife?"

"Yes."

"Living wife?"

"Yes."

"Den fur der sake uv yer family, fur der sake uv der living wife an' der three kids, go away. Leave me alone. I'm an old liberty pole, I am—an' if ever I fall onter yer, dey will hev ter sort yer through a sieve to find yer face."

"Get out, you big bully!" said the policeman.

"Did yer say I wuz a big bully?" shouted the Hon. Mike.

"Yes, I did."

As the policeman said so, he gripped his club, and a dangerous light was visible in his eyes.

Everybody expected Mike to dash forward, and proceed to sweep the soil with the policeman's carcass.

Everybody was disappointed.

Mike didn't.

"Yer said I wuz a big bully, hey?" repeated he.

"Yes, I did."

"Dat wuz all I wanted ter know. If anybody else had said it, der individual wud hev been a gory corpse. But fur der sake uv der living wife an' der three kids, I spare yer. So long!"

The next instant the Hon. Mike had glided through the crowd, and was gone—faded away like a beautiful vision.

The little policeman turned to Muldoon.

"That bloke's the biggest blower I ever saw," remarked he. "He's also as big a coward as he is a blower."

"Yez opinion denotes great intellectual capacity," said Muldoon. "I always belaved so meself, previous to yez declaration. But it was an ugly mess he got me out av."

"The muss which attracted the crowd?" queried the policeman.

"Yes."

"What was it?"

Muldoon proceeded to relate the story of the adventure.

The policeman could not help laughing at the way he told it.

"Their conduct was so sinsible," wound up Muldoon; "the idea of rowling a sun-struck person over a barrel is grand in its stupidity. Ye moight just as well advise a sea-siek person to relave himself av nausea by aleing salt pork or slimy clams."

"Well," said the officer, "'all is well that ends well,' and I guess my aid is not needed. I'm sorry, though, that bad man of your acquaintance got out."

"Why?"

"I'd like to have given him a taste of club sauce," said the little policeman, significantly touching his baton. "It does blowhards like him good once in a while. Sort of brings them down to where they belong by rights, as it were."

So saying, the cocky little officer moved away.

"Bedad, he's a regular Banty rooster," Muldoon commented. "If there wur only more peelers like him, there wud be less crime. Let's go an' take a smile."

Dan and Roger were willing—perfectly so.

A retreat was effected to a saloon not far away, where liquid refreshments were dispensed to thirsty souls.

The first one they beheld at the bar was the Hon. Mike, tasting the merits of a gin sour.

"Halloo, ye crawler!" saluted Muldoon.

"Who's a crawler?"

"Ye are."

"How?"

"Ye crawled away from that policeman like a dog from a rock."

"Yer know why?"

"No."

"Cos I was too blasted soft-hearted. I orter killed that duffer. I orter sent him swimming in his own gore, but my feelings got der best uv me. Just think how dat loving wife and der three kids wud a wept when dey saw der corpse uv dere slaughtered husband an' dad brought home in sections. I couldn't stand der idea uv dere woe. Dat was wot was der matter wid Hanner."

Muldoon grinned.

"Do you know wot are the components av yez statement, Mike?" asked he.

"No."

"I will tell ye. It is half liquid taffy, and half vocal gas. Ye are afraid, and ye are fully aware av it."

"Dat's it," sighed Mike, "dat's de way uv der revolving old globe. If I had killed him, I would hev been a hero. 'Cos I didn't I'm a coward. All right. Wot'll yer have?"



The wants of the new arrivals were soon satisfied.

While Muldoon was drinking he beheld what appeared to be a small door in the wall.

It was labeled, "The Telephone," and from it, issuing from a hole in the door—a hole of a circular shape—was a rubber tube, with an iron mouth-piece.

Muldoon looked at it curiously.

"Begob, American inventions are to be met the worruld over," remarked he. "The Telephone is a great idea, but I niver wud have conjectured foinding it here."

Another libation was called for by Dan.

While it was being drank, the Hon. Mike had a subdued conversation with the bar-keeper. At the end of it, the dealer-out of beverages smiled and favored Mike with a wink.

"All right, cully," said he; "I'll work it up to the queen's taste."

Muldoon regarded the colloquy with disfavor.

"What wur the maning av that Masonic dialogue, Mike?" interrogated he.

"I'm bust," whispered Mike.

"Bust?"

"Yes; dead broke. I axed his nibbs to hang up the drinks."

"Shure, that's all roight," said Muldoon; and he forgot the event.

Soon after the bell rang.

The bar-keeper sprang to the tube which dangled from the door marked: "Telephone," and applied his ear to its end.

"He listened for a moment."

"Anybody named Muldoon here?" he asked.

"Yis—it is mesilf!" was Muldoon's reply.

"Well, yer asked for at the telephone."

"Who wants me?"

"Your wife."

#### PART XXXIX.

MULDOON was completely surprised at the bar-keeper's reply.

"Who did ye say daysired to see me?" repeated he. "Who is it who wishes me to grace the telephone wid me presence?"

"Your wife," replied the bar-keeper.

"Ye are full av jocularity. It is a mirthful spoonful av taffy ye are giving me. It is impossible."

"What is?"

"That Bedalia should be at the other ind av the telephone requesting electrical communication wid me."

"Why?"

"Me fair betther-half wint to a gardhen party—so called, I presume, because it is held in a kitchen. Where is the other extreme av the telephone placed?"

"At the Grand Hotel."

"What does me wife want to see me for?"

The barkeeper assumed an injured expression of face.

"I'm a gentleman," said he, "if I do mix drinks. Do you suppose I would ask another man's wife what she wanted to say to her husband? I guess not, for I never interfere in anybody else's business—specially 'tween man and wife."

There was good logic in the barkeeper's reply, and Muldoon was forced to admit it.

"I suppose I moight just as well waltz to the tube mesilf," he said; "perhaps they are taking up a collection for the benefit av the indigent poor at the gardhen parthy, and Mrs. Muldoon foinds herself broke, and wud loike me to forward a golden guinea via telegraph. If so she shall have it. Niver be it said that Terence Muldoon when he had a shirt to hock wud occasion his wife inconvenience by rayson of pecuniary absentness."

With this noble sentiment, a motto for all husbands to cherish, Muldoon stepped behind the bar.

He picked up the rubber tube with the mouth-piece attached.

As he did so the Hon. Mike's face was 'garbed in a curious expression.

It was an expectant expression, filled with malice—such an expression, in fact, as a rascally small boy wears after he has placed a lighted fire-cracker in a blind man's hat.

Why was it so?

Did Mike expect the telephone to blow up and blow Muldoon's scalp off, or why was it?

Alas! Muldoon was to find out too soon. He was fated to be a sucker again, the role which he generally played in life.

"How do ye work it?" asked he.

"Don't yer know?" asked Mike.

"Wud I ask ye if I did, ye smart Ellick?"

"Yer orter know," said Mr. Growler, compassionately. "I ain't nothin' but an old blind mole, brought up in a burrow, but I know."

"I don't care if you are a sand-bag, brought

up for ballast in a balloon," retorted Muldoon. "Ye are not answering my question. Yer dialogue, Mike, is too apt to be permeated wid personal similes for general utility."

The last sentence seemed to crush Mike. It was too much for his intellectual capacity.

"You jis blows in der mouth-piece," said he, with great meekness.

"With what daygree av force do I eject me wind?"

"Hard."

"As if I were about to topple over a church wid me balmy breath?"

"Dat's der caper."

Muldoon gathered plenty of lung power and blew.

It was a fatal blow.

The next instant the little panel of which we have spoken, and which was above Muldoon's head—the panel into which the rubber tube went—flew open as if by magic.

Bang!

Biff!

Crash!

A big club—a club of the variety known as stuffed—descended upon Muldoon's head with crushing force.

Spiff!

Down went his hat over his eyes—away down to the bridge of his nose, depriving him of sight, while the strength of the blow fairly staggered him, causing him to reel like a drunken man.

He was stunned for awhile.

He could not make out what had occurred to him.

"It's an earthquake!" he stammered. "Floir for your loives, b'yes!"

A general laugh was the reply he received.

Mocks were freely bestowed upon him by his sympathizing companions.

"Sold again!"

"One more suck in for Muldoon!"

"Drinks on the red man!"

"How did it feel?"

"The telegraph's a great invention, ain't it?"

"Takes the cake!"

"Snatches the soda-cracker, eh, Muldoon?"

"How's your head?"

"What do ye want?" asked Muldoon. "Will somebody procure me a yoke av oxen and an iron cable to drag me hat off? I am as blind as if me head wur locked up in a milk can."

The barkeeper, by aid of a bung-starter, succeeded in knocking the hat off.

It wasn't a very nice deier, though, for a promenade upon a fashionable street, when the operation was finished.

It was bursted in the crown, and bursted at the sides, and the rim was half off.

Muldoon, however, did not notice it at that moment. He was too puzzled to pay heed to such a trifle.

The first use he made of the liberty thus granted his eyes was to look around.

Everybody was laughing; even the canary bird which hung in a wooden cage overhead seemed breaking its little breast with mirth.

The Hon. Mike was head laughter.

Merriment seemed to have full possession of him, for he was leaning against a table, fairly choking with laughter, his face red as a beet.

"Haw-haw-haw!" grinned he, "it was too good! I'd a rather seed it than helped hang a horse-thief."

It might be fun for Mike, but Muldoon didn't see it just in that light.

"Mr. Growler," said he, "what is the rayson av yez convulsions? Have ye ate too many cucumbers, or is it yez hereditary insanity breaking forth?"

"Neither," answered Mike, with a fresh peal of laughter, "but it socked yer so sweet."

"What did?"

"Dat club."

"Wur I hit by a club? Be Heavens, I thought from its fall it wur a telegraph pole or a cupola off av a barn."

"'Twasn't—'twas a club."

Muldoon took off his coat and pulled up his shirt-sleeves.

"If there is an impty grave," said he, "I will proceed to fill it upon waa condition."

"Wot?"

"That ye show me the darty coward who sthruck me wid the club. Where did he strike from? wur he hid in the wall, or concealed in the ceiling?"

"Der wuzn't any feller," said Mike. "It wuz mechanism."

"Mechanism?"

"Yes. Der telephone snap wuz wot caused you to be club-struck."

"How?"

Stripped of verbiage Mike's explanation was very simple.

The supposed "telephone" was only a a trap to catch the unwary—a novel practical joke.

It was constructed so, by a simple lever and catch inside of the funnel, that the act of blowing in the rubber tube caused the slide to fall upon the person's skull who did the blowing. The joke is not new—two of the contrivances being, to the author's personal knowledge, in use in the New York saloons.

Muldoon felt rather foolish when he realized what a dupe he was.

"I wuz born a sucker and I always bites," he said. "It runs in me veins. I belave if any man wuz to tell me a Nihilist bomb wuz a wather-melon, I would attempt to ate it."

"You were stuck fair," laughed Dan, "but I will let ye off loight. A flagon av wine will do for me."

"Dat's mine," readily put in Mr. Growler. "I'm a fragile old butterfly wot eats roses, and I ain't drinking nuthin but wine."

So it was settled.

A quart bottle of Mumm's best was produced, and all drank to Muldoon's success. All except Roger. He was but a boy yet, and good sense told him to refrain from the bowl.

He took plain soda, and derived just as much gratification from it as the rest did from their juice of the grape.

A farewell stroll was taken through the fair, but night was now approaching, and the heroes did not wish to mix with the revelers, who would probably make many a rumpus and row before the fair was over.

So our party went direct to their cottage.

The ladies had not yet arrived, and Muldoon, after putting away a substantial supper, went up to his room.

He filled and lit his pipe—a real Irish dhudeen, made of the best clay, and by many a smoke brought up to the requisite sweetness so dear to smokers, and sitting down he prepared to enjoy a good read.

Muldoon's literary tastes would perhaps not meet with the approbation of a critic, but he didn't care a cent if they didn't.

The book he had selected to read was a yellow-covered pamphlet, rejoicing in the commonplace title of "The Shaky Sea-Serpent; a Story of the Quivering Deep."

Muldoon had just got to the most interesting part, where the Shaky Sea-Serpent appeared to the hero, and was about to crush out his vitality with its slimy coils, when Mrs. Muldoon appeared.

"Halloo, Bedalia, ye luk as swate as a dahlia," said Muldoon. "Ould woman, ye are growing younger ivery day. Bedad, for foive-and-forty ye are a daisy."

"Foive-and-forty?" repeated Mrs. Muldoon, turning up her nose. "Ye know, Terence, I'm only thirty-foive."

"How ould?"

"Thirty-foive, come next October."

Muldoon burst out into a hoarse laugh.

"Shure, yez are joking, Bedalia," he remarked; "if ye are only thirty-foive, it is mesilf who is only swate sixteen, and not ould enough to put on a high hat nor vegetate chin whiskers. Fly away wid yesilf and wroite a fairy story."

"Yez language is enough to disgust wan," said Mrs. Muldoon, severely. "Will iver ye learn cuture, Terence? I have a book I wud loike to buy for yez silf-study."

"What is it?"

"The 'Art av Polite Conduct,' edited by a rale lord."

"Shure, I will accept it," said Muldoon. "I am all out av pipe-loighters, and I can utilize its leaves. By the way, baby moine, what sort av a teime did ye have at the gardhen parthy?"

"Iligant!"

"How wur the society?"

"Grand, Terry. It wur the elite av the creme de la creme. I danced wid four lords, and wan escorted me to the banquet hall. I wur trated wid great respect, for it wur given out that I was Mrs. Muldoon."

"Bedad, me fame extinds iverywheres, Bedalia."

"What has yer fame to do wid me?"

"Iverything, woman. Is it not proven in the chronicles av ancient history? It is the glory av the man which reflects splindor upon the woman. Who wud have heard av Martha Washington if she hadn't married George? Where wud Josephine been if it hadn't been for Napoleon?"

"A good deal betther off," said Mrs. Muldoon, practically; "he broke her heart."

Muldoon gave a pitying laugh as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Ye are wrong, Bedalia, wrong," said he, "but I will not argue wid ye. Ye moight just as well thry to extinguish the sun by spitting at it as to argue wid a woman. Let us diverge our dis-



course upon society topics. Who wur presint at the gardhen parthy besides yerself?"

"Professor Packer."

"Who's he?"

"A phrenologist."

"For Heaven's sake, Bedalia, wash out yer mouth."

"What for?"

"To remove the taste av the worrud, it may kill ye. Will ye say it slow? What is Professor Packer?"

"A phre-nol-o-gist."

"Is that Frinch for a madman?"

"Terry, yer ignorance surprises me. A phrenologist is a man who examines people's heads."

"A bug-killer?"

"No—he scrutinizes them for the purpose av science. Ye know we all have various bumps upon our heads?"

"I know that. Faix I have wan as big as an egg where Dinny O'Neil hit me wid a shovel. Ye have wan yerself where ye fell out av the scup at the Brookside Association Picnic a-thrying to swing double wid young Georgeius McMarky, from the East Side."

"Ye know about as much as a calf," said his wife, in a pet. "Ye can tell a man's character from his head."

"That is so," confessed Muldoon. "Anybody wid wan optic could tell from ould Peg-leg Daly's head in the morning that he was a dhrunkard. Shure he used to have to put wagon-grease on his head to get his hat on."

Mrs. Muldoon would not reply, she was so vexed at her husband's ignorance.

"Go down and finish your horrid pipe in the yard," she requested. "Its odor makes me sick."

Muldoon was too good a husband not to obey—probably experience had taught him that he had to, anyway.

He obediently went down into the yard.

Roger was there, puffing away at a before-bed-time cigarette. Mr. 'Enery 'Uggs was also present, blowing a cloud from a pipe, while Dan and the Hon. Mike were engaged in a highly useful conversation as to whether it was best to catch crabs with salt pork or cold corned beef.

"Halloo, governor!" said Roger, "where yer been?"

"Up-stairs, houlding a philosophical conversation wid yer mother. Roger, I wud put a query to ye."

"Put away, dad."

"Ye have been to school, Roger?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ye are varsed in Latin?"

"A trifle."

"Thin tell me what a phrenologist is."

Roger explained that a phrenologist was a person who professed to tell a person's character, disposition, and what avocation he was fitted for by nature by an examination of the head, which, phrenology teaches, is the key to man's inner life.

Roger was a fluent and an interesting speaker when he chose to be, and between the puffs of his cigarette he gave a really able elucidation of phrenology.

The Hon. Mike listened to it with great interest.

"I used to be a gory old phrenologist myself once," put in he.

"What are yer giving us?" Roger laughed.

"Dead fact. I was so interested in phrenology dat I used to scalp every Injun I came across jist ter see wat wuz in dere heads. I never found but one thing."

"What was that?" asked Muldoon.

"Dirt," laconically answered Mike.

"Go away wid ye, ye frish!" said Muldoon.

"Roger, have ye iver heard av a Professor Packer?"

Roger said he had.

All sea-side resorts, such as Brighton, have a temporary lion—somebody or something, who is "the go" for a while.

And Professor Packer was now the lion, succeeding a no-armed man, whose only claim to social celebrity and public favor had been that he could eat with his feet.

And Professor Packer, wise in his generation—for he was a shrewd fellow enough—was making lots of money out of his evanescent popularity.

To give him his due, he was really a good phrenologist, and had made several happy hits in depicting people's characters.

Roger related all this to Muldoon.

Muldoon was instantly seized with a wild desire to go have his head examined.

"I belave I have been mistaken in me life-career," he said. "I am in doubt as to whether I should have been a corsair or a minister. Perhaps I wud have been a good bull-fighter. I will go to-morrow."

The gang encouraged his speech.

They beheld a roseate future of fun in Muldoon's proposed act.

"Good idea, dad," said Roger. "I'll go with you."

"So'll I," said Mr. Growler. "I will hev me own head scrutinized."

"Ye will?" said Muldoon.

"Yes."

"Thin, Roger, out av pity for the phrenologist, ax him to wear gloves."

"Wot fer?"

"Because if he examines Mike's head wid naked fingers he will get bit."

Mike was about to make some equally pleasant reply relative to Muldoon, when Roger interfered.

"Dad," said he, "you've got to have your head shaved."

"For what?"

"So's that Professor Packer can feel your bumps plainly. It assists him a great deal, does a close-cropped head, so he says."

"Shure I want to get a crop anyway," was Muldoon's reply. "I have about eight too elongated hairs upon me head anyway. Before I go to the professor's I will get a cranium shave. But I must away."

"Where to?"

"Bed."

"Why, it's awful early, dad. Wait for awhile and we'll get up a game of poker."

"Not much," answered Muldoon. "Mrs. Muldoon is up-stairs, and if she found out I stayed down wid ye gamblers to play poker she'd play poker wid me. She may be a fair, frail woman, but she has a muscle on her arm like an ox. Good-night, b'yes."

"Good-night."

Off went Muldoon to the privacy of his chamber, and he was not visible till the next morning. When he came down to breakfast he was dressed with great care.

He wore a new suit—a check suit, of which the checks were of great size. You could almost build a house on one. His diamond pin blazed with a comet-like light, his biggest watch-chain was ostentatiously displayed, and his quizzing glass was stuck in his eye.

That quizzing-glass, by the way, was a great nuisance to Muldoon.

It hurt his eye.

He couldn't see a bit through it.

He never ate but it fell into his soup, and several times he had narrowly escaped strangling by swallowing it accidentally.

But he stuck to it with an iron stick—for was it not fashionable?

"Bedad, all av the bloods wear thim," he said, when laughed at upon the subject, "and I will persevere in its usage if it renders me blind as a scarecrow."

Breakfast over, Muldoon went to get his hair cut.

He got a bareback cut.

His skull was as clean as a billiard-ball, and was graced with about as much hair as the skin of an eel.

This operation having been performed, they all set out for the phrenologist's.

It was early, and Professor Packer was disengaged.

He received his visitors warmly.

"Which one first, gentlemen?" he asked.

"The purtiest, av coorse," replied Muldoon, taking a seat in the big chair.

Muldoon sat up straight as an arrow in the chair, while the phrenologist proceeded to feel his head very carefully.

"Did iver ye feel such a massive brain pan, professor?" asked Muldoon.

## PART XL.

THE phrenologist began to examine Muldoon's head with an elaborate assumption of profundity.

Muldoon sat as still as if carved out of a rock.

"Faix, he's a fossil," muttered Dan. "I belave yer could chip pieces off av him wid a chisel. What ilegant filling he would make for a road-bed."

"Whist!" said Muldoon.

"What for?"

"Cease yer jocularity."

"Why?"

"Ye will scare the bumps off av me head."

The professor paid no heed, however, to these repartees.

He continued solemnly on with his task.

"Ah," said he, "you have a curious-shaped head, Mr.—Mr. Balloon."

"Me name is not Balloon—it is Muldoon."

"Ah, beg pardon! Your head, as I remarked, is of a very curious shape."

"Dat's where yer right," put in Mr. Growler.

"It's shaped jist like a gourd. And it's a derved sight like a gourd, too, for dere's nothin' in it."

Muldoon cast a glance full of malice at Mike, but Mike did not seem to care.

Neither did the professor.

He went calmly on.

"Your bump of benevolence, Mr. Fullboom," he said, "is great."

Muldoon smiled a placid smile.

"Shure, I wur always noted for me benevolence," he remarked. "Me reckless generosity has impoverished me dayseindants. It wur only to-day that I wur unable to buy me adopted b'ye a pair av silk-veined socks bekase I gave away a pound to a fellow who said he hadn't been drunk for a week."

"Your bump of animosity," said the professor, "is also extensive."

"Shure, professor, ye must excuse me. I am a troifle deaf, and I don't know what animosity means."

The Hon. Mike gave release to one of his peculiar horse laughs.

"I'm an old billy-goat," he said, "and de only way I ever learned to read was by chawing up circus posters, but I know what animosity means."

"What?" asked Muldoon.

"It means der propensity of hate," lucidly answered Mike, assuming a school-teacher position.

"Spoze dat some duffer does me injury, I lays it up agin his nibbs. Some day when I gets der show I slugs him—or puts a bullet through him—or carves my initials on his liver wid my Bowie-knife. Dat's animosity."

"Partly," said the professor, with a grave smile. "Now, Mr. Dullbroom—"

Muldoon started up.

"Professor," he said, "I wud ax a favor av ye."

"Certainly, sir."

"Will yez plaze have the courtesy to call me by me roight cognomen?"

"Haven't I?"

"No, sir. Me nativity appellation is not Dullbroom. I am no kind av a broom, not even a wist-broom. Me name is Muldoon."

"Beg your pardon, sir; but I have a very bad memory. Shall I proceed?"

"Av coorse."

The professor did so.

"You possess great amativeness, Mr. Kulloom," he said.

"What is that?"

"Amativeness?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is the organ of love."

Muldoon's face expressed great relief.

"Be Heavens, I thought it wur a disease," he said. "But ye are correct, professor. Me love is gigantic. I belave I wur born for a Mormon."

"Besides your love for your friends, you are very fond of brutes."

"That accounts for me affection for Moike. Shure, I could niver account fur it before."

"Dat's all right," growled Mike, perceiving Dan was laughing. "I don't see nuthin' funny 'bout dat remark. F'd a head like Muldoon's, I woudn't get it examined."

"Yez needn't get yez head examined personally," replied Muldoon quick as a flash. "Ye could do it by proxy."

"How?"

"Sind a head av cabbage."

Mike subsided, and the professor, who was wondering what sort of a lunatic crowd he had struck, seized the opportunity to proceed.

"You have a volatile disposition, Mr. Tulfoon," said he.

"Mr. what?"

"Fullmoon, I believe."

"Ye belave whrong. Me name is Muldoon, and if ye furgit it, raymimber that I have a pistol in me pocket."

The professor seemed suitably alarmed.

"A thousand regrets," he said; "please forgive me. Your disposition, as I said, is very volatile."

"What is that?"

"Capricious—light-minded. At one time you are gay, at another sad."

"Roight again!" exclaimed Muldoon. "Tis me to a dot. Do yez recollect the noight av Peg-leg Daly's wake? Furst I wurgay as a blackbird at sunrise. I wanted to head a cotillion wid the corpse. Tin minutes later I wur seized wid raymorse and sorrow, and wur filling the sarcophagus wid me tears. 'Twas me volatile disposition."

"'Twas Widdy Daly's bad whisky," groaned Dan. "Proceed wid the post-mortem examination, professor."

For awhile the professor continued without being interrupted.

He was really an enthusiast in his calling.

His zeal sometimes carried him away; that is



to say, he was apt to speak what he conceived to be truth, regardless of his subject's feelings.

He told Muldoon just about what Muldoon really was, which of course was not at all calculated to increase Muldoon's vanity.

We do not, any of us, love to be painted as we are. Flattery, said an ancient sage, is the oil which makes the world revolve smoothly, and the ancient sage was just about right.

When Muldoon was then told what a conceited, ignorant, pedantic sort of a cuss he was, it was but natural he would get mad.

He, however, contained himself as long as he could.

That was not long, as those of the readers familiar with Muldoon's disposition may probably surmise.

"Professor," he asked, in tones of repressed anger, "what vocation wud ye deem meself best fit for?"

"That of a dog-catcher," replied the professor, dreamily.

That was the last straw which broke the camel's back.

Muldoon arose like a vision of wrath.

"Bedad," said he, "I did not pay ye for to be libeled."

"But, my dear Mr.—Mr. Jibboom," remonstrated the professor.

"Mr. what?"

"Jibboom."

Muldoon grasped the professor by the nape of the neck.

It was no gentle grasp.

"Ye son av a mummy!" said Muldoon; "it is wid difficulty I can prevint meself from becoming a strangler, 'Tis I who wur born a thug!"

"What have I done?" gasped the professor.

"What haven't ye done?" said Muldoon, his face full of righteous wrath; "first ye call me ivery name excipt me own—names which faygure, fur all I know, upon the vocabulary av Sing Sing—then, bedad, ye say I wur born fur a dog-catcher. Thremble, ye rascal—the day av retribution has come!"

The professor did tremble.

Muldoon's grasp was enough to make anybody tremble.

"You are crazy," said he.

"Faix, it is craziness incited by yerself," was Muldoon's response.

The professor, however, was not a coward.

"Hands off!" he cried to Muldoon. "You cannot intimidate me."

"Perhaps not, but 'tis meself who can slay ye!"

Whack!

Muldoon's fist—it was a rather substantial fist, too—descended upon the professor's face.

He reeled back.

Quickly, though, he recovered his presence of mind.

Snatching up a book which lay handy, he flung it at Muldoon.

The Solid Man dodged just in time.

The volume flew over his head, and fell, with a harmless crash, to the floor.

"It is meself who can play at that game, too," said he.

Around the professor's room, upon various shelves were a dozen or so of plaster of Paris busts and statuettes of prominent people.

Muldoon caught up one.

It was Shakespeare's.

He hurled it at the professor.

The bust took him right where he lived.

That is to say, it struck him just about the pit of the stomach.

He keeled over—not gracefully, but earnestly.

"Spare me!" he begged.

"Av coorse I will—not!" replied Muldoon. "Having prostrated ye wid Shakespeare, I will now kill ye wid Schiller!"

So saying, he grabbed a bust of the great German scholar and poet, and flung it at the helpless phrenologist.

It knocked him flat.

Muldoon continued his assault.

Goethe, Washington, George the Third, Lafayette, Admiral Nelson, and four or five eminent murderers, all flew at the professor.

Mr. Growler was in ecstasy.

The racket just suited him—it agreed with his peculiar idea of a good time.

"Dat's it—biff him!" encouraged Mike. "Make a stiff outer him wid sculpture. Jest lend me a chair, somebody, till I knock der whole roof offer his head!"

At this moment Roger gave a signal of alarm.

"Cheese it, boys!" he cried. "Somebody's coming!"

Muldoon put for the door.

"I may be an assassin," said he; "but I do not desoire to be caught red-handed in me croime."

Dan also vanished.

"I hev no idea av tarnishing me name in con-

nection wid a criminal coort," said he. "I will away."

Mike was of a like idea.

The four dashed down the stairs.

On the way they met a party of ladies and gentlemen coming up.

One of the gentlemen stopped Muldoon.

"Is the professor in or not?" he asked.

"Professor Packer?"

"Yes."

"He is both?"

"How?"

"He is in his physique, but out av his moind. Have ye a Dahlgren gun about ye?"

"No—why?"

"Ye'll need wan. The poor professor is as crazy as a saygull. He examined a lunatic's bhrain last wake, an' he caught the madness. Fly for yez existences!"

Muldoon set the example.

He skipped down the stairs as agilely as if only twenty years instead of forty and five had passed over his head.

The example was infectious.

The whole party took to their heels, and did not stop until the professor's house was far in their rear.

It was some little time before Packer ventured to get up.

When he did he instinctively dodged, as if he expected some unseen Muldoon to fling a bust at him.

Finally he regained his feet.

He looked around.

What a scene of confusion was visible!

The chairs were overturned, an ornamental table totally wrecked, the sofa was a vision of wretchedness, while his busts, the pride of the professor's heart, were most of them shapeless masses of clay.

To say the professor was grieved, is to put it mild.

"The boor!" he said, beneath his bated breath; "he shall pay for this. If there is law in the land, I will see that he shall notescape its clutches. I will—ah!"

The sudden exclamation was caused by the sight of a small glittering article which lay upon the floor.

He stooped and picked it up.

He closely examined it.

A meaning smile flitted across his lips as he did so.

Placing it carefully in his vest pocket, he remarked:

"After all, I may make something out of the affairs. I will wait a bit."

Just about the time when the professor was making this remark, Muldoon was sociably seated with his friends at a table in an adjacent inn.

Foaming tankards of beer were before our friends; long cigars (smuggled, the landlord solemnly assured them) were in their mouths, and they were laughing over their last prank.

"It wur meself who wur a desthroying angel," said Muldoon. "Ye bet no phraynologist will be in haste to call me a natural born dog-catcher again. I wondher what toime it is? If I have toime I would loike to stroll upon the pier, and let the populace gaze upon me new suspenders. The warmth av the atmosphere will be sufficient apology for the removal av me coat."

"Do yer want ter know wot time it is?" Mike asked.

"Yis."

"Den look at yer watch."

Muldoon started to do so.

Suddenly an exclamation of sorrow passed his lips.

"Bedad," gasped he, "I have lost me locket!"

"Your diamond one?" queried Roger.

"Yes—that iligant affair av blue turquoise, wid a capital 'M' embezzled—I should say enameled in small diamonds. Where could I have lost it?"

"I'll tell ye where," replied Dan.

"Where?"

"The idea just occurred to me."

"What the divil have yer ideas to do wid my locket?"

"It is an idea in connection wid yer locket. Whin ye hurled that bust av the gossoon wid the mountainous brow—I belave it wur ould George Three Eyes—his nose caught inter yer watch-chain, did it not?"

"Yis."

"Did ye not hear something fall?"

"Come to spake av it, I did. But I paid no notice to it. I conjectured that it wur ould George the Third's gum."

"It wur not; it wur yer locket."

Muldoon arose, and put on his hat and grabbed his cane.

"Where are ye going?" Dan asked.

"Back to the phrenologist's."

"Ye will get arristed."

"I care not if I get hung. I will have me locket or death!"

They saw Muldoon was resolved.

The Hon. Mike got up and put his hat on also. "I'm an old jar of glue, and I allers stick to a friend," he remarked. "Dere may be weak points in my kerecter, but de point uv skipping a friend is not one."

Dan, however, would not go.

Dan explained the reason why.

"'Tis not the absence av bhravery, or the lack av brotherly love," he said. "It is plain common sinse. I'll be hanged if I'll be jailed as an accessory in a slugging scrape. Maybe I am not phenomenal for me intellect, but I am not fool enough to mix meself in a mess av which I have no business."

Roger decided not to go, also.

"If we both should get killed, dad," said he, "what would become of mother and young Dennis?"

The logic seemed fair enough, but Muldoon was not, to tell the truth, pleased with it.

He wanted society.

True, the Hon. Mike was to go along.

But long experience had taught Muldoon that the nearer danger drew, the further away the Hon. Mike drew.

Not that we mean to say Mike was a coward, but somehow he had a most remarkable way of fading away from bodily harm. It was really a wonderful way.

So it came to pass that Muldoon, although aided by Mike, went back to Professor Packer's somewhat fearfully.

All was quiet about the professor's abode.

Muldoon, though, was very careful about going up-stairs (for the professor's rooms were one flight up).

He proceeded as gingerly as if his path was paved with egg-shells.

Mike noticed it.

"Where's der corpse?" asked he.

"What corpse?"

"Der stiff yer follerin'?"

"What do ye mane?"

"Why, yer walking about as fast as a cow on crutches. I thought it wur a funeral. If yer don't hurry up, I'll starve ter death afore we get up-stairs."

"Sh!—'tis meself who is wary."

"Wary?"

"Yis. They may have beheld us from the windv."

"Well?"

"They may have planted torpedoes upon the sthairs to blow us to fragmentary bits. Or the professor may be ambushing for us over the balustrades wid a club."

So Muldoon proceeded, slowly as a fat man going up a steep grade.

His forebodings were not to be realized.

No torpedoes, no concealed professor was waiting for him.

He reached the phrenologist's door at last.

He knocked.

"Come in," said a voice, easily recognizable as the professor's.

Muldoon obeyed, and entered.

The professor was apparently deeply engaged reading a book.

He looked up as Muldoon entered, but said not a word. His expression was one of mild inquiry.

Muldoon was embarrassed.

"Mr.—Mr. Packer," he stammered.

"That is my name," said the professor, blandly.

"I—I—I—"

"Indeed!"

"I—I—I—"

"You don't say so, sir."

"I—I—I—"

"I guess you've got into the wrong place, sir," remarked the professor; "the cure for stammering is next door. Ring the fifth bell, and turn to your right."

"Professor Packer," blurted Muldoon, "do ye not know me?"

The professor seemed to be racking his imagination or memory to recollect Muldoon's face. "Seems to me I have seen you. Were you not in Camberwell Jail?"

"Sir!"

"As a visitor, of course. Or was it in the Scarborough Mad-house? Really my memory is very bad."

This quiet guying was very irritating to Muldoon.

He knew the professor was making fun of him. "Professor Packer," said he, "ye are well acquainted wid me individuality. Me name is Muldoon. Ye examined my head but a few hours—in fact, it was but one hour ago."

The professor smiled sweetly.

"You must be mistaken, sir," he replied. "I



have not done any professional work at all to-day—that is, with one exception.”

“What was that?”

“Some jolly fellows brought a dressed-up gorilla in here, and requested to examine his skull. I’ll own that he looked so like a human being that I was deluded for a while. I was soon undeceived. The apish element in him soon gained a mastery. He began firing skulls—plaster of Paris skulls—at me, and really injured me. Funny, was it not?”

“Funny!” exclaimed Muldoon. “I see nothing comical in it. I suppose ye are allegorically spaking av me visit.”

“Your visit?”

“Yes.”

The professor started up.

His surprise was well-feigned.

“Good Heaven, man!” he exclaimed; “you do not mean to say you are the gorilla?”

## PART XLI.

“You are not a gorilla, are you?” asked Professor Packer.

“Do I luk like wan?” queried Muldoon.

“I must confess you do, slightly,” replied the professor. “But, my dear sir, will you please tell me to what I owe the honor of your visit?”

Muldoon blurted it out:

“I want me diamond locket,” he said.

“Well, sir, I have no objection.”

“Ye may have no objection, but I suspect ye have the locket.”

“Sir!”

“I said it.”

The professor arose.

“Mr. Muldoon,” he remarked, “we might just as well understand each other. In the first place, you were never here.”

“I wurn’t?”

“No—and you never beat me.”

“Faix, I thought it wur a dhrame.”

“You never dropped a diamond locket.”

“I suppose not.”

“I never found it.”

“See here, Professor Packer,” said Muldoon, “I wish ye wud explain what ye are aiming at. I am not used to yez phrenological conversation. It is too diffuse for me intellect. Ye are talking like a fortune-telling card on the clearance av an obelisk hieroglyphic. Can ye spake widout mystery?”

“I’ve spoken all I intend to speak,” was the reply. “Go home and make it out at your leisure. There is the door, Mr. Muldoon.”

“Bedad, I see it—’tis a noice door.”

“Yes, and you would look nice going out of it. Good-day.”

“But, professor.”

“Haven’t time to talk, sir—farewell.”

Muldoon went slowly toward the door.

“Yez courtesy, professor, will be yez ruin,” said he. “’Tis ralely oppressive. Good-bye to ye. Whin I want to wroite a book of etiquette, I will come to yez for information. Tra-la-la, ye owld skull-charmer.”

The Hon. Mike was found at the door.

He beheld Muldoon approach with a look of disappointment.

It was not feigned.

It was real.

The Hon. Mike had expected to behold Muldoon appear with one eye hanging out upon his cheek, or an ear dangling by a thread of skin, or his nose all knocked flat.

But Muldoon was all right corporeally, if not mentally.

“What luck?” asked Mike.

“Ye’re a noice friend!” sneered Muldoon.

“Of course.”

“Of course not. Mike, ye are a brave boy. Ye are a fellow who will go out wid a friend to lick a man. If the man licks yer friend, ye will turn around and hit yer friend in the back of the neck wid a brick to curry favor wid the man. Why didn’t ye come up to the professor’s wid me?”

“I met with an accident.”

“What? Somebody axed ye to dhrink?”

“No; my boot became untied, and I had to pause to fix it.”

“Taf-fa! Ye wur afraid.”

“Of wot?”

“The professor.”

By way of reply Mike proceeded to take off his coat.

Then from his hip pocket he drew forth a big revolver, a small revolver, and from his boot a bowie-knife.

“I’m an old death breeze off Blood Creek!” remarked he, “and when I blow they bury ten men a minit!”

With this remark, he placed the bowie-knife between his teeth and grasped a revolver in each hand.

“Whoop!” bawled he. “Open yer graves—get ready yer coffins—send ahead for an angel crown! The shrieking old tiger uv Hellgate hez come outer a fifty years’ sleep, an’ dere will be blood on der moon afore sunset! Whoop! I wanten crunch warm flesh!”

Then the speaker proceeded to jump around and indulge in a wild scalp-dance.

“Bedad, Mike, ye have thim bad this toime!” said Muldoon. “I tould ye the milk ye dhrank this morning would go to yer head. What are ye about to do? Hoire out to a penny museum as a white-faced Zulu?”

“No, sir; I’m a-goin’ ter wade in blood!”

“In blood?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t. Take wather—it’s cleaner.”

“Muldoon, if I end my gaudy and innercent old life on a gallows, it will be yer fault.”

“Moine?”

“I said it.”

“An’ why?”

“Yer said I wur afraid uv der professor. Me, der calico-eyed old catamount uv der Rocky River, afraid uv a bald-headed old head-toucher? Muldoon, der true reason why I didn’t go up wid yer wus because I wus afraid I might forget myself and his gray hair, and hit him. But I’m a-going up now. I’ll plaster der wall wid his flesh, and fill up cracks wid his broken bones. Jest yer go up ter der undertaker’s an’ tell him ter send a casket down. I’ll have der corpse ready. I’m a bad kid from Gore Cavern; I’m a double-headed terror from Skull Alley. I’m a—”

“Fool,” said a voice.

Mike grew pale.

The revolver fell from his grasp, and he evidently wished the bowie-knife had wings and could fly away.

He recognized that voice.

It was his wife’s—Mary Ann’s.

“Michael,” said she (he knew she was mad because she called him Michael), “are you full again?”

“No, my dear.”

“Then what ails you?”

“Nuthin’, pet.”

“Don’t pet me, you big disgrace. What are you doing with those pistols?”

“Jist lookin’ at ’em, sweet.”

“Likely story. What knife is that?”

“’Tain’t a knife, my love.”

“’Tisn’t?”

“No, my beauty.”

“What is it?”

“A—a tooth-pick, daisy.”

“Hum—another lie. What did you mean by saying you was a—a bad something from somewhere?”

“Did I say so, sugar?”

“Yes, you did.”

“Well, I wuz only joking, pet.”

“Well, you won’t joke any more. You come right home with me. I want you to clean out the canary bird’s cage.”

“Which is a very suitable job for a Double-headed Terror,” jeered Muldoon. “Au reservoir, Mike. Skip the channel!”

“It was lucky Mary Ann came,” said Mike, darkly. “Der wud have been crape on der professor’s door-knob if she hadn’t. The idea! Me afraid! me, who used to kill a rattle-snake with my spit, afraid of a loose-gummed, sunken-jawed, goggle-eyed old son of a—”

“That will do, Mike,” said his wife; “come along.”

Meekly as a lamb Mike followed—as a puppy does its master.

Muldoon gazed after them.

“The horrible iffeets av matrimony,” he philosophically said.

He walked away, and after a few blocks’ progress, met Roger.

“Halloo, old cock! back alive?” respectfully saluted his reverent son. “What luck?”

“Bad, Roger. The graft wur N. G.”

Then Muldoon repeated just what the professor had told him.

“Shure, I can’t make head or tail to his language at all—at all. Roger, yez cudn’t shatter it into intelligibility wid a club.”

“I can,” said Roger.

“Raally?”

“Yes; it’s plain to me as daylight.”

“Faix, I’m glad to hear ye say so. It wur as plain to me as an eclipse.”

“You see,” Roger said, “he’s found the locket, and means to keep it. He was hinting that he would consider it an equivalent for the licking you gave him. Do you drop now?”

Muldoon did.

A bland smile wreathed his lips.

“If I had been arrested, Roger,” he asked, “how much wud I anticipatorily been fined for the wrecking av the professor’s person?”

“About twenty cases—dollars, that is.”

“Shure the weather is warm, an’ I’m not left,” said Muldoon, sweetly. “Roger, I will tell ye a saycret.”

“What?”

“Me diamond locket wur paste. Ye can buy sich diamonds, if ye know the proper steer, fur a dollar a shovelful. ’Tis not much the better av me the phrenological thafe has got ather all. Raymember, Roger, the fairies watch over the Irish.”

Soon after the episode of the phrenologist, a very funny event occurred to Muldoon. At least, it will seem very funny to our readers, but it did not seem a bit funny at the time to Muldoon.

Near Muldoon’s cottage lived a red-faced, wooden-legged, loud-voiced old major of cavalry—now on the retired list at half pay—which, however, did not bother him much, as he had a nice snug fortune of his own.

His name was Muggs—Philetus Iscariot Muggs—and he was a character if ever there was a character.

In his life he had been a great traveler: from his own account there wasn’t a foot of land from Baffin’s Bay to Terra del Fuego—the Golden Gate to Shanghai, that he had not been in. In some respects, perhaps, the gallant major was about as big a liar as the Hon. Michael Growler.

He had a mania.

It was for curiosities—brute curiosities—alive and kicking curiosities.

He had a parrot—several parrots, in fact; a small but ugly alligator, a pair of twin cinnamon bears, a striped tiger-cat, a young wolf, a family of pleasing but poisonous South American centipedes, a Brazilian lobster, who, by dint of strenuous training, had been taught to stand upon his head, and a horrible big-jowled, Russian bulldog, who was the ogre of all the small boys in the vicinity.

But the major’s favorite pet—the one who occupied the largest part of his heart—was Jack.

Jack was a big ape.

Apes as a rule are not handsome.

Their face is not their fortune; contrary, it is generally their misfortune. Jack, though, was a particularly hideous ape.

Yet he was just as intelligent as he was ugly.

As Major Muggs often said with a round oath;

“That ape knows more than ten ordinary men. Blank my blanked—blanked liver if he don’t!”

Jack went about all over with his fond master. As Roger used to sing:

“The major had a little monk,

It had a crooked toe,

And everywhere that major went

The monk was sure to go.”

Therefore, one day, just after dinner was over and Muldoon was sitting out upon his stoop, smoking a cigar, he was not at all surprised to behold the major, with Jack at his heels, come up the path.

“Halloo, major,” said Muldoon. “Nice day.”

“Yes, but hot—blank hot. I hadn’t ought to complain, though. Why, I’ve seen it so hot in India that it burned all the wool off the niggers’ heads.”

“Indade! have a smoke, major?”

“Haven’t time. Say, Muldoon?”

“Well?”

“Want to ask a favor of you.”

“Wid playsure. What is it?”

“I’m going away for a while.”

“How long?”

“Oh, a day or so. Got to go down to London to meet my aunt. Curious old case, my aunt is. Sixty-six years old and sound as a brick. She’s been married four times. First three husbands were run over by milk-wagons. Wonderful coincidence, wasn’t it? My aunt’s just as afraid of a milk-wagon as she is of the deuce. Just as soon as she hears one coming down the street she locks her fourth husband up in the coal-cellar. She won’t drink milk in her tea, either—takes gin. Funny old gal—queer ideas—ain’t she?”

Muldoon remarked that she was most assuredly.

“Nother curious thing about the ancient gal,” continued the major, “is that she hates Jack.”

“She does?”

“Can’t bear him; says he makes her sick. The idea! Why, Muldoon, the woman must be out of her head.”

“I should not be surprised.”

“Now, you like Jack?”

“Av course I do.”

“Your wife does?”

“Passionately. Bedad, I am sometimes jealous av her ardent affection.”

“And the rest of your family?”

“Sure, they fought for his smoiles.”

The major’s face beamed with satisfaction.

“Just what I thought,” said he. “Now, I’m sure you’ll grant me my favor. I want you to keep Jack for me till I come back. I cannot take



him along with me for the reason I have told you regarding my Aunt Crank. If she should catch sight of Jack I believe she would have a fit. He discomposes her nerves almost as much as a milk-man's wagon. I wouldn't leave him at home, for the servant girl—she's a nice girl, but she harbors malice against Jack, because he playfully pulled out all her back hair and bit her on the nose—would starve him."

Muldoon's face actually paled.

Really, he loved the ape just about as much as Major Muggs' aunt did. He would just about as soon have had the plague or the Asiatic cholera come to pay him a visit.

While as for Mrs. Muldoon, she would run for a block at the bare sight of Jack.

But here Muldoon's good nature, which was always getting Muldoon into some scrape or another, promised to get him into a hole.

He did not like to offend the major, for the major had been, in his way, a good neighbor.

So he said, with as courteous and graceful an air as possible:

"I'll be pleased to keep Jack, major. Won't he, however, be afraid av me?"

"No—no," was the major's hearty response; "he ain't afraid of anybody. Why, your Chinaman was down to our house the other night. Jack never saw a Chinaman before, and one would have supposed he would have been afraid of one, wouldn't you?"

"Yis."

"He wasn't."

"No?"

"Not a bit. Why, he raced after the moon-eyed son of a laundry-keeper, and nearly pulled out his pig-tail. It was lots of sport for Jack."

"But how about the Chinaman? Wasn't he filled with joy?"

"No, he was scared most to death. But I haven't time to talk. Just you chain Jack up. Here, Jack."

Jack jumped up to his master.

The major pulled forth a small chain from his pocket.

He tied one end to Jack's collar and gave the other end to Muldoon.

"Much obliged, Muldoon," he said; "I'll be back in a day or two. You will grow very fond of him. He wins all hearts."

"Begob, I'd loike to win his heart wid a club," thought Muldoon, but he didn't say so. What a sweet old time we would all have in the world if we spoke just what we thought.

Instead Muldoon said:

"I know I shall regard the div—I mean darlint wid great affection; I will probably learn to feel for him loike a brother."

"Thanks—good-bye, Muldoon."

"Good-bye, major."

"Good-bye, Jack—you dear old sinner."

"Chee—chee!" chattered Jack, which was his way of saying good-bye. "Chee—chee!"

Off went the major, and Muldoon glared at Jack.

"Be Heavens, it wud do me heart good to stamp upon yez," said he. "I wud rather take care av a den av raving crocodiles than wan monkey."

Muldoon led the gibbering beast up to the house.

His family had all gathered upon the stoop.

Mrs. Muldoon gave vent to a shriek as she saw what it was her liege lord had in tow.

"Oh, Terence," said she, "where *did* you get it?"

"Shure, I drew it in a lottery," was Muldoon's response. "I will put it in a gilded cage and hang it upon the front Rialto. It will lind an air av refinement to our villa."

"Ef I owned it, it would lend an air av refinement to our grave-yard," said Mike. "I'd pave it wid bullets."

"Or part its hair with an ax," put in Roger.

"Hang it up by its hoind legs and it moight make a good towel," suggested Dan, surveying its hairy sides as he spoke.

Here Saint Patrick, Muldoon's Chinese servant, appeared with some coffee for Mrs. Muldoon.

When he saw Jack he nearly let the coffee fall.

"Hellie!" said he.

"What ails yez?" asked Muldoon.

"Me gettee gun!"

"What for?"

"Shootee!"

"Shootee what?"

"Damee monk!"

"Fade away, ye iconoclast. Why wud ye kill yez own image?"

"Slaint Padlick goee to major's—"

"To see the pretty yellow girl he has for a butler. 'Tis a masher ye are, ye copper-colored heart-breaker."

"No make diffunce what I goee flor. I goee, allee samee. Damee monk comee—raisee helliee

—me thinkee he was de'debble—pullee pig-taillee—neally scalpee Chinaman. Me killee him!"

"No, ye won't," said Muldoon, decidedly; "the baste is undher me protection. I will have an eagle eye for his safety."

"Killee allee samee," said Saint Patrick, beneath his breath as he moved away.

"Is it the major's monkey, Terence?" asked his wife.

"Yis."

"What are ye doing wid it?"

"Kaping it for good luck. Niver take the monkey from the door."

"Arrah, will ye spake sinse," said Mrs. Muldoon, who, in spite of her fashionable pretenses, was apt to lapse into the old-time brogue when she got excited. "Tell me why ye have the baste?"

Muldoon did.

"I will halt it in the cellar," he said, in conclusion.

"No, you won't," said his wife.

"Why not?"

"He'd be sure to break lose and ate all av the pie. Beside, do ye suppose I could get a girl for love or money to go down into a cellar and collect coal whin a monkey wur there? Niver—niver!"

"Thin I'll put him on the roof."

"And he'd fall down the chimney an' get affre."

"I'll anchor him in the yard."

"No, ye will not. I want to promenade there meself a fther awhoile."

"I'll place him in the bath-room."

"Where he'll turn on the water and deluge the house."

"Thin, ye aggravating beauty, where will I put the rogue? I do not daysire to have him connected wid my person all day."

"Put him where you plaze," said Mrs. Muldoon, turning away. "Roger, will ye escort yez mother for a stroll upon the sands? I wish to walk down to Lady Capulet's for a receipt for making Berlin worsted work on paper masher."

Roger, like a dutiful boy, offered his arm, and mother and son walked off together.

Muldoon gazed after them—half-comically, half-despairingly.

"There is feminine logic," said he. "Put him where ye plaze," says my worsted-work woife. Put him where ye plaze, laving out the cellar and the roof and the bath-room. Does she suppose I wud tie him to the piana to be a thing av beauty and a joy foriver to the parlor? Faix, I wish I had a package av candy, I'd put him in it for a proize."

In spite of his joking he was really puzzled where to put Jack.

He thought of it for a while.

"I'll tie him to the bed-post in me own room," he decided at last.

He carried out the idea.

Jack was, for a wonder, as serene and pleasant as could be.

He suffered himself to be affixed to the bed-post without any resistance at all.

"Be a good ape and I will sind ye up some raspberries and crame for supper," said Muldoon as he went out.

"Chee—chee!" replied Jack amiably, proceeding to hunt for an obnoxious flee.

Two hours afterward Muldoon was leaning over the gate, watching a big fish-hawk which was soaring right overhead.

All the rest had gone down to the pier to hear the afternoon concert by the band. Muldoon was left alone.

"I wish I had a gun," said Muldoon, looking at the bird of prey, "I'd soon fetch ye—ye chicken gobbler."

His words made him think that Roger had a gun.

Where was it?

Happy thought.

It was in his own room. Roger had left it there after his return from snipe-shooting some day previous.

"I will go up and get it," he said.

Nearly as quick as the thought was the act.

He returned to his room.

He opened the door and strode in.

His first look was at the bed-post.

No Jack was there.

"Can the divil have flew out of the windy?" he exclaimed.

"Chee—chee!" chirped a voice.

To Muldoon's paralyzing horror, the ape, with the loaded shot-gun in his paws, jumped out before him. The gun was pointed square at Muldoon.

#### PART XLII.

It is not particularly pleasing at any time to have a loaded shot-gun, particularly a double-barreled shot-gun, aimed at you.

That is, also, if the shot-gun is in the hands of a human, a being of rationality and reason.

But when it comes to a monkey being the manipulator and possessor of said shot-gun, the situation becomes decidedly worse.

Muldoon for a while was positively paralyzed.

His face became as pale as a sheet.

His hair, what little there was of it, stood up as if it was made out of wire.

He trembled like a leaf, and his knees knocked together like a ghost story hero.

Jack, however, was not scared.

It was a regular clam-bake for Jack.

He had succeeded in escaping from the bed-post, owing to Muldoon's negligence in not securing him firmly.

Muldoon had left the knot in the rope half untied, and Jack employed his leisure time in freeing himself, for Jack was not used to captivity, and did not like it for a cent.

The first thing Jack's eyes had lit upon was the gun.

A gun was a new and novel object to Jack, and he wanted to investigate it.

He had just grabbed it when Muldoon appeared.

Jack disappeared for a moment, but only to reappear again, bobbing up as serenely as could be from the shelter of the bed.

He got between Muldoon and the door, of course, and pointed the loaded weapon straight at Muldoon's breast.

Muldoon was a picture of fright—a statuette of terror.

"To think that I, who have escaped peril by say, foire and politics, should be kilt by a son av a gun av a ring-tailed monkey!" he groaned. "Bedad, I wud rayther been run over by a bicycle. 'Twould be a more patrician death!"

Muldoon made a break away.

He skipped over a small card table and onto a sofa with an agility which was surprising to himself.

"I have gymnastic blood in me feet," said he. "Jack—good Jack—for Heaven's sake go away. Go down-sthairs and call upon the cook. If yez will only go I will give yez free range av the refrigerator. Yez can bathe in cowlid soup and wallow in onion hash, if yez plaze. Plaze floi away, dear Jack."

Jack wouldn't.

He wasn't that sort of a monk. He had the gun, and he meant to get all of the fun he could out of it. To Jack's apish mind a gun in the hand was worth double as much as a refrigerator in the hall.

He succeeded in cocking the gun.

"Chee—chee!" grinned he, filled with joy at this new achievement.

Muldoon gave himself up for dead.

If Jack could find a way for cocking the gun, he would without doubt find a way for firing it off.

"Shure, in a week the byes will be black-berrying over me grave," reflected he, "and Mrs. Muldoon will be looking out for a successor who will tenant me ould clothes. Faix, I have a blue necktie wid red dhragon flies worruked in it. I have niver wore it, for I maned saving it for Pat Gaghan's funeral. He fell off av a brick building and ruptured his liver, and will be buried wid great pageantry. Shure, me neck-tie wud have say-gured wid great *eclat* at the sind off."

Muldoon's meditations had for a second diverted his attention from Jack.

Jack was not idle.

He had succeeded in finding the trigger.

One hairy paw rested upon it.

Muldoon felt paralyzed as he realized his position.

He was evidently booked for a rapid passage to the sweet subsequently.

A terrible moment of suspense.

Then—

Bang!

A puff of smoke, a violent report, a yell of terror from a surprised monkey, and Muldoon found himself, to his great surprise, unhurt.

Just as Jack had fired he had elevated the gun.

The charge of buckshot had not hit Muldoon. But it appeared that he was the only object not hit.

Those buckshot had made sad havoc.

The chandelier was smashed to fragments.

The walls and ceiling looked as if they had suddenly broken out with malignant small-pox.

The chairs, bureau and wash-stand were scarred and pitted by leaden pellets, and even a stray spittoon was cracked in half.

When the smoke cleared away Muldoon was able to behold the wreck caused by Jack's exploit.

He was mad.

"Me room luks as if it had been sacked by Cos-sacks," said he. "It praysints an unrivaled appearance of disaster. Luk at me chandelier—me



arabesque chandelier, bought for ornament, not use, at Tom Collins', the man who kapes the Arab bazar av curiosities. Be Heaven! if I had me gilt-edged cimeter, there wud be a monkey murder perpetuated very soon!"

Jack only smiled and showed his white teeth. "Chee—chee!" sociably he said. "Chee—chee!"

He was now fooling with the second barrel of the gun.

"He cannot miss twice," said Muldoon. "Before he foired at me, and hit everything ilse in the room. Now, begorra, he will foire at iverything ilse in the room, and hit me. There will be siventeen surgeons excavating for lead in me body before noight, and I wager that the yield will be great."

"Chee—chee!" assented Jack, holding the gun for a moment in one hand, while he went prospecting for fleas with the other.

An idea came to Muldoon.

"I recollect reading somewhere, I belave it was in a book av fairy tales," said he, "that the monkey possesses raymarkable intelligence. Perhaps he may be susceptible to the secret av flat-tery. I will worruk the inspiration."

He tried it.

"Jack," he said, "ye are a daisy; ye are a rose-bud dandy."

"Chee," said Jack, sweetly.

"Begob, he understands it. Would ye gaze upon the smole which wreathes his liver-lips. Jack, if ye will put down that gun I will have yer picture taken and hung up in me abattoir—*boudoir*, I should say. Faix, the people would come by excursion thrains to feast their optics on yez Venus-loike beanty."

"Chee!"

"Av course it's chee; ye have a foine masthery of Italian dialect. Perhaps ye played a star engagement wid a hand-organ. If ye will only put down that gun it will be more 'chee.'"

Jack wouldn't.

He climbed up on the bed and began hugging the gun to his breast.

"Kape it up," said Muldoon; "there is a rose-ate probability av yez blowing yez head off. Meanwhile I will go to the window and appeal for help."

He put his head out of the window.

Nobody was to be seen.

The house and grounds appeared to be as deserted as a country cemetery at midnight.

Stay.

There were a couple of men coming past on the road.

"Hey!" bawled Muldoon.

The taller one turned his face toward the door. It was a face well known by Muldoon—the face of Mr. Meyer Levi.

Muldoon would rather it had been anybody else.

It was sixty to one, betting odds, that Mr. Levi would refuse to come to his aid, after the ducking he had helped give Mr. Levi in the well.

Yet he had a faint hope—a very faint hope—that Mr. Levi might forgive and forget.

"Mr. Levi!" called out he.

Mr. Levi paused and looked up.

"S'hellep me Moses!" exclaimed he, in accents of surprise. "Isaac, my poy, look yourself up at dot window."

The other figure, who was Mr. Levi's oldest son, and a sort of pocket edition in dress and manners of his respected father, turned his eyes toward Muldoon.

"You see dot maniac?" asked Mr. Levi.

"Yes, fader. Who vas id?" interrogates Isaac.

"Dot vas a griminal, Isaac. Dot vas de mummy man."

"De man dot dipped you in de vell?"

"Dot same Shentile."

"But he's crying for you."

Sure enough, Muldoon was.

"Mr. Levi," said he, "will ye oblige me by coming here?"

Mr. Levi placed his right thumb to his nose and gyrated his four fingers swiftly.

"You dinks I vosn't vaccinated yet?" asked he.

"Why?" asked Muldoon.

"You vants me to come mit der house, vosn't you?"

"Yes."

"Und I know vót for."

"Phat?"

"Ven I get under de vinder you vill shump yourselef on me, und blay base ball mit my head. I guess not. I vos shoost as fly as a veasel. Isaac, vos you got a revolver?"

"Yes, fader."

"Den you keeps your hand on it und your eyes on dat vinder. Auf you see dot mummy man get ready to throw a harpoon at me, shoost shoot him. He vos a Fenian desperado."

"Mr. Levi!" cried Muldoon, "will ye plaze to hearken to me. I mane ye no injury."

"How do you know?"

"I axe ye as a fellow-being to assist me."

"You vosn't a fellow-being. You vos an Irisher."

"I am in a fix!"

"Vot sort auf a fix?"

"I am locked up in a room wid an ape."

"Vos id a blood-relation?"

"No, but it will be me blood spiller. The ape is armed wid a shot-gun."

"Den it vos a military ape."

"The shot-gun is double-barreled."

"Vos it loaded?"

"Yes."

"Ready to go off?"

"Yes."

"Vos it pointed at you?"

"Upon a bee-line for me bowels."

"You can't get it away from de ape?"

"I dare not thry."

"And you dink you vill be shot?"

"I will gamble on it."

Mr. Levi's face was suddenly lighted up by an expression of almost seraphic rapture.

"I nefer was so habby in my life," he exclaimed. "Isaac, ve vill haf fire-vorks to-night, und go on a bienic to-morrow. I bets you halef a dollar I vos habbier dan de queen. If dot monkey vill only shoot dot Muldoon full ouf holes I vill puy dot monkey und led him vear diamonds!"

Then Mr. Levi proceeded to caper about in a way suggestive of great enjoyment and delight.

"Dance, Isaac, dance," said he. "It vos a festival day for Judea. Stond auf your head; Muldoon vos about to be killed."

Muldoon saw Mr. Levi's actions, and heard Mr. Levi's remarks with a sinking of the heart.

Clearly, no help was to be expected from that quarter.

"Ye won't help me?" asked Muldoon.

"Oh, yes—help you die," replied Mr. Levi. "Good-py, Muldoon. You know where I vos going?"

"Where?"

"I dakes mineself right away to de Morgue. I dells der head underdaker to get a slab ready for you. Ta-ta! Isaac, my poy, ve vill go right down to Shacob Gracuekinitzskys, und open a pottle auf vine—Rhine vine—s'hellup me, Moses. I feel so goot dot I would gif five-pence to a plind man. Come along, Isaac."

Isaac, like a dutiful son, followed, and Mr. Levi's voice gradually grew fainter.

"Good-bye, Muldoon," were his last words.

"When you vos dead und gone, I vill come around mit your grave und plantstink-veed upon id. Ta-ta, Muldoon! 'Empty vos der gradle—Muldoon's shot.'"

Muldoon shook his fist after the retreating figure.

"Bedad, if iver I escape that ape, ye are 'a marked man," said he. "I will spind me income in organizing a sayeret league of blood-drinkers to kill ye!"

"How do you know?" serenely asked Mr. Levi. "Over de vater, Muldoon."

With a swear—yes, Muldoon really did utter a phrase which would have shocked ears polite—he put his head back into the room again, half-expecting to get a charge of buckshot in it as he did so.

He was disappointed.

Agreeably so.

The room was empty.

No one was to be seen.

Jack was gone.

So was the shot-gun.

Muldoon offered a silent prayer of thankfulness.

"The darlint has escaped," he said. "Escaped wid a shot-gun. Bedad, he'll raise as much havoc in the village as a bombardment av bombshells! Where could he have gone?"

That was a question.

The most diligent search for several days by all the members of the Muldoon family failed to discover Jack's whereabouts. He had faded completely away from sight, so it seemed.

About this period a new craze broke out in Brighton.

It was for amateur theatricals.

Everybody who was anybody, or pretended to be anybody, went into them.

It was a classic craze, too. No "Pinafore" or "Olivette" was enacted.

It was Shakespeare, as a rule, varied occasionally by "Ingomar" and "Evadne."

The infection at last reached the Muldoon household.

It first "caught on" upon a calm, moonlight night, when the whole family was seated upon the piazza, watchin' the moonbeams dance upon the rippling waves of the grand old ocean.

"I wur to Lady Coudett's amateur thayatricale last night," said Mrs. Muldoon. "It wur an affair av great deloight. The play wur 'Romeo and Juliet.' She played *Juliet*."

"A nice *Juliet* she must have made," said Muldoon. "A fairy elf av two hundred pounds loike her leddyship to play *Juliet*. She wud have made a betther balcony for the lovers to stand on."

"She murdered *Juliet* very well," replied Mrs. Muldoon, with dignity. "By the way, Terry."

"What?"

"I have issued cards for an entertainment at our house."

"Yez have?"

"Yes."

"Widout consulting me?"

"Faix, I belave I have a supremacy in social affairs."

"Indade, Bidalia! What sort av an entertainment is it to be—a poker-party or a grave robbery?"

"Mr. Muldoon," said his wife, with an air of offended dignity, "I suppose yez consider yez low witamusing. Me first husband niver joked."

"Yez are roight, Bidalia. The burdhen av yez prisince crushed the gayety out av his constitution. But what sort av an entertainment is it?"

"Thayatrical."

"What's the play?"

"I do not know."

"Who's to play?"

"We'll foind society aethors."

"When is it to be?"

"Nixt Thursday."

"That's a wake from to-day?"

"Yis."

Muldoon got up from his chair. He made a gesture of despair.

"Bidalia," he said, "ye wud dhrive a man mad. The idea av asking all av the quality to a dhramatic entertainment, an' thin not loking out for aither a play or people to play in it. Be Heavens! I will die av insanity av the bhrain, brought an by wifely idiocy!"

Mrs. Muldoon was not at all discomposed.

"Ye can select the play and aethors yerself, Terry," said she. "I will lave it all to yez good taste."

This compliment partly subdued Muldoon's irritability.

"Afther yez have crossed the bridge yez can't go back," said he. "Afther yez have issued the invitations yez can't cease the party. Bidalia, I will select a dhrama—one av Billy's."

"Billy who?"

"Shake."

"Shake what?"

"Shakespeare, av coorse. We will play 'Hamlet.' 'Tis meself who will enact the noble Dane."

Mr. Growler burst into a horse-laugh.

"Muldoon," he said, "yer beat a cold deck, and corral the cruller. In fact, yer breaks der bakery. Der idear of yer playin' *Hamlet*. I might just as well try ter play a fairy queen in a ballet."

"I will play *Hamlet* or nothing at all," said Muldoon, firmly. "Faix, I will give yez a part, too, Mike, in spite av yer sarcastic verbiage. Ye can play the skull, and roar: 'Poor Yorick, I loved ye well.'"

"I'm an old hop-toad from a bed uv slate-stones, but I'll be derved ef I play a skull!" said the Hon. Mike, obstinately. "I'll tell yer wot I will characterize?"

"What?"

"The *Ghost*. There's a ghost in 'Hamlet,' ain't dere?"

"Yis."

"Well, I'll play der *Ghost*. I'll be a shivery, shaky old ghost outer a mossy tomb, an' don't yer forget it! Yer want an *Ophelia*, don't yer?"

"Yis."

"I've got der daisy for yer."

"Who?"

"Me wife."

So it was finally settled, after a good deal of talk, of course.

Muldoon was to play *Hamlet*.

Mike was to be *Horatio*.

Dan was to be *Polonius*.

Hippocrates Burns assumed *Laertes*, and Mrs. Muldoon was furnished with the part of the *Queen*.

The other characters were assumed by friends of the Muldoons—Brighton acquaintances.

For a week active preparations for the event went on.

Carpenters transferred the Muldoon back parlor into a stage, and you could not have walked about anywhere without falling over somebody diligently committing to memory the lines of *Hamlet*.

But at last the fateful night came.

The front parlor, of course, was the auditorium, and it was filled by the time named for the beginning of the performance by the elite of Brighton.



For a wonder, at the time designated the curtain arose.

The first scene passed off all right.

The second was where *Hamlet*, the *Queen*, and *Claudius* should have come on together.

But they didn't.

Muldoon only appeared—his anxiety to make a successful *debut* caused him to forget stage etiquette.

He strode upon the stage an ideal *Hamlet*. His stately walk, melancholy brow, and musing air all denoted Shakespeare's hero—the pensive Dane.

### PART XLIII.

THERE was a moment's silence as Muldoon strode forth upon the stage.

Talk about Edwin Booth, whisper about Henry Irving, why, their *Hamlets* were nowhere compared to Muldoon's.

It would probably have given old Shakespeare's ghost the gripes to behold his creation so characterized.

The silence was soon broken.

Roars of applause shook the house.

A grin illuminated the face of the pensive, sad-eyed Dane.

He bowed most politely.

"Leddies," said he, "ye do me proud. I niver felt so good since I had the maysels."

Just here a bouquet was flung upon the stage. Where it came from exactly Muldoon was not able to see, though indications seemed to point that somebody behind the scenes had pitched it.

I was a nice-looking bouquet—a bouquet composed of roses, and lilies, and pinks, as pretty and sweet-smelling a bouquet as one could wish to see.

Muldoon picked it up gracefully.

Raising it, he smelled of it with an air of delight.

The smelling operation lasted for just about one second.

Then Muldoon's face became distorted, his eyes were involuntarily closed, and his mouth opened. Tears were seen to fall down his cheeks.

He doubled himself up as if suddenly seized by a cramp.

"Ker-chew—ker-chew!" sneezed he, pitching the bouquet away.

It fell into the orchestra.

The leader picked it up, and almost unconsciously smelled of it, just the same as Muldoon had done.

That leader's face soon rivaled Muldoon's in facial contortions.

"Ker-chew!" went he.

His example seemed infectious.

The members of the orchestra followed their leader's example, and sneezed away, one of them kicking, in a spiteful way, the bouquet out of sight.

But Muldoon was the center of interest.

"I—I—kerchew!" said he; "I—I—kerchew—want a—kerchew—handkerchief."

"Go buy one!" yelled a voice from behind the scenes.

"Kerchew—kerchew—do not mock at me agony. I want a—kerchew—handkerchief."

"Take a sheet!" cried a voice again. "Here yer are!"

From behind a flat, thrown by some invisible hand, flew a sheet.

Muldoon grabbed at it.

He buried his face in it, while he sneezed away as if he was anxious to sneeze his head off of his shoulders.

The audience were surprised—ludicrously so. They could not make out the racket.

*Hamlet* sitting down upon a stage, with his countenance buried in a dirty sheet—for the hue of the sheet was far from being snowy—was a sight not often afforded to the lovers of the legitimate.

What did it mean?

That there was some occult connection between Muldoon's posture and the mysterious bouquet was evident to all.

Cries arose from the more inquisitive.

"What ails you, *Hamlet*?"

"Have you fits?"

"What are you crying for?"

"Is it grief?"

"Or colic?"

"Or drunk?"

"Tell us the racket."

Finally, Muldoon arose.

His face was red, briny tears dangled from his nose, and his eyes were inflamed.

He advanced to the footlights and shook his fist emphatically.

"Ye wondher at me mental convulsions?" he yelled.

"We do," was somebody's reply.

"Ye saw that bouquet?"

"We did."

"It wur a siren bouquet made to lure me to dhramatic shipwreck. It wur full av pepper—red pepper. It wur."

Shouts of laughter from the unsympathetic audience drowned Muldoon's further remarks.

Somebody started a round of applause which made the lamps which had been extemporized as footlights jingle.

Muldoon felt aggrieved.

"It may be raymarkably ludicrous to ye," he said, "but I fail to realize its acute humor. It may be fun to put red pepper in bouquet, an' make an author's nose feel as if it wur being scraped inwardly wid sand-paper, but I cannot see it. But, be Heaven, I will say one thing. If iver I catch the sucker who doctored that bunch av posies the grass will grow grane over his grave before another moon. He will be stabbed in the dark. I will—"

Muldoon was interrupted by a chorus of yells from behind the scenes.

"Shut up!"

"Come off!"

"What are you doing?"

"Give us a rest!"

"Go ahead with the play!"

"You're a sweet *Hamlet*!"

"Kill him!"

"What is it, anyway?"

"Get a broom and brush it away!"

"Hit it with a club."

Muldoon looked around.

The Hon. Mike, half made-up for the *Ghost*, was scraping a knife against his boot.

He brandished it at Muldoon as he caught the latter's eye.

"Yer bloody old spider-crab," politely said Mike, "if you don't come off, I'll make you play a corpse instead of *Hamlet*. I'm a singing old blue-bird out uv a garden uv roses generally, but when I see a duffer like you I'm an old prairie wolf wot's got hydrophobia in every bite."

"Be Heaven, I will not come off."

"Yer won't?"

"Niver. It wud take an earthquake to shake me resolve."

The Hon. Mike smiled a satanic smile.

"Hammer the *Hamlet*, boys!" he cried.

The next instant Muldoon was not able to swear whether he was dead or alive.

He experienced a shock.

It was a shock of the rudest kind, such as the real *Hamlet* himself would have kicked at.

Broken china, old rubbish, ancient eggs, careworn vegetables, bricks, pieces of wood—in fact, all sorts of refuse crashed about his head.

In vain he tried to ward off the sudden shower of articles.

Spiff!

He was hit upon the nose by a decayed carrot.

Spang!

An old slipper slapped his cheek and carromed off against a side scene.

Whack!

A whole cabbage bruised his side and nearly knocked him off of his feet.

Bang!

An egg—an over-ripe egg of nasty contents and equally nasty odor—squashed against his cheek. Its nauseous liquid got into his optics, ran up his nose, and trickled down his bosom.

Then Muldoon was mad.

All the more so, because the audience were laughing at the top of their bent.

Muldoon rushed madly forward, trying to wipe the egg-juice off with one hand.

"Leddies and jintlemen," he said, "I—"

Tingle!

The curtain-bell rang out sharply, but melodiously.

With a sudden rush the curtain descended.

Its heavy wooden roller struck Muldoon, and the force of the concussion caused him to fall.

The curtain continued its descent, enveloping Muldoon in its ample folds; and soon all of the melancholy Dane to be seen from the front of the house were his feet. It was a most novel ending of Shakespeare's tragedy.

Of course the play did not go on.

Confidentially, the play was never meant to go on.

It was simply another joke, of which Muldoon was the victim.

Nobody, excepting himself, had pretended to study a line of their characters, although he thought they had.

They knew that at any rate "*Hamlet*," with Muldoon in the title role, would be a farce, and they decided to make a broader farce out of it at his expense.

By the time Muldoon had recovered from his surprise at his unexpected knock-down, the company were dancing merrily out upon the broad lawn, which was brilliantly lighted up, the music

being furnished by the same orchestra who were supposed to accompany the play.

When Muldoon got up, shaking himself out of the embraces of the curtain, not a person was to be seen.

The characters all had fled; not even a scene-shifter was around.

Muldoon could not make it out for awhile. He did not catch on to the affair at all.

He went right out to his own room, and began fixing up as a gentleman once more.

The sound of voices reached his ear from the balcony below.

The voices were easily recognizable. They were those of the Hon. Mike and Dan.

The Hon. Mike, from his accents, seemed full of glee.

"Wuzn't it an affair?" said he; "an' der poor old duffer never dropped. I believe if yer would hit Muldoon wid a marble-yard he wouldn't tumble. Do yer know, I really believe he thought we would play *Hamlet* in earnest."

"Av course he did," responded Dan, with a merry laugh. "He studied it up for all it was worth. Didn't I hear him repating: 'To be, or not to be' to an aristocratic audience av rose-bushes a few noights ago? Shure, he was clane tuk in and done for."

Mike agreed in Dan's view of the subject.

"I never did see such a fresh, anyway," he said; "ef yer should say we wuz ail going on top uv der house to fish fur der moon, Muldoon would go digging about fur bait. Come along. Let's join the ladies."

Muldoon felt like leaning out of the window and throwing the water-pitcher at them.

"I'm sould again," he said; "av course. Be-dad, will me luck iver change? But niver moind. It is a very dark day that doesn't have some loight, and, begorra, it is a communistic vengeance I will take upon Mr. Growler."

Of course it was a week before Muldoon ceased to be gayed about *Hamlet*.

He took it all in good part, however, and there by disgusted his teasers.

Soon after there was another ripple upon the usually calm surface of the Muldoon domestic life.

It was occasioned by one of our characters, whom we have quite neglected for several weeks.

We mean Hippocrates Burns, bereaved widower, great poet, and crushed genius.

Hippocrates was never very fond of the society of the male Muldoons; he meekly preferred the association and sympathy of females—though, when he wanted money, he was not at all backward in borrowing of Muldoon—and Muldoon, good-natured old idiot, always lent it.

"Shure, Hippocrates manes well enough," he said; "but the b'ye's bhrain has a crevice in it. He will niver be drowned, bekase his head is the lightest part av him, and he will always float right side up wid buoyancy."

What is called the "esthetic craze" was just then making rapid headway in England.

An "esthetic," as near as we can get at it, is a born fool.

To be a male esthetic, you must wear your hair long, be careless about your dress, go into ecstasies about things you know nothing about, talk a twaddle of senseless jargon, metaphysics, philosophy, and, as Mr. 'Enery 'Uggs truthfully observed: "Make h'an h'ass h'of yourself."

Of course Hippocrates became an esthetic. It was not hard to become one.

All he had to do was to walk around in a moon-struck sort of way, and talk like a besotted idiot.

He made his *debut*, however, in full esthetic costume one night after supper.

He strode, or rather floated (no true esthetic would ever be guilty of such a great physical effort as striding) into the parlor.

His hair was uncombed and unkempt, and trailed down his back, his full dress suit hung loosely about him, and his face was pale and abstracted.

In his hand he held a while lily, which he smelled at frequently.

Muldoon and Dan gazed at him as if he was some being out of a mad-house.

"Jintlemen," said Muldoon, "it's from cage No. 9. The door wur left open an' it fled."

The Hon. Mike grasped a chair.

"I don't know what it is," he said, "but I am goin' ter kill it."

"Perhaps it's going to be raffled for, and it's been sint here to be put upon exhibition?" suggested Dan.

Mrs. Muldoon and Mary Ann had started up also.

Muldoon reassured them.

"Be not afraid," said he, "although it has no muzzle on, it will not bite. If it gets ugly, I will cough on it, and it will sink."

Hippocrates smiled serenely upon the speakers.

"You cannot appreciate the ideal," he said;



"the flights of aerial fancy are too high for your sub-strata intellects. Oh, ye are but grovelers—uncultured Orsons—ye are not at all metaphysical—in fact, ye are Stygian intellectualities."

That was sufficient for Mike.

He took off his coat, and requested somebody to pray for Hippocrates' soul.

"I hate to clutter up this room with gore," he said, "but I've got ter. Nobody kin insult me—ef it were my brother. I'm a wild old sea-serpent, wid four hundred rattles, and when I lash my old tail ships sink. Whoop! I am also a beastly old porky-pine, and when I shoot quills corpses are thick. I will now shoot."

Hippocrates drew back in alarm.

He was not quite sure but that Mike might pitch him out of the window, or wipe up the floor with him.

"What ails ye, Mike?" he asked.

"Yer dare ask me, do yer? Yer've got nerve enough for a book-agent. Yer've insulted me!"

"I have?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Yer said I wur a Stygian intellectuality. Yer said we wur all Stygian intellectualities. Ef Muldoon and Dan ain't men enough to take it up, I am. Get down upon yer knees till I knock yer head off."

"Why, Mike, I didn't mean anything."

"Yer didn't?"

"No; I was only speaking esthetically."

"That's all, Mike," put in his wife. "Put on your cuffs, and don't make a fool out of yourself."

Mike yielded.

"To yer convincing logic I yield, Mary Ann," he said; "but what does a Stygian intellectuality mean? If it is a bug I'll kill him yet."

"It simply means," explained Hippocrates, "that your brain is not sufficiently educated to appreciate the beautiful in nature, the unforeseen and intangible in art, the weird, wild factors in poetry, and the glorious reaching after what we cannot very well get in science. You understand, of course?"

Mike said he didn't.

But if Hippocrates would write it down he would ask a coroner to hold an inquest over it. Then perhaps he might find out what it really was.

"Where yer going, any way?" he asked.

"To a garden party," was Hippocrates' reply.

"To a mingling of congenial souls. Ah, 'twill be nice! We will sit in the gloom of the gaunt, gray oaks, while the sad, sweet cricket will chirp a wan, weird roundelay while I read my poem."

"Be Heaven! I would rather sit in the shade av a gaunt, gay beer-garden, while the sad, swate barkeeper sings, 'Take off Those Sluggers,' and pitch drinks for the pennies—I—"

"That will do, Terence," interrupted Mrs. Muldoon. "If I had such low tastes as ye I wudn't give them away. Hippocrates, ye said ye had a poem."

"I have," eagerly said the poet; "shall I read it?"

"Well, I'll stay if the rist will," groaned Muldoon. "B'yes, are yees with me?"

Mike said he was with him.

He was getting to be an old valetudinarian beau with gum in his eyes and sores in his ears, and he might just as well die now as any time else.

Eagerly grasping at even this negative sort of permission to proceed, Hippocrates drew out a roll of paper, the MS. of his poem.

Assuming such an attitude as he would like to have carved upon his monument after his death, he began:

"ROUNDELAY TO A LILY.

"Ah! lean, lank lily!

Ah! woe! white lily!

Oh, lily, that grows on the garden wall!"

"Hould on!" said Muldoon.

"What for?" queried Hippocrates.

"The poesy is wrong."

"How?"

"Ye spake av a lily growing upon a garden wall. It is a loie. I appeal to any man here if iver they saw a lily grow upon a wall?"

The Hon. Mike observed that he hadn't. A person might just as well expect to see a rosebud grow on a wash-tub, or a dahlia sprout from a lead of bricks, as to see a lily grow from a garden wall. Mr. Growler also said that lilies grew in ponds, that was where they lived. He knew, for he had often gone fishing for them in Nevada. What he didn't know about lilies would fill a book—several books, perhaps.

"But it is only poetical license," pleaded Hippocrates. "I know a lily cannot grow in a wall as well as you."

"Then why did you say it could?" Muldoon asked. "Bedad, what we want, whether in poethry or prose, is fact!"

"Oh, be quiet wid yer frivolity!" said Mrs. Muldoon; "let Hippocrates go ahead!"

Muldoon subsided.

Hippocrates went on repeating the lines he had already repeated before:

"Oh, lean, lank lily!

Oh, woe! white lily!

Oh! lily that grows on the garden wall

Ah, soft, shy lily!

Ah, dew-drop lily!

Why do ye cost me my soul a fall?

Ah, quaint, queer lily!

Ah, wild, wan lily!

Ah, lily that blushes at dawn's sweet kiss—"

Here Muldoon stopped the poetical recitation.

"Mrs. Muldoon," requested he, "will ye plaze hand me me enameled boomerang?"

#### PART XLIV.

MRS. MULDOON looked at her husband in surprise.

"What do ye want av yez enameled boomerang, Terry?" she asked.

"I want it, Bedalia. That should be sufficient for ye. Bedad, I am about to become a regicide. I will kill Hippocrates Burns. Years ago, in swate Mayo, me fortune wuz told by a gypsy princess. She said me future wuz streaked wid blood. I will place the streak upon me future now."

Poor Hippocrates paused in the reading of his poem.

"Oh, don't you like the poem, Muldoon?" asked he.

Muldoon gave him a glance of searching scorn.

"Do ye suppose, Hippocrates," he asked, "that an oyster loikes to be ate upon the half-shell, or a crab to be dhragged from its sea-weed bed to be broiled an epicurean red?"

"No," faltered Hippocrates.

"Thin nayther do I loike to be assaulted wid yez poesy."

"What ails it?"

"Be Heavens, it is too abtruse. It reads loike a motto on a tay-chist."

"But—but you haven't heard the next verse."

"Is there a nixt verse?"

"Yes—five more."

Muldoon turned to his wife.

"Bedalia," he said, "in addition to me enameled boomerang, procure me jeweled dagger and me Turkish bomb-shell. There are fivve more verses."

Poor Hippocrates realized that he was not appreciated. A prophet is without honor in his own country; so is a poet never appreciated in his own circle of friends.

He folded up his poem and proceeded to go.

"You may joke at me as you will," he remarked, "but some day you will all be glad to acknowledge the genius of Hippocrates Burns."

"Bedad, I wud rayther acknowledge one thing besides yer gaynius," Muldoon said.

"What?" queried the poet.

"The receipt av that fifty dollars I lint yez Saturday."

Hippocrates made no reply.

The suggestion was too base and groveling for him to consider.

With a gesture of disgust he faded away, going to the garden-party, where his estheticism would be better appreciated.

Next morning Muldoon received a telegram.

It was from London, and stated that an old friend desired to see him right away.

Muldoon, like a true husband, showed it to his wife.

"Bedad, Bedalia," said he, as he studied over the telegraphic message, "I cannot familiarize mesilf wid the chirography. Every telegram that I have rayceived since I have exhibited at Brighton has been in the same handwroiting."

"Av coorse, Terry."

"Why, av coorse?"

"The operator wroites them over. Did ye expect that the original sinder's message would be delivered same as he wroite it. Shaw, yer idea av telegraphy is very vague."

Muldoon smiled upon his wife a smile of conscious pity.

"Arrah, Bedalia," he said, "though ye have lived wid me four years, and been me wedded woife, ye cannot as yet fathom the depth av me bosom. I was only speaking sarcastically. But I would ask ye a query. Bedalia, wud ye, if ye were me, wud ye go?"

Mrs. Muldoon assumed a meditative air.

"Ye are sure, Terry," she asked, "that ye do not know who it was who tiligraphed for ye?"

Muldoon said no.

He had no idea of the person's identity.

"Perhaps," he said, "it may be Prince Albert."

He may be anxious av obtaining me advice relative to the political affairs av Europe."

"Nonsense, Terry; will ye answer me a question?"

"Av coorse."

"Truthfully?"

"Bedalia, I always do. Whin liars were made I was not prisent. Proceed wid yer question."

"There is no woman in the case?"

"Not even a heifer," was Muldoon's reply. "Ye well know, Bedalia, I have niver dayceived ye. The smoiles av Beauty and the enticements av faymale forms have no charms for me whin ye are near, Bedalia. Ye are a never-wilted bud av brilliancy."

"That will do ye, ye ould flattherer!" said Mrs. Muldoon; but, nevertheless, she was pleased. Whoever saw a woman, old or young, plain or lovely, who didn't like to be flattered? Such a female is as much a "rara avis" as a black swan.

So Muldoon started off—by train at half-past six that night, expecting to reach London before midnight.

At seven that night the Hon. Mike received a telegram.

It was from London.

It ran as follows:

"The Hon. Michael Growler, Brighton:

"Come to London right away. Do not delay."

(Signed) "A FRIEND."

Mike was in the Royal Hotel billiard-room, pushing the pool-balls idly about when he received it.

He could not conjecture from whom it had come, but he resolved to obey its request.

He sent a note home to his wife to explain his absence, and started away in the night express.

He, too, expected to reach London that night.

But we often expect what we fail to realize.

There was a freight train ahead of Muldoon's train, which took it into its head to jump the track. The result was that the road was blocked up with crushed cars, smashed axles, and broken wheels.

Muldoon, alarmed by the sudden stoppage of the train in which he was, got out.

"What's up?" asked he, of the guard.

"Accident," was the reply.

"Av what sort?"

"Freight smash-up."

"Serious?"

"No—nobody hurt."

"Will it kape us long?"

The guard laughed sarcastically.

"Not very long," he replied; "if we get to London before noon to-morrow we're lucky."

"Are there slaping cars attached to the train?"

"No, sir."

"Thin, bedad, I will take a passage back to Brighton."

"I guess not—unless you want to walk."

"Why?"

"The wreck's on both tracks, and trains can pass neither way."

Here was a nice fix for Muldoon. The idea of passing a night in a railway car.

He stood upon the foot-guard of the car reflecting what he should do about it.

The lights of what appeared to be a small village were to be seen not far away.

"Guard," asked he, "what place is that?"

"Barrytown, sir."

"Big place?"

"No, sir."

"Got a hotel?"

"Yes, sir."

Muldoon's mind was soon made up. He would go to Barrytown, strike the hotel and stay all night, for the guard solemnly assured him that they could not possibly get away before the next noon.

After a considerable walk Muldoon reached the hotel, which was a small habitation, rejoicing in the name of the "Pig and Penny." He found the tap-room full. Most of the passengers by the delayed train had evidently formed a similar resolve to himself of spending the night at the hotel, for Muldoon found when he went to engage a room that only one was empty.

He engaged it.

"I will have it to mesilf," he said.

"How much did H'i h'ask you for h'it?" the landlord asked.

"Half a pound."

"Well, h'its a double-bedded room, h'and h'if you want h'all h'of the bed you will 'ave to pay a pound. H'otherwise h'if h'anybody h'else wants h'a bed H'i will 'ave to put 'im h'in your room."

Muldoon justly considered that a pound (five dollars) was rather steep for a room for one night at a small country hotel, and he tried to beat the price down.

The landlord, however, would not have it.

He did not have a railroad accident in his



vicinity every day, and he was going to make just as much out of it as he could.

Finally Muldoon concluded to take half of the room, for, as the landlord conciliatingly said, it was not likely, after all, that anybody else would come.

"Ave ye a lamp?" the landlord queried.

Muldoon said he hadn't. It was not his custom to carry lamps around with him in his pants pocket when he was traveling. He did not even have a calcium light in his satchel.

"Then ye will 'ave to go to bed in the dark," remarked the landlord, "for my lamps, H I see, h'are h'all h'out."

Muldoon acquiesced, and he was shown up to his room.

From what he could see by the dim light which filled (or perhaps obscured would be more appropriate) the apartment, said apartment was not exactly a boudoir.

No velvet carpet clothed its floor, no dainty lace curtains embellished its windows, nor did costly paper deck its walls. In fact, it was a sort of first-class garret, definitely speaking, graced by a bed and a few strictly necessary articles of furniture.

The bed itself was not big.

To speak of it as a double bed was a stretch of courtesy.

Muldoon felt that he could very comfortably fill it without anybody else's aid.

"If there wur two slept in this bed, one wud have to slape on the bolster-case," soliloquized he. "I will now purceed to put me shoes in me watch-case and go to bed."

He was as good as his word.

Soon he was in bed, and not long after he was sound asleep.

He was rudely awakened, however, from his repose.

"I say, ye old pilgrim," spoke a rough voice, "why don't ye tak' der hull bed? I'm nuthin' but a old skeleton outen a restless grave, but I'll be durned ef I kin sleep on just one inch av mattress."

"Hey?" asked Muldoon, sleepily. "Who're ye?"

"Yer will find out soon enuff if ye don't move over. Generally I'm a calm old air-bubble, floatin' placidly upon der surface uv a mill pond, but occasionally I'm a boiling old cataract wot flows down rocks an' drowns people. Move over."

The order was backed up by a kick against Muldoon's spine. Gradually he became awake. He realized that his bed had a second tenant; another head was pressing the pillow besides his own.

"How—how did ye get here?" he asked.

"Necessity," came the reply. "I got stuck on der blasted old train. I didn't want ter lull myself ter repose on a car seat, so I struck this old cattle-pen, and der landlord fixed me ter bunk wid yer. I ain't licked across. I'm a big-footed old swill-head outen a pig-pen, an' I'm used ter sleepin' wid hogs."

This remark was decidedly personal, and at another time or at another place Muldoon might have resented the insult.

He, however, was not aware of the fighting weight, and was not desirous of risking a chance encounter.

So Muldoon laid still for a while, laying over as far as possible from his bed-fellow.

The bed was, as we said before, very small.

It was exceedingly uncomfortable when tenanted by two.

So Muldoon found out.

A sudden idea came into his head.

He would put up some job which would get his bed-fellow out of the bed.

He would pretend to have a fit and thus scare the intruder from his side.

He began to gently break the project.

"Do you slape sound?" queried Muldoon.

"Yes," said the stranger.

"Faix, I am glad uv it."

"Why?"

"Bekase I moight disturb ye."

"How?"

"I am the victim uv an unfortunate malady."

"What kind?"

"I have fits."

"What sort of fits?"

"Electric. I was born so. When I get fits I become a lunatic. I am liable to roam about wid a knife and slash. Payculiar, ain't it?"

"Durned so."

"There is another payculiar part uv me malady."

"What is it?"

"Me fits are fore-ordained by a buzzing in me brain. I behold birds in the air."

"What are yer given me?"

"Fact. Hist!"

"Hey?"

"Howld me."

"Hold yer?"

"Yes. I belave a fit is about to ensue now. Is it an aigle I see on the wall, its tail turned toward me?"

"Dat's taff. It's so blasted dark, yer couldn't see an elephant. I'm an old night-owl, wid optics made fur piercing der shadows uv night, but it's too blasted dark fur me now to see a wood-shed on fire in a dark corner. Savy, pard?"

"What?"

"Yer afflicted wid fits?"

"Yes."

"I am afflicted wuss."

"What wid?"

"Hydrophobia."

Muldoon gave a start.

"Man," he asked, "what do ye mane to convey?"

The stranger rolled over until his mouth was just about upon a level with Muldoon's ear.

"Four years ago," he said, "I wuz bit by a tarrier—a regular stump-tailed cur uv a yaller dorg. Der virus—dat's wot I believe dem pill-peddlers call it—got inter my system. Der result wuz annual spasms."

"Annual spasms?" re-echoed Muldoon.

"Dat's der cake. I wuz bit upon der fifth uv September."

"Yes."

"Wot's ter-night?"

"Be heavens! it's the fifth uv September!" gasped Muldoon.

"Den my bite ter-night is death," replied the other, impressively. "Der convulsion will soon seize me. When yer feel der bed shaking from my spasms, and der froth a frothing outen my gums, look out!"

Muldoon felt a cold chill pass over his body.

His teeth fairly chattered together.

Here was a nice man to be placed in bed with. A man who had been bit by a rabid dog, and who had received from said bite that most awful of all poisonous diseases—hydrophobia.

Why, the print of that man's teeth upon Muldoon's arm would doubtlessly cause his death by untold suffering.

Muldoon's mind was soon made up as to the course which he must pursue.

He must have his hydrophobia fit right away—and if possible scare his unwelcome companion away before the other's spell appeared.

Therefore Muldoon soon began operations.

He emitted a series of inarticulate and broken yells such as might have reflected great credit upon a Comanche Indian.

"Oh! yah! oh! me!" bawled he, twisting and squirming about.

In his contortion he kicked his bed-fellow severely in the side. Said bed-fellow was plainly not a reader of the sacred Writ.

When kicked in one side, he did not turn about and offer the other side to be kicked also; instead, he elevated his hand; it fell with a whack upon Muldoon's face.

The hand touch was not as gentle as a fairy's.

There was nothing gossamer about it.

Rather did it feel like a sledge-hammer; for it nearly flattened Muldoon's nose.

The pain caused Muldoon for a moment to forget his imposture.

"Howly Moses!" exclaimed he, "wud ye kill me? What do ye mane by attempting to droive me nose into the back of me head? Do yez suppose I possess a nasal organ av brass insensate to the touch?"

The other growled.

"I'm a sickly old cock-roach cradled in a sewer-pipe," he replied; "but I don't have fits. An' I will tell yer, as a friend, it's durned unhealthy for any duffer ter play fits on me. Ef yer want to hev fits, go hire a hall."

"Faix, it is not me fault. Ye moight jist as well chide a child for dying wid the maysles. If I had me choice av a vicinity for having fits I wud prefer a prairie."

"Go buy one," was the unfeeling answer of the other. "Let me tell yer a fact, cully."

"What?"

"N. M. F."

"What's that?"

"N. M. F. or S. D. I'm an old George Washington wid a pink and white hatchet, and I never lie. Get onter me words, pard?"

"Divil a bit. What does yer calabastic initials mane? What is N. M. F. or S. D? Is it a new sayeret society?"

"It jist means, 'No More Fits or Sure Death.'" Muldoon reflected.

"I belave I wud jist about as lave die," he said, to himself, "as slape two in a bed—especially this bed. It is just about as spacious and roomy as a beer-keg. Besoides, he will niver dare kill me. I will have a sicond fit."

The fit was worked. It was a great fit.

It comprised kickings, punches of the fists, wild tossings of the body, and gasps and gurgles of presumable pain.

On the whole it was an artistic fit, better, perhaps, than a real one.

It succeeded as Muldoon wished it would.

That was, in one respect.

It got his fellow-occupant out of the bed.

But it also got Muldoon out.

For the fellow-occupant, as soon as he was struck, at once grasped Muldoon.

He caught him by the nape of the neck, and proceeded to hurl him upon the floor.

Stranger and Muldoon were about equal as regards physical strength.

It was an equal match between them. Had pools been sold upon the result, the pools would probably have sold even.

They rolled upon the floor.

They punched.

They kicked.

They bit.

They scratched.

They swore.

Muldoon was full of just one awful idea.

Suppose while they were fighting that his antagonist's annual fit of hydrophobia would come on, and he should bite Muldoon.

Then the poison would get into Muldoon, and he would expire in spasms at the sight of cold water.

"What an ending for a Muldoon!" gasped he.

"Bedad, I must throttle me antagonist," he said. He tried to.

Just as he was about contracting his fingers upon the other's throat, the door was burst open.

The landlord, attracted by the awful racket in the room, came in with a light.

The two combatants sprang apart, and glared like wild beasts at each other. For the first time they beheld each other's faces.

"Muldoon!" gasped one.

"Mike!" gasped the other.

#### PART XLV.

MULDOON gazed at Mike.

Mike gazed back at Muldoon.

In fact, it was a mutual case of gaze.

"Mike, is it ye?" at last gasped Muldoon.

"Wat's left uv me," replied the Hon. Mr. Growler. "Yer a snide old fighter, yer are. I don't care if I get a black eye when a feller fights square, but yer didn't. Yer kicked me in dat eye. Den yer used yer teeth. Yer were a-sitting upon my stomach, a-gnawing at my nose. Dat's a woman's way uv fighting."

Here the landlord, who was standing at the door, light in hand, broke in upon the dialogue.

"Hi wish to h'ask a question," he said.

"Ask a barrellful if ye plaze," replied Muldoon.

"What's h'up?"

"Not me, bedad—I'm down."

"Hi mean what h'is the cause h'of the row?"

"What row?"

"The h'infernal noise you 'ave been kicking h'up."

"It wuz no row."

"No row?"

"Not a bit. It wur simply slape-walking. I walk in me slape, and so does the other jint. By a quare phenomena in metaphysics we both chanced to walk together, and a somnambulistic encounter wuz the raysult. We both imagined we wur proize-fighters, that's all."

The landlord was staggered at the fictionary explanation.

"Hi think h'its a lie," he boldly remarked.

"The h'explanation h'is h'infernally h'odd!"

The Hon. Mike arose slowly but majestically up from his seat upon the carpet.

"I'm an old porous plaster, tried and true," he said, "and I always stick to my friends. Dat gentleman wat wuz speakin' is a friend uv mine. Yer said he lied. Dat settles it! I'm a crazy old destroyer wid a fifteen-inch dagger, and now I'm gone for you!"

The Hon. Mike looked so ferocious with his black eye, bruised face and bloodied night-shirt, that the landlord retreated, especially as the Lily of Nevada proceeded to pull forth from beneath the pillow of the bed a big navy revolver and a bowie knife, both of which weapons gleamed in the candle-light in a way not at all reassuring.

"I'm a journeyman murderer," remarked Mike, "and dem is my tools. Would yer prefer to be punctured in der gizzard or stabbed in der lung?"

The landlords's face grew pale.

"H'I—h'i apologize!" he stammered out.

Mike put down his weapons.

"Dat will do," said he; "der massacre is postponed. Now, yer bloody old hash-pervider, yer kin skedaddle. Make those beefy old legs uv yours move wid alacrity. Der red-headed old



buzzard uv der Alpine snow is a-cawing now, and yer better heed der caw!"

The landlord listened to the caw.

He got right out, half-determined to send for the police at once.

"Those two h'are h'either h'idiot or h'assasins," he said to his wife, when he reached his own room. "'And me my 'oss pistol, Maria, till h'I put this h'extra bullet in the barrel. H'I will be prepared for h'every h'emergency."

Meanwhile, Muldoon and Mike were having an explanation.

It was a sort of sorrowful explanation, too, for both of them were severely pummeled.

"If I'd a-known it wuz you," Mike extenuated, "I would never have bloodied yer jaw."

"Faix," was Muldoon's reply, "if I had supposed it were ye, wud I have gnawed away at yer nose? Bedad, it luks loike a sponge now."

"Why didn't yer ax who I wuz?"

"Why didn't yez ax me me identity?"

"I never thought av it."

"Me nayther."

So they talked on until their faces were a little more presentable, water and a towel doing wonders.

In the morning the railroad was cleared of the wreck of the preceding night, and Muldoon and Mike proceeded directly to London.

They went to the address which was upon the telegraph which they had received.

It was a small hotel, or rather a family boarding-house would be the better name.

There was a gentleman outside of the hotel—a gentleman who occupied a chair, and had both of his feet conspicuously braced against a pillar of the porch.

He was a gentleman possessed of a square jaw, a stubby goatee, and a big diamond stud which scintillated in the rays of the sun.

Muldoon started as he caught a glance of the gentleman.

"Mike," said Muldoon, "am I sober, or have I the jams? Is it a vision or reality which I behold? Ye see yon hotel stoop?"

"Yes."

"Ye also see the wax-work upon it?"

"Yes."

"Are ye familiar with its physigonomic lineaments?"

"Its face, yer mean?"

"Yes."

The Hon. Mike studied the face of the gentleman. A flash of recognition came across Mike's countenance.

"I am onto it now," said he. "Bury me head in a bank uv mud, ef it ain't Mulcahy!"

"Yez are roight," said Muldoon. "Wait till yez see me wake him up."

Muldoon's way of making Mulcahy cognizant of his presence was a very simple one.

He simply picked up a decayed tomato which was reposing quietly in the gutter, and flung it at Mulcahy.

His aim was not exactly sure. It did not hit Mulcahy, but it came very near doing so, for it struck the pillar against which Mulcahy's feet were resting.

Of course the tomato broke.

Of course the tomato's slimy and decidedly unwelcome contents scattered all over Mulcahy, clinging fondly to his garments.

Mulcahy got up.

There was wrath in his eye.

He looked about as if to find out from whence the fruit came.

"Lay down, ye tarrier!" bawled out Muldoon. "Bedad, I'll crush ye wid a squash nixt. Oh, for rotten eggs to caress ye wid!"

Mulcahy's face changed.

From an expression of extreme anger it was transformed into one of joy.

The voice was familiar to his ears, and it was very welcome.

"Muldoon!" cried he, rushing over and fairly hugging Muldoon to his bosom.

"Bedad, 'tis I," answered Muldoon, returning Mulcahy's enthusiastic squeeze. "Luk at the cucumber mark upon me forehead, if ye don't believe it."

Here the Hon. Mr. Growler came to the front. There was a frown upon the brow of the noble Nevada statesman.

He felt that he was neglected.

"I know I'm a bloody-kneed old nothing from No Good gulch," he carelessly said, "but still I like ter be recognized once in a while."

Mulcahy took the hint.

"Hello, Mike!" he said, reaching out his hand. "How are ye, man? Well, I know, for ye are luki'g as smart as a rose."

Mike was mollified.

"Oh, I'm solid as a rock," was his response. "It's a very wet afternoon when der old seal uv Alaska's ice-bound shores can't keep der top uv his head dry. How's everything?"

Mulcahy said everything was great.

"Did ye get me telegram?" asked he.

Muldoon and Mike gazed half sorrowfully, half comically at each other.

"Did we get yer cable dispatch?" said he. "Did we, Mike? Now, Mulcahy, luk at me eye. Is it all natural?"

Mulcahy said it was not.

As a very unexceptionable rule, people's eyes were not encircled by a delicate halo of black and a ring of blue.

"Luk at Mike's nose. Is that a correct smeller for a jint to carry round wid him?"

Mulcahy agreed that it was not. There was too much of the nose altogether. Its swollen appearance and roseate hue were not common to the average nose.

"Were ye in a foight or a wake?" interrogated Mulcahy; "or did ye slape upon the roof av yer Winter Palace and fall off?"

"Twur nayther," replied Muldoon. "Twur the result uv yer taylegram."

Mulcahy could not see how such a result could come to pass.

"Ye didn't snatch it off av the woire and rayceive the shock av electricity?" he said.

"No."

"Thin how did it occur?"

Muldoon explained, and a good laugh was followed by a good square drink, for the sake of auld lang syne, for Mulcahy was an old friend. By the way, we forgot to introduce Mulcahy.

Those of our readers who read the previous series of Muldoon's scrapes and escapes, particularly "Muldoon's Boarding House," will recollect Mulcahy.

He and Muldoon were foes for a long while—foes in love, politics and social affairs; in fact, even foes in business. For when Muldoon started his celebrated boarding-house, Mulcahy started an opposition right next door. Muldoon's sudden rise to affluence, through the death of his uncle, who left him a fortune, stopped the old feud.

Mulcahy became Muldoon's friend, and as he once swore at Muldoon, now swore by him.

When Muldoon went to Europe Mulcahy took charge of the boarding-house, or rather, the two rival establishments were consolidated.

It was a surprise indeed for Muldoon to behold Mulcahy on foreign soil.

"What manes it, Mulcahy?" said he. "Why are ye here? I would have guessed ye were at home making cross-bar poi for yer boarders. Have ye been sint out by O'Donovan Rossa to blow up St. Paul's Cathedral wid arsenic?"

Mulcahy laughed.

"I came over for yer sake, Muldoon," said he.

"How?"

"Great graft."

"What is the species av the graft?"

"Political."

"What do ye mane?"

"Begorra, Muldoon, ye have a roight to swell yer bosom up wid proide."

"Faix, I prefer to swell it wid whisky."

"Aisy wid yer wit. I have news for ye."

"What?"

"Nerve yerself for a joyful surprise. The b'yes, Muldoon, have not forgot ye. Ye have been nominated for—"

"For what?" fairly gasped Muldoon.

"Senator!"

Muldoon was quiet for awhile.

He seemed fairly dazed for a few seconds.

"Ye are not giving me bubbles, Mulcahy?" said he, finally, passing his hand across his brow.

"I am telling ye the truth," replied Mulcahy.

"Despite the opposition av One-eyed McCarty and ex-Assemblyman Pretzel ye were nominated. One-eyed McCarty kicked, but we fixed him. We promised him a post as supervisor av Chaynese laundries if ye were elicted."

Muldoon's repressed feelings now found utterance.

"The honor exceeds me most sanguinary expectations," said he, joyfully. "I will own I expected the parthy moight raycognize me services and public popularity wid an office, but I did not hope beyant a nomination for Alderman or Coroner. But a Senator! Holy Moses! the bodies av the dead Muldoons will waltz in their graves wid joy!"

The Hon. Mike was the first to offer his congratulations.

"Shake, Muldoon," he said, "I'm just as glad as yer are. Put it there, old pard."

Muldoon wrung the Hon. Mike's extended hand heartily.

"Hurroo!" he said. "Waiter, here."

They were in the tap-room, and an obsequious waiter soon appeared.

"A private room and the wine-celler," said Muldoon. "We will ate nothing but birds and drink nothing but wine to-day. Whoop, lade on, ye knight av the napkin, to the banquet-chamber."

The waiter, after considerable mental effort, studied out the request and proceeded to obey it.

He led the party into a private room, where a good lunch was washed down by several bottles of sparkling wine.

After cigars had been smoked, and the food so settled, a walk was proposed.

A stroll through several streets followed, and Mulcahy expressed his opinion that London was:

"Nearly aiqul to New York."

In a side street a carriage was seen—a small buggy, which was drawn up against the pavement.

A lady was its sole occupant.

She was a fat, fair lady, dressed very neatly, and she was gazing at the party with wide-open eyes.

Mulcahy noticed her fixed stare.

"'Tis me build that catches the leddies," he said.

"What do ye mane?" asked Muldoon.

"What I say. Ye are cognizant av yon dher carriage?"

"Yes."

"Do ye behowld the blossom av beauty who occupies it?"

"Yes."

"Watch her eyes."

"What for?"

"So that ye can behowld the maning glances she fixes upon me. I belave me gould scarf-pin has caught her."

"Probably she takes ye for a runaway," replied Muldoon, noticing the lady's fixed gaze. "There wur a foire in a menagerie last noight, and several av the curiosities escaped and are still at large."

"Taffy," responded Mulcahy. "I will thry to make her acquaintance."

"Yez can't."

"I will."

"I'll wager yez not."

"How much av a wager?"

"A pound-note."

Mulcahy was not to be bluffed. From a well-lined pocket-book he brought forth a five-dollar bill.

"That is equivalent to a pound in Sassensach money, is it not?" queried he.

Muldoon said it was, and Muldoon fished forth a pound-note from somewhere around his person.

"I'll hold the stakes," volunteered Mike.

"But who'll howld ye?" asked Muldoon.

"Do yez recollect the last toime ye wur stakeholder? Faix, I do well."

"When?" asked Mike.

"Whin Dan and I had a dispute as to whether the tail av a comet was natural or artificial. Ye pocketed the money, and said that ye wud reserve yer decision till somebody went up in an aerial ship to foind out—and yez also appeared wid a new suit av clothes the nixt day."

"Keep yer old gold!" said Mr. Growler. "I don't want it. I would not be stakeholder now ef yez would give me a palace in gold wid fifty diamond-walled rooms and a bar in each room. Wipe yer nose wid yer gilt."

The senator from Nevada persisted in his declaration, and it was finally decided that the settlement of the bet was to be left to the honor of the parties concerned.

Meanwhile the lady in the carriage was still looking with a stubborn stare at the party.

"There is a tap-room opposite," spoke Muldoon, "where Mike and meself will go and watch yer gallant maneuvers from the window."

So it was agreed upon.

Mike and Muldoon passed across the street to the tap-room, where, ordering a couple of glasses of cider and a couple of cigars, they sat down by the window and began to pipe off Mulcahy.

Mulcahy pulled down his cuffs, affixed his neck-tie, and lighting a fresh cigar, began to crash.

The lady's eyes were yet fixed upon him.

It seemed funny that the lady, though she kept her eyes glued—as it might be described—upon Mulcahy, yet suffered not a smile to illumine her face.

In fact, she gave Mulcahy not the faintest bit of encouragement, though Mulcahy's ogles and furtive flirts of polka-dot handkerchief were enough to excite the attention of any one.

Yet Mulcahy did not give up. For fully half an hour he walked up and down, perspiring furiously all the while, for he was on the sunny side of the street, and the heat of the sun's rays was really intense.

His movements attracted the notice of several other sojourners in the tap-room besides Muldoon and Mike.

"By Jove!" said one sour-faced fellow, who seemed particularly interested in Mulcahy's antics. "It is a shame."



"What's a shame?" asked a short, fat, rosy-faced man, who was also looking at Mulcahy.

"The way that fools act."

"What fool?"

"That dressed up baboon opposite. He's trying to entice that respectable lady, sitting in the carriage outside, into a flirtation. Note the ape's gibes and grimaces. Such parodies on mankind as he is ought to be shot."

A smile broadened upon the short, fat man's features.

"He's trying to produce an impression upon the lady in the carriage?" asked he.

"Yes, sir."

"The lady with the pink bonnet?"

"Yes, sir."

"He's winking at her?"

"Yes."

"And making eyes at her?"

"See for yourself."

"And waving his handkerchief?"

"Yes—he is."

"And she doesn't smile back?"

"No, sir."

"Or even giggle?"

"Not a giggle."

"But she's looking right at him, isn't she?"

"Yes, sir."

Here the short, fat, rosy-cheeked man's mirth, which seemed to have been struggling for expression for a long while, broke all bounds of repression.

He sat down and guffawed till the tears fairly rolled down his cheeks, and trickled in little rivulets all over his white vest.

"Oh, it's too rich!" he said, in broken accents, between broken fits of laughter. "It's too blamed rich!"

"What is?" interrogated the sour-visaged fellow, regarding the other's actions in evident surprise.

"Why, that lady in the carriage is—is—is—"

"Is what?"

"My wife. Oh, somebody hold me, or I shall die of laughing!"

The sour-visaged fellow's face became black as a thunder-cloud.

"Do you know my opinion of you, my friend?" said he.

"What?" was the other's response.

"You're a coward—a mean-spirited cur!"

The other stopped his fits of cachinnation, and became suddenly grave.

"What grounds, sir, have you for such remarks?" he asked.

"Enough grounds for any man to make such a criticism."

"Please state them."

"I will. You say that lady in the carriage is your wife?"

"She is."

"And yet you, her husband, allow a jackanapes like that silly fool across the street to annoy her with his obtrusive attentions. If she was my wife, I would go out and wipe up the flagging with that fellow."

Once more the fat man burst out into a peal of merriment.

"That's just the joke," said he; "that well-dressed idiot is a winking and a blinking and a simpering at my wife—isn't he?"

"Decidedly so."

"Well, he might just as well have stayed at home and practiced his arts on a stick of wood."

"Why so?"

"The old gal's been blind for nigh a score of years."

Then the aggrieved husband burst again into cachinnation, while even the sour-visaged gentleman was forced to smile in a vinegary way.

Muldoon and Mike did not wait to learn any more.

They rushed out, grabbed poor Mulcahy, and bounced him out of sight.

When the affair was explained to Mulcahy, it is unnecessary to say he felt as silly as a hen who has hatched forth goose eggs.

"For Heaven's sake, byes," said he, "niver give it away! Me reputation would be ruined if ye did. Muldoon, here's yer foive dollars."

After a good laugh and many jokes at Mulcahy's expense, it was finally promised him that the affair would never leak out.

But it did.

How else did I ever get a hold of it?

That same afternoon there was to be a review of volunteers at a London park.

It was decided to attend.

The three went, arriving at the spot just before the grand march of the civilian soldiers was to take place.

Muldoon noticed in a carriage a lady—a lady, to be sure, not very young, but still comely—who was surrounded by officials.

"She luks loike Bedalia," said he. "Faix, she

is lukiing at me! Perhaps she is a widowed duchess."

But his two friends were gone, and his remark was not noticed.

They seemed to have suddenly disappeared.

"Have they shook me, or are they lost?" wondered he.

A few minutes later, however, they reappeared.

They were upon horseback.

"It is our intention to view the martial spectacle mounted," said Mulcahy, "so we went to a livery stable and got the nags."

"Why didn't yez get me wan?"

"Good reason."

"What?"

"He only had two saddle-horses."

"Me luck praycisely!" groaned Muldoon. "If I am beheld by any av me quality friends they will wondher why I, too, am not mounted. Shure I will state that I have a boil upon me spinal column which prevents me equestrianizing. I be-lave if I wur arrayed upon a prancing steed I could attain the coy glances av the lady yonder in the carriage."

The Hon. Mike seemed suddenly interested.

"Yer couldn't," said he.

"I could. I can do it on foot."

"I'll bet yer can't. I'll bet a new hat."

Muldoon accepted the wager.

He walked boldly up to the carriage and bowed.

"Ahem!" coughed he, noticing that the lady's eyes were fixed upon him, in surprise, it seemed.

"Are ye going to the ball this evening?"

## PART XLVI.

MULDOON'S attitude, as he spoke the words with which our last part closed, was a perfect gem of gracefulness.

"Wid a hump on his back he wud luk just loike a camel," criticised Mulcahy.

Still the lady in the carriage did not seem impressed by Muldoon's courtesy.

Instead, she shrank back as if afraid, and the young ladies, who were also seated in the vehicle with her, gave vent to a series of screams.

There was a square-shouldered, grim-faced old Scotchman, who sat upon the footman's seat, acting, it seemed, as a sort of guard for the occupants of the carriage.

That he was a guard in reality Muldoon soon found out, to his sorrow, be it said.

With a bound the grim-faced Scotchman was alongside of Muldoon.

He grabbed Muldoon by the collar.

"Guards, guards!" called he. "Help, the queen is in danger!"

Muldoon caught the hand which was upon his shoulder.

"Stand off, ye rascal!" said he. "What are yez up to, anyway? Faix, if yez don't lave go av me I will make a Scotch pot-pie out av ye!"

"Ye will, vile assassin," was the other's rejoinder. "Hush! no man insults the queen while John Brown is around. Help!"

His cry for assistance was soon answered.

A crowd of brilliantly-garbed officers, a platoon of police, and a mob of red-coated volunteers were upon the spot in a second.

"What is the matter?" queried a red-faced old officer, who rode up on a prancing steed, and who seemed to be the chief in command.

"He's insulted the queen," said the Scotch servitor.

At this explanation cries arose on all sides.

"Kill him!"

"Shoot him!"

"Run the rascal through!"

"Break his neck!"

"Slay him on the spot!"

"Crush him!"

Indeed, it seemed for a while as if Muldoon was apt to be torn to pieces by the crowd.

But just as violent hands were about to be laid upon him—just as a dozen flashing swords were pointed at his breast, and a score of muskets aimed at his head, a clear voice called:

"Hold!"

The accents were at once recognized.

The muskets dropped.

The voice was that of the lady in the carriage—the one plain woman who rules over one of the greatest nations in the world—Queen Victoria!

Aye, it was England's ruler who Muldoon, with his usual blind ill-luck, had tried to scrape an acquaintance with.

"Don't hurt him," she said, regarding Muldoon with a pitying glance. "He must be crazy, or, perhaps, the sun's rays have affected his brain."

"He may be a Nihilist," said a sturdy officer of police.

That was too much for Muldoon, half-dazed as he was; for he was not aware as yet of the dig-

nity of the lady whom he had so rudely addressed.

He straightened up.

"Do I luk loike a Nihilist?" he queried. "Do yez raycognize me as Russian?"

"Deal gently with him," said the queen, sinking back upon the cushioned seat; "drive on, Henry."

The coachman whipped up his horses, and amidst a volley of respectful huzzas, the royal carriage moved away.

Once the equipage out of sight, there was a concerted attack made upon Muldoon.

To do the crowd justice, they respected the order of Her Majesty to a certain degree.

No force, except physical force, was used towards Muldoon.

He was not stabbed, or shot, or speared.

But he was kicked.

And pulled.

And mauled.

And clubbed.

And beat.

They knocked him down and walked over him. They picked him up and dragged him along, feet first.

They doubled him up, and kicked him straight again.

Finally, half dead from their rough usage, he was left in a field adjacent to the scene of the review.

It was fully five minutes—nearer ten perhaps—when he regained a partial possession of his mental faculties.

He arose to a half-sitting position, and looked about with an air of bewilderment.

"Be Heavens!" he exclaimed, "is it a noightmare, or is it a hideous reality?"

Slowly the preceding event came back to his befogged (and be-kicked) brain.

He recounted what had passed with an effort.

"A leddy in a carriage," said he—"I bow to her. Thin a dirty heeler av a Scotchman, a charge av peelers and melitia at me—nixt me praysiat posthure. What can it mane? And luk at me personal appearance. I wud faygure wid eclat as the lading pictchure av a book av battles!"

He was just about correct in the last statement.

He would have made a grand allegorical representation of a man who had been through a war—a very severe war at that.

His face was bloodied and bruised.

His clothes were tattered and torn.

His ruffled shirt was frayed, and blotches of blood, proceeding from an ensanguined nose, were conspicuous upon its once glossy surface.

His vest was fairly ripped off, and his massive gold watch was dangling at liberty by his side.

"Me only resource is to toddle away to a dealer in junk, and ascertain me price as a ruin," sorrowfully he said. "I will—"

"Muldoon!" said a voice.

He cut short his soliloquy, and looked round to perceive who it was who had called his name.

His eyes were not forced long to wander.

Behind a clump of brush was a figure which he knew was the Hon. Mike's.

"Muldoon?" repeated the Growler.

"Yes," replied Muldoon.

"Are ye alive?"

"Partially."

"Kin yer walk?"

"I guess so."

"Then foller me. But keep in me rear. If yer walk by my side, I'm liable ter be killed."

With this caution Mike stole away, and Muldoon followed after, keeping in his rear as requested.

Over a field, up a lane, into an alley was Muldoon led by Mike, till at last, half way up the alley, an inn was reached.

Mike passed in at the back door and Muldoon went after.

A burly form, however, barred his passage.

"We don't want any tramps," said a rough voice. "Git out!"

"Dat's all right," said the Hon. Mike's voice from above. "He's a pal uv mine."

"Yer ain't very choice in yer pals, den," said the rough voice, which belonged to the owner of the inn; "go ahead up-stairs, as the senator says so."

Muldoon proceeded up a flight of rickety stairs till a small room was reached.

Inside of it sat the Hon. Mike and Mulcahy, sipping at appetizing glasses of bitters.

Mulcahy uttered an exclamation of joy as he beheld Muldoon.

"Praised be the saints!" he said. "Muldoon, I wus about to entwine crape around me left arm."

"What for?"

"For ye."

"Why?"

"Ye have had a narrow escape from death. Begob, I expected if iver I saw ye again it wud be in yer coffin, and I wur about to buy some camellias to place in yer lily-white hands whin



they were folded cowl'd and stiff across yer breast."

"Faix," said Muldoon, as he took a chair, "I felt for a while as if I had been killed. But I will go to the American consul at once."

"What fur?"

"In me personality, they have insulted the whole American nation. Wait, be gor, till I don me senatorial robes. I will pass a law fur the total extirpation av England. It will soothe me personal feelings, and make me solid wid the Irish vote."

"Yer will do nothing about it," said the Hon. Mike.

"Why not?"

"Because yer wur lucky—blasted lucky to escape as well as yer did. Anybody else wot did as yer did, would hev been a wormy old stiff by dis time."

"Now what did I do?" asked Muldoon. "There wur an old hen in a wagon, and I loked at her, that wur all, besides a bow."

"Didn't yer ax her ef she wuz going to a ball?"

"Yis."

"Well, do yer know who dat old hen, as yer call her, wuz?"

"Divil a bit."

"'Twas Vic."

"Vic who?"

"Victoria, Queen."

Muldoon groaned.

He didn't believe it.

"Be aisy, Mike," he said. "Spoon out the taf-fy to somebody else. Ye can give me no gag loike that."

But Mike persisted.

And Muleahy backed up his words. Their earnestness finally convinced Muldoon.

He was not scared about it, however, as his friend had expected would be the case.

Instead, he seemed proud of it.

"Be gob, it wur a great act!" he remarked. "Nothing but mesilf would a-dared it. Wur any newspaper men around?"

Muleahy said he guessed so. He noticed two or three half-starved looking fellows with notebooks, who looked like reporters.

"They wur spectators uv me act?"

"Yes."

"Thin, bedad, me name will glow on the pages uv history, to the great deloight uv me ancestors, who will read uv me act wid admiration. What a campaign loi it will make! If ye will gintly insinuate, Muleany, that me bow wur but a pretense to throw dynamite in the carriage, I will capture the whole Sixth Ward. But I have a duty to perform."

"What?"

"Politically or socially, I niver forgets me noble blood. I must indite a letther of apology te Victoria."

"Indite blazes!" practically said Mr. Growler. "Yer take der golden scalpel for brains, derved if yer don't. Yer better keep quiet, or der cop-pers will be gliding yer up to jail."

"There niver wus a jai which could howld a Muldoon if he wanted to get out," loftily answered the prospective senator. "Call for a menial."

Muleahy did as requested, and the menial, in the person of a frowsy-headed boy, appeared after a while.

Meanwhile, a little soap and water, and a clothes-brush, and clothes-brushing, had made Muldoon more presentable.

"Bye," said he to the frowsy-headed youth, "I wish ye to floi loike the wind to the nearest stationery store and procure a sheet of gould-edged paper, wid an envelope to correspond. If yez can get an envelope wid a cupid on it, so much the better. Here is gould for ye. Now accelerate yez progress."

The boy left, soon to return.

He held out a sheet of coarse note paper, with an equally coarse envelope.

"All the man had," cried he.

Muldoon looked at the articles disdainfully.

"They wud be bon ton to wrap mackerel in," he said; "but as for writing to a leddy upon thim—me soul revolts at the idea. I will wait till I reach me own house before I address the Quane."

"What will I do with the paper?" asked the boy.

"Give it to the poor," said Muldoon, loftily. "Byes, if yez are wid me, we'll proceed to Muleahy's hotel."

The idea was adopted.

Muldoon waited in the reading-room of the hotel with great eagerness for the evening papers.

"An account av me joke will doubtlessly be in," he said. "I suppose me purty face and Apollo-like build will be freely commented upon."

He was not disappointed, for paragraphs relating to his exploit were in all of the papers.

The first read:

"DRUNK OR CRAZY?—To-day, while her Gracious Majesty, accompanied by the Princesses, was reviewing the Volunteers, a hulking fool in a big plaid ulster addressed some insulting remark to them. He was at once seized, and probably would have not escaped with his life if it had not been for Her Majesty's intercession."

The second one read:

"To-day the Queen's carriage was approached by a big Irishman, who attempted to upset it. Luckily assistance was at hand, and he was arrested, but succeeded in escaping. Detectives are said to be upon his track."

The third was as follows:

"This afternoon, while the Queen was present at a Volunteer review, a person, supposed to be an escaped maniac, drew near to her carriage and addressed some remarks to her. He was quickly caught by attendants and hurried away. It is supposed that he was a Chinese madman, who is said to have escaped from an adjacent asylum a week or so ago."

Muldoon cast the paper down.

"I will niver read a paper again," said he. "One av me earliest perlitical acts will be to suppress the press. The idea av terming me a 'hulking fool,' and a 'big Irishman.' Irishman—the idea! Faix, anybody by looking at me teeth could see I was a Spaniard. Thin, worst av all, the allusion to me as a Chinayse madman! Do I luk loike a moon-eyed leper?"

Muldoon was so enraged for awhile that he wanted to go out and sack the newspaper offices.

He would find the reporters who wrote the scurrilous libels—so were the newspaper accounts called by Muldoon—and he would demand satisfaction.

If satisfaction was not vouchsafed—then he would cry for blood.

Nothing but an apology or blood, Muldoon said, would satisfy his honor.

"The newspaper offices to-noight will run wid blood!" said he.

"Stuff!" was Mr. Growler's sensible comment.

"Come, take a drink."

While Muldoon was doing so, Muleahy appeared.

An open letter was in his hand.

"I have just rayceived a missive from Pythagoras O'Neil," he said. "You know Pythagoras?"

"Well—didn't I go his bail for slugging an Italian? Is he working his beer-keg route yet?"

"Divil a bit. He has risen in the worruld."

"Faix, he'll rise more yet, for he will be hung. He had his fortune tould by an Irish gypsy, and she said that he would die upon the scaffold. What is Pythagoras doing now?"

"He started a telegraph company. The company consisted of a pole, a wire, and Pythagoras. He wur bought out by the Western Union, and now dabbles in politics. He is one av the proime movers for yez election."

"What is it he says?"

"He says yez prospects are very roseate. I will read yez an exthraet from his letther. Ye will know Pythagoras is a scholar by the language he uses."

"In relation to Muldoon, his election is almost sure. Aven Lung Wha, who keeps a laundry in Mott street, is exerting all his efforts to captivate the Mongolian vote. I have promised him the post av Supervisor av Sparrow-Houses if he succeeds. The Germans are all solid for Muldoon, as I have caused it to be reported that yez first dame is Hans, and ye drink nothing but kimmel. It would be a good idea to forward a photograph of Muldoon with a bretzel in one hand and a beer in the other."

"The French are with us, also, it being stated that Muldoon's right name is de Muldooni, and he is an exiled count. As for the negroes, they are Muldoon men, I having caused it to be published that Muldoon is really a mulatto, and that his middle name was Cæsar."

"In fact, we are working the Muldoon boom big. Would it not be a good idea to give a big reception when he lands? It could be nicely arranged for, say, two or three hundred dollars—bands, social societies, enthusiastic constituents; in fact, all the elements of a successful ovation. How does it seem to you? If you can hit Muldoon for two centuries, or three, if possible—we will work up the snap. Cable advice."

"The rist," said Muleahy, folding up the letter, "relates to privoite affairs—such items as that Mr. Hooligan Levy's boy Jonas wur run over by a goat, and that the Widow Brady wore flesh-colored stockings to the Lively Dock-rats' picnic several days ago. I belave confidentially that Pythagoras has an eye for the widow. But what do ye say to the ovation?"

Muldoon said he thought the idea good.

So he did, for it was particularly pleasing to his pride.

He mentally pictured himself walking off of the gang-plank of an ocean steamer, bowing to a wildly-enthusiastic mob, while bands crashed out a welcome, and bouquets fell at his feet. Oh, it was a noble mind chromo!

Next morning Muldoon sent a telegram to Brighton for all hands to pack up and come to London preparatory to sailing back to New York.

The order was obeyed, and the whole Muldoon brigade soon arrived, Hippocrates Burns acting as escort.

She was not aware of the reason for the sudden return; consequently, when she came into the suite of rooms engaged at the hotel by Muldoon, her first words were:

"What's the matther, now, Terry? Is anybody sick?"

Muldoon puffed himself out.

"Calm yersilf, Bedalia," said he, "future greatness hovers over yez head loike a halo."

"What do ye mane?"

"Ye may be the Martha Washington in yez era."

"How?"

"Bedalia, while ye are looking at me, yez are gazing at a Senator."

"What?"

"'Tis so. Be Heavens, 'tis the first step to the White House."

Then Muldoon told his delighted wife what had occurred.

Hippocrates Burns shared in her delight.

"I can do you great service," he said. "I will work the press."

"Devil a bit," replied Muldoon.

"But I will."

"Ye won't."

"Muldoon, I persist," said the poet. "You have been a great friend to me. I will never leave you. And—an—will you—ahem—pay my passage over. I will repay you in New York just as soon as my poem on 'The Pensive Snipe, or the Red Maiden and the Fawn,' is published. I will read you the first verse of eighty-nine lines."

"No; ye won't," said Muldoon, in great haste. "Sooner will I pay yez passage over. Then be off wid ye."

The preparations for departure were soon finished.

And one bright autumn afternoon the whole party sailed for home again.

"Bedad," said Muldoon, as he stood with the Hon. Mike upon the rear deck, watching England's shores melt slowly away, "Amid playsures and palaces, wherever we roam, there's no place loike home."

"Dat's so," coincided the Nevada Lily, lighting a fresh cigar. "A iackass rabbit wud rather live in his own dirty old burrow than be moved in a gilded old palace. An' why? Because dat burrow's his home. Dat's der sort uv an allegorical sardine I am."

THE END.]

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- 280 The Wild Rider of Old Kentuck
- 281 Shoo-Fly; or, Nobody's Moke—comic
- 282 Shoo-Fly at School—comic
- 283 Shoo-Fly in Love—comic
- 284 Shoo-Fly the Gymnast—comic
- 285 Sharkey, the Young Robber of the West
- 286 Dashing Bob
- 287 Johnnie Burgoo
- 288 Reliable Joe
- 289 The Yankee Claude Duval
- 290 Midshipman Ned
- 291 The Cruise of the Old Ironsides
- 292 Jack Feeney
- 293 The Young Irish Brigand
- 294 Lance, the Lion
- 295 Tipton Blue
- 296 Free-and-Easy Ned
- 297 True Blue; or, Right at Last
- 298 That Boy of Ours
- 299 Tom on His Muscle
- 300 Bob Short; or, One of Our Boys comic
- 301 Percy of the Strong Arm
- 302 Jack Manly; or, On the Trail
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- 305 Nero, the Hunchback
- 306 The Bell-Ringer of Trinity
- 307 Harry Harley
- 308 The Arctic Queen
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- 313 Among the Savages
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- 317 Mat o' the Mist
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- 320 Driven to the Sea
- 321 Routing the Redskins
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- 323 Adventures of a Philadelphia Detective
- 324 Richard Savage
- 325 The Mystery of a Misspent Life
- 326 Double-Six
- 327 The Dominoes of Death
- 328 Gipsy Bess
- 329 The Queen of the Highway
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- 331 The Boy Cavaliers
- 332 Young Captain Kidd
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- 335 The Hunters of the Silver Trail
- 336 Traveling With Barnum
- 337 Three Dashing Hussars
- 338 Pat O'Corker; or, Always to the Front
- 339 The Diamond Eye
- 340 Jack of the Naval Brigade
- 341 The Zulu's Daughter
- 342 The Haunted House at Deadman's Corner
- 343 Sir Guy's Secret
- 344 The Fortunes of an Acrobat
- 345 For the Green Flag of Old Ireland
- 346 Kathleen O'Shaughnessy
- 347 Tom the Midshipman
- 348 Out With Captain Cook
- 349 Every Inch a Sailor
- 350 Ralph, the Light Dragoon
- 351 The Brothers in Arms
- 352 Jack of Cheapside
- 353 The Green Banner of Islam
- 354 The Colonel's Daughter
- 355 Walter's Secret
- 356 The Outlaws of Berkeley Forest
- 357 Redsphear the Outlaw
- 358 The House of a Hundred Terrors
- 359 Oswald, the Unknown
- 360 Adventures of a Free Lance
- 361 The Treacherous Knight
- 362 Young Jack Harkaway and His Boy Tinker



363 Finker's Man Bokey  
 364 Young Harkaway in Spain  
 365 Young Harkaway in Turkey  
 366 Mole Among the Mussulmans  
 367 Young Harkaway and the Arabs  
 368 Young Harkaway and the Counterfeiters  
 369 The Secret of the Traitor's Gate  
 370 The Waif of the Tower  
 371 Ralph Wildhawk  
 372 The Brigand Chief  
 373 Marco Bravo  
 374 Zara, the Gipsy  
 375 The Servian Spy  
 376 Sword and Oimeter  
 377 Adam Bell  
 378 The Archers of Inglewood  
 379 The Knight of the Red Cross  
 380 Jack-o'-the-Oudgel  
 381 Croquard, the Free Lance  
 382 The Fair Maid of Kent  
 383 Dick the Brewer  
 384 The Oxford and Cambridge Eight  
 385 The Wild Huntsman  
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 387 The Sunken Treasure  
 388 The Slave's Revenge  
 389 Cris Carrol, the Scout  
 390 Phil Rayleigh, a London Arab  
 391 The Knight of the Iron Hand  
 392 Tom Lester  
 393 Bicycle Bob  
 394 Mark Darrell  
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 396 Tom Oakland  
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 Moonshiners.....By a Retired Detective  
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 man's Reef.....By an Old Sea Captain  
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 umph.....By "Noname"  
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 path.....By Harry Rockwood  
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 By "Noname"  
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 eer's Stratagem..By "Noname"  
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 rates of Old.....By Alexander Armstrong  
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 perate Men.....By Allyn Draper  
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 line".....By Colonel J. M. Travers  
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 son.....By Kit Clyde  
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 Dam.....By Captain Will Dayton  
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 Cheyenne.....By Don Jenardo  
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 By Lieutenant E. H. Kellogg  
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 Paris.....By a Parisian Detective  
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 By Alexander Armstrong  
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 Block—comic.....By Peter Pad  
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 Land.....By Harry Rockwood  
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 gions.....By Albert J. Booth  
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 By Corporal Morgan Rattler  
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 sequel to all the Shorty stories—comic.....  
 By Peter Pad  
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 By Ralph Royal  
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 By Harry Einton  
 501 Trapper Duke; or, The Female Avenger.....  
 By James D. Montague  
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 Pass.....By James D. Montague  
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 By Harrigan & Hart  
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 Among Icebergs.....By a Herald Reporter  
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 comic.....By Commodore Ah-Loock  
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 By Kit Clyde  
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 Seas.....By Alex. Armstrong  
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 By J. M. Travers  
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 513 The order Bandits.....By James D. Montague  
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 by Kit Clyde  
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 da, California and Utah of 12 Years Ago....  
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 By Corporal Morgan Rattler  
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 By a Parisian Detective  
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 By James D. Montague  
 521 From Drummer Boy to General.....  
 By Richard R. Montgomery  
 522 Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For—  
 comic.....By Peter Pad

523 Northwoods Tom, the Athlete Hunter. By Kit Clyde  
 524 Only a Cabin-Boy; or, Saved by Grit...  
 By Harry Rockwood  
 525 Astray in Africa.....By Walter Fenton  
 526 Tiger Ted.....By Alexander Armstrong  
 527 Barnum's Boy Ben.....By Commodore Ah-Loock  
 528 The Black Mask; or, The Vow of Silence.....  
 By T. W. Hanshaw  
 529 Sou'-west Fred.....By Kit Clyde  
 530 Bob Rollick, the Yankee Notion Drummer; a  
 sequel to "Bob Rollick; or, What Was He  
 Born For?"—comic.....By Peter Pad  
 531 The Drummer Boy Spy; or, the Slaughter of  
 the Wilderness.....By Ralph Morton  
 532 The Black Hercules.....By Colonel J. M. Travers  
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 By James D. Montague  
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 536 Special Express Ned, the Prince of Boy En-  
 gineers.....By Horace Appleton  
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 Home—comic.....By Peter Pad  
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 la's Captive. A Romance of the War in the  
 South-West.....By Captain Phil Jordan  
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 of the West.....By "Noname"  
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 By Howard De Vere  
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 By Horace Appleton  
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 By J. R. Scott  
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 Will.....By Alexander Armstrong  
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 comic.....By Peter Pad  
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 By Don Jenardo  
 548 Noiseless Nat; or, Always Just Where He's  
 Wanted.....By James D. Montague  
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 By Col. Ralph Fenton  
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 Drake".....By H. C. Emmet  
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 By Harrigan & Hart  
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 By Horace Appleton  
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 By Kit Clyde  
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 By James D. Montague  
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 By Kit Clyde  
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 Schoolboy Life.....By Captain Will Dayton  
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 Crime.....By Horace Appleton  
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 Mazeppa of the Arctic Seas.....By Kit Clyde  
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 By Commodore Ah-Loock  
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 Little Horn.....By Colonel J. M. Traver  
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 delphia.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler  
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 By Horace Appleton  
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 By Kit Clyde  
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 the Bank Robbers' Band. By James D. Montagu  
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 By Alexander Armstrong  
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 By Tom Teaser  
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 By Alexander Armstrong  
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 Dieman's Land.....By James D. Montague  
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 Riders of Georgia.....By Kit Clyde  
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 Australia.....By Alexander Armstrong  
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 Night.....By J. R. Scott  
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 By James D. Montague  
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 By James D. Montague  
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 Race.....By Kit Clyde  
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